Leeds-Infirmary

MEDICAL-LIBRARY.

Entered August 23 - 1786

	Weeks	Days
Allowed for reading the first Year.	2	—
—After the first Year	4	—

Forfeiture per Day for keeping it beyond the Time. d. 1

LEEDS UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

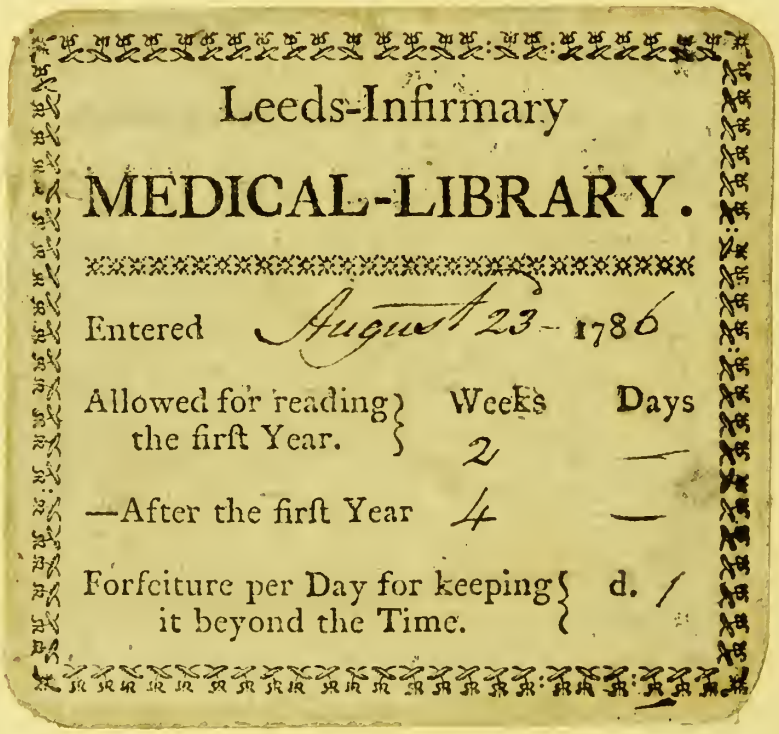
Classmark:

Special Collections

Health Sciences Historical Collection

SC3 COL

30106016206749



The University Library
Leeds

The Library of the
School of Medicine

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/b21517393

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

CHARLES COLLIGNON, M.D.

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

CHARLES COLLIGNON, M.D.

LATE PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE,

PRINTED BY F. HODSON.

SOLD BY J. & J. MERRILL, IN CAMBRIDGE; B. WHITE AND SON, IN FLEET-STREET; R. FAULDER, IN NEW BOND-STREET; G. & T. WILKIE, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, AND J. DEIGHTON, No. 274, HOLBORN, LONDON.

M.DCC.LXXXVI.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

CHARLES COLLINSON, M.D.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

RICHARD Pepper Arden, Eſq; M. P. King's Attorney General
Sir Edm. Affleck, M. P. Colcheſter
Lady Affleck, Colcheſter
Tho. Aſtle, Eſq; Batterſea Riſe
Tho. Anguiſh, Eſq; Maſter in Chancery
Geo. Aſhby, Eſq; Haſlebeach, Northamptonſhire
Mrs. Aſhby
Rev. Geo. Aſhby, Rector of Barrow, Suffolk
Rev. Mr. Atkinſon, late Fell. Trin. Hall, Cambridge
Rev. Mr. Cha. Andrews, Trin. Coll. Cambridge
Rev. Mr. Andrews
Rev. Mr. Affleck, Stamford
Colonel Agnew
Mrs. Affleck, Bury St. Edmund's
Mrs. Arminger, Bury
Geo Arnold, Eſq; London
Rev. Dr. Apthorp, Vice Provoſt, Eton Coll.
Rev. Mr Abdy
Mr. Audley, Cambridge
Mrs. Atlee, Hartford

B

Right Rev. the Lord Biſhop of Bangor
Sir Geo. Baker, Bart. Phyſician to the Queen
Hon. Mrs. Baillie
Hon. Mr. Brodrick, Lincoln's Inn
Hon. Mrs. Bouverie
John Eraſmus Blackett, Eſq; Newcaſtle
Rev. Dr. Bell, Prebendary of Weſtminſter
Rev. Mr. Chancellor Briggs
Rev. R. Beadon, D. D. Maſter of Jeſus College, Cambridge
Rev. Wm. Backhouſe, D. D. Archdeacon of Canterbury
Rev. Dr. Beardmore, Upper Schoolmaſter of the Charter Houſe
Rich. Brockleſby, M. D. Norfolk-ſtreet
Rev. Mr. Barnwell, Rector of Lawſhall Suffolk
Mr. Blizzard, F. S. A. Surgeon to the London Hoſpital
Mrs. Buxton, Bury
Rev. Mr. Bouchery, Vicar of Swaffham, Norfolk
John Beevor, M. D. Norwich
Rev. Mr. Beevor, Norwich
Jeremiah Berry, Eſq; Norwich
Rev. Mr. Boucher
Rev. Mr. Bennet, Fell. of Eman. Coll. Camb.
Phil. Bowes Brook, Eſq; Nacton, Suffolk
Rev. Brook Bridges, Rector of Danbury, Eſſex
Mrs. Benſon, Canterbury
Rev. Mr. Benſon, Vicar of Exning, Chaplain to the Earl of Tankerville
Rev. Mr. Browne, Fell. of Peterhouſe Coll.

Rev.

Rev. Dr. Barker, Maſter of Chriſt's College, Camb.
Rev. Dr. Barford, Fell. of Eton. Coll. and Preb. of Canterbury
—— Bidle, M. D. Windſor
Jacob Bryant, Eſq;
Mrs. Boys, Colcheſter
Mrs. Baines, Cambridge
Andrew Baines, M. D. Barnſtaple, Devon
Charles Bagg, M. D. Eaſt Dereham, Norfolk
Sir Edw. Blackett, Bart.
Mr. Becher, Fell. of King's Coll.
Dr. Blair, Lavenham, Suffolk
Rev. Mr. Butts, Rector of Glemsford and Claydon, Suffolk
Mrs. Bates, Newcaſtle upon Tyne
Mrs. Burdus, Newcaſtle upon Tyne
Rev. Tho. Bates, D. D. Rector of Whalton
Rowland Burdon, Eſq; Newcaſtle

C

Right Rev. the Lord Biſhop of Cheſter
Right Hon. Lord J. Cavendiſh
Rev. Wm. Cooke, D. D. Provoſt of King's Coll. and Dean of Ely
Rev. Wm. Coleman, D. D. Maſter of Bene't Coll.
Right Worſh. Peter Calvert, L.L. D. Doctor's Commons
Rev. John Chevallier, D. D. Maſter of St. John's Coll. Camb.
Sir Tho. Geary Cullum, Bart. Trin. Coll. Camb.
Geo. Chamberlayne, Eſq;
Rev. Mr. Cooper, Barton
Rev. Ralph Carr, Alderley, Cheſhire
Mrs. Carr
Tho. Cockayne, Eſq; Soham
Mrs. Cockayne
Rev. Mr. Cracherode
Dr. Cook, Phyſician to the London Hoſpital
Rev. Tho. Chamberlayne, Fell. of Eton
Rev. Mr. Carter, Flimſton
Rev. Mr. Coulthurſt, Fell. of Sidney Coll. Camb.
Wm. Colhoun, Eſq; M. P. Bedford
Rev. Mr. Cowper, Farnham
Henry Boult Cay, Eſq; Temple
Tho. Cheetham, Eſq; Barnwell
Mrs. Cheetham
Mr. Cock, Cambridge
Mr. Cheſton, Pembroke Hall
E. Cox, Eſq; Worceſterſhire
Rev. Tho. Cooke, Rector of Bildeſton, Suffolk
Rev. William Cook, Rector of Preſton, Suffolk
Mr. John Clubbe, Surgeon at Ipſwich
Rev. Cha. Cooper, D. D. Prebendary of Durham
Mrs. Cooper
Mrs. Cath. Pennant
Mrs. Carr, Dunſtan Hill near Newcaſtle
John Clutterbuck, Eſq; Newcaſtle
Geo. Colpitt, Eſq; Killingworth
Captain O'Callaghan, of the 10th Regiment
Rev. Mr. Cranmer, Rector of Nurſling, Hants.
Mrs. Cranmer
Mr. Cooper, Surgeon to Guy's Hoſpital
Dr. Cook
William Charlton, Eſq; Alnwick, Northumb.
Miſs Coldham, Bury
Chriſt College Library
Rev. Mr. Cranke, Fell. of Trin. Coll. Camb.
Rev. Dr. Cock, Rect. Great Horkeſly, Eſſex
Mr. Carter, Flemton
Mr. Creed, Surgeon

D

His Grace the Archbiſhop of Dublin
Rev. Dr. Dampier, Dean of Rocheſter
Rev. Mr. Davies, Fell. of Trin. Coll. Camb.
Rev. Dr. Davies, Head Maſter of Eton School
Rev. Mr. Davy, Rect. of Lavenham, Suffolk
Rev. Cha. Davy, Fell. of Caius College
Rev. Mr. Darby, Rect. of Watfield, Suffolk
Mr. Wm. Donne, Surgeon, Norwich
——— Dealty, M. D.
Mrs. Daſhwood, Bury
Rev. Dr. Drake, Domeſtic Chaplain to the Archbiſhop of Canterbury
Rev. Dr. Duvall, Canon of Windſor
Wm. Duprè, Eſq; Eman. Coll.
Rev. Mr. Dowker, A. B. Trinity Coll.
James Devaynes, Eſq; Apothecary to his Majeſty

E

Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Biſhop of Ely
Rev. Dr. Elliſton, Maſter of Sidney College, Cambridge
Rev. Henry Egerton, Archdeacon of Derby, and Prebendary of Durham
Wm. Howell Ewin, L.L. D. Camb.
Mrs. Ewin
Rev. Mr. Eaſton, Fell. of St. John's College, Cambridge
Miſs Eyre
Rev. Nathaniel Elliſon, Vicar of Bolam, Eton College
Rev. Mr. Edwards, Vicar of Churcham

F

Rev. Rich. Farmer, D. D. Maſter of Eman. College, Camb.
Rev. Mr. Freſton, Clare-Hall
Sir Wm. Fordyce, M. D.
John Fiſher, L.L. D. Fellow of Chriſt's Coll. Cambridge
John Frere, Eſq;
Brigg Fountain, Eſq; Narborough
Mr. Tho. Fiſher, Cambridge
Rev. Mr. Fiſher, Fell. of Caius Coll.
Rev. Dr. Fowell
Rev. Mr. John Foſs, Devon
Mr. Fordham, Royſton

G

Right Rev. the Lord Biſhop of Glouceſter
Thomas Giſborn, M. D. Phyſician to the Houſhold
Rev. John Gordon, D. D. Precentor of Lincoln
Rev. Mr. Green, Fell. of Trin. Coll. Woodwardian Profeſſor
R. Glynn, M. D. Fell. of King's Coll.
Mrs. Goddard, Bury
Mr. R. Grindal, Surgeon to the London Hoſpital
Rev. Mr. Garnham, Fell. of Trin. Coll.
Joſhua Grigby, Eſq; M. P. Drinkſton
Mrs. Griffith, Glo'ſter-ſtreet, Queen's-ſquare
Rev. John Gooch, D. D. Prebendary of Ely
Richard Gough, Eſq;
Mrs. Gray, Colcheſter
Mr. Great, Colcheſter
Moſes Griffith, M. D.
Mrs. Green, Bury
Rev. Mr. Gee, Rector of St. Mary's, Ipſwich
Rev. Mr. Tho. Gibſon, Ipſwich
Capt. Manſergh St. George, 44th Regiment
Mrs. Gibſon, Marlborough-ſtreet
Wm. Greaves B. B. Eſq; Fulbourn
Brampton Gurdon, Eſq; Dillingham
——— Gally, Eſq;
Miſs Goate, Brently Hall, Suffolk

Mr. Griggs, Bene't College
Rev. Tho. Grimwood, D. D. Lect. of Dedham, Eſſex
Rev. Edw. Gregory, M. A. Rect. of Langar, Nottinghamſhire

H

Right Hon. the Earl of Hardwicke
Right Hon. Lord Hyde
Wm. Heberden, M. D.
Rev. John Hey, D. D. Sidney Coll. Norriſian Profeſſor
Mrs. Hallifax
Rev. Mr. Hodgſon, Cambridge
Mrs. Hayles, Camb.
Rev. J. Heſlop, A. M. Fellow of Sidney Coll. Cam.
Rev. Mr. Halls, Colcheſter
Mrs. Halls
Miſs Howes, Colcheſter
M. R. Hills, Eſq; Colcheſter
Tho. Halſted, Eſq; Camb.
Buſick Harwood, M. B. F. R. S. Profeſſor of Anatomy, Chriſt Coll. Camb.
Wm. Harwood, Eſq; London
Rev. Mr. Hunter, Fell. of Sidney Coll.
Mr. Haſted, Apothecary, Bury
Miſs Eliza Henley, Windſor
Rev. Dr. Heath, Fellow of Eton
Rev. Mr. Gervas Holmes, Ipſwich
Rev. Mr. Hunter, Fellow of Chriſt Coll.
John Harvey, Eſq; Ickwell Bury, Bedfordſhire
Mr. Edw. Heathcote, Chesterfield
Wm. Hargrave, Eſq; Shawdon
Mrs. Harriſon, Newcaſtle
Rev. William Haigh
Rev. Dr. Heathcote
Mrs. Heathcote
James Heywood, Eſq;
Mrs. Eliz. Heathcote, Chesterfield
John Holland, Eſq; Ford, Derbyſhire
Rev. Mr. Houſeman, St. John's Coll.
—— Haygarth, M. D. Cheſter
J. Hodſon, M. D. Northumberland-ſtreet, London
Mr. J. Hawes
Mr. Edw. Heathcote, Chesterfield
Rev. Mr. Heathcote
Society at the Hoop Tavern, Camb.

I

Rev. Joſeph Jowett, L.L. D. Regius Profeſſor of Civil Law, Trin. Hall
Mr. Alderman Ind, Cambridge
Jeſus College Library, Camb.

K

Gally Knight, L.L B. Trin. Hall
Rev. Mr. Keller, late Rector of Kelſall
Rev. Mr. Kerrich, A. M. Fell. of Magd. Coll. Camb.
Mrs. Kerrich, Bury
—— Kirkland, M. D. Chelmsford
Rev. Andrews Kerſteman, A. B. Chriſt College
Edw. King, Eſq;
Rev. Mr. Knight, Rector of Stanwick, Northamp.
Wm. Kedington, Eſq; Suffolk

L

Right Rev. the Lord Biſhop of Landaff
Rev. John Law, D. D. Archdeacon of Rocheſter
Rev. Mich. Lort, D. D. F. R. S. F. A. S.
Sir James Lake, Bart.
Mrs. Lacon, Yarmouth
Rev. James Lambert, A. M. Fellow of Trin. Coll.
Rob. Ladbroke, Eſq;
Rich. Ladbroke, Eſq;
Rev. Mr. Joſeph Lathbury, Rector of Livermore, Suffolk
Rev. Mr. Peter Lathbury, Clare Hall
—— Lane, Eſq; Fellow of Queen's College

Lavenham

Lavenham Book Society
Hugh Leyceſter, Eſq; Cheſter
Rev. Oſwald Leyceſter, Toft, Cheſhire
Geo. Leyceſter, Eſq; Toft, Cheſhire
Mr. Lombe, Cambridge
Mrs. Mary Lombe, Cambridge
Rev. Mr. Luſhcombe, Bury
Mrs. Long

M

Dr. Maddocks, Phyſician to the London Hoſpital
Rev. Dr. Mills, Bury
Rev. Edw. Mills, A. M. Hitcham
Mrs. Mills
John Mortlock, Eſq; M. P. Camb.
Mrs. Mortlock
Miſs Eliza Mortlock
Rev. Robert Maſters, B. D. Rector of Landbeach
Rev. John Mansfield, A. M. Fellow of Clare Hall
Wm. Mayhew, Eſq; Colcheſter
Rev. Mr. Moſeley, Drinkſton
Wm. Metcalf, Eſq; Fordham Abbey
James Metcalf, Eſq; Fordham Abbey, Cambridgeſhire
Mrs. Maynard, Cheſterfield
Rev. Mr. Martyn, Profeſſor of Botany in the Univerſity of Cambridge

N

Rev. Dr. Norbury, Fellow of Eton College
Mr. Naſh, Attorney, Royſton

O

John Ord, Eſq; M. P. for Wendover
Mrs. Ockley, Cheſterton

P

Right Rev. the Lord Biſhop of Peterborough, Maſter of Trin. Coll.
Ruſſel Plumptre, M. D. Profeſſor of Phyſic, Camb.
Lady Peyton, Narborough, Norfolk
Mrs. Pepys, Cambridge
Wm. Pitcairn, M. D. Preſident of the College of Phyſicians
David Pitcairn, M. D. Lincoln's-Inn Fields
Mrs. Parry
Rev. Mr. Pine, Eaſt Down, Devonſhire
Iſaac Pennington, M. D. Profeſſor of Chemiſtry, and Fellow of St. John's Coll. Camb.
Aſhley Palmer, Eſq;
Jacob Preſton, Eſq;
Wm. Parkins, Eſq; Chesfield, Hertfordſhire
Rev. Tho. Parkinſon, B. D. Fellow of Chriſt Coll. Camb.
Rev. Richard Prichett, B. D. Rect. of Layham, Suffolk
Rev. Mr. Poſtlethwaite, Fell. of Trin. Coll. Camb.
Mrs. Patrick, St. Edmund's Bury
Rev. Mr. Pemberton, Trumpington
Rev. Tho. Pemberton, A. M. Rector of Stanton
Jeremiah Pemberton, Eſq; Commiſſary of the Univerſity of Cambridge
Rev. Mr. Preſcott, Rect. of Stockport in Cheſhire
Mrs. Preſcott, Cambridge
Miſs Pickard
Rev. John Weller Poley, A. M. Boxted Hall, Suffolk
Mrs. Poley, Cheſnut Houſe, Melford, Suffolk
John Plampin, Eſq; Chadacre Hall, Suffolk
Mrs. Peareth, Newcaſtle upon Tyne
Mr. Pitfield, Apothecary, Exeter

Q

Queen's College Library, Camb.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

R

Sir George Robinſon, Bart. Cranford, Northamptonſhire
Sir Walter Rawlinſon, M. P. Stow-Langton, Suffolk
Rev. Dr. Roberts, Provoſt of Eton College
Mrs. Roberts
Mr. John Roberts, Fell. of King's Coll.
Mrs. Rutherforth, near Windſor
Mrs. Richardſon, Landbeach
Rich. Reynolds, Eſq; Paxton
John Round, Eſq;
Rev. Mr. Ray, Toſtick
W. Dickinſon Raſtall, A. M. Fell. of Jeſus Coll.
Henry Revell Reynolds, M. D.
James Round, Eſq; Birch Hall
Mrs. Roſenhagen, Balſham
Rev. John Rowe, A. M.
Mrs. Rebow, the Park, Wivenhoe, Eſſex
Rev. John Rotherham, D. D. Rector of Houghton le Spring, Chaplain to the Biſhop of Durham
Wm. Rudd, Eſq; Durham
John Randby, Eſq; Knot's Green, Layton, Eſſex
Mrs. Randby

S

Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Biſhop of Saliſbury
Right Hon. Lord Sidney
Right Hon. Earl Stanhope
Right Hon. Lady Ann Simpſon
John Simpſon, Eſq; Bradley, Cheſhire
Miſs Simpſon, Bradley
Mrs. Symonds, Bury
Mrs. Scotchmere, Pakenham
Rev. Geo. Sandby, D. D. Chancellor of Norwich
Rev. John Smith, D. D. Maſter of Caius College, and Chancellor of Lincoln
Rev. Ant. Shepherd, D. D. Canon of Windſor, Plumian Profeſſor at Camb.
Sir John Smith, Bart. Sydling, Dorſet
Rev. Humphrey Sumner, D. D. Aſſiſtant Maſter at Eton
Rev. Mr. Stuart
Richard Saunders, M. D.
Rev. Edm. Smith, L.L. D. Rect. of Godmaſton, Dorſet
Geo. Steevens, Eſq;
Rev. Mr. Spencer, Fell. of Trin. Coll. Cambridge
Wm. Seward, Eſq;
Rev. Mr. Sparhauke, Fell. of St. John's Coll. Cambridge
H. G. Spencer, Eſq;
Rev. Mr. William Smith, Fell. of St. John's College, Cambridge
Mrs. Sumner, Windſor
Sir John Thomas Stanley, Bart. Alderley, Cheſhire
Rev. Yorick Smythies, A. M.
Rev. Mr. Stevens, Vicar of Bumpſtead, Eſſex
Rev. Mr. Street, Rector of Barkway
Mr. Joſeph Stanley
Mr. Starling, Surgeon, Colcheſter
Wm. Stevens, Eſq;
Rev. Mr. Squire, Rect. of Bratton-Fleming, Devon
Rev. Mr. Scotman, Vicar of Fiſherton de la Mere, Wiltſhire
Mrs. Ann Shafto, Newcaſtle upon Tyne
Rev. Mr. Styleman, Ringſtead, Norfolk
Nich. Styleman, Eſq; Norwich
Rev. Mr. Sandiford, Vicar of Awr, Glouceſterſhire

T

Rev. Joſeph Turner, D. D. Maſter of Pembroke-Hall
Sir Noah Thomas, M. D. Phyſician to the King

Dr.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Robert Tomlinſon, M. D. Aldermary Church-yard, London
—— Topping, M. D. Colcheſter
Cha. Townſhend, Eſq; Old Burlington-ſtreet, London
Mrs. Mary Townſhend
Rev. Mr. Tew, Fell. of Eton College
Rev. Mr. Tyrrwhitt, A. M. Jeſus College
Tho. Tyrrwhitt, Eſq;
Rev. Mr. Talbot, Elmſet, Norfolk
Mrs. Talbot
Edm. Turnor, Eſq; Trin. Coll. Camb.
Rev. Mr. Taylor, Rect. of Bracon Aſh, Norfolk
Rob. Trotman, Eſq; Ipſwich
Walter Trevelyan, Eſq; Nether-Wilton
Mr. Todd, Bookſeller, York
Miſs H. Townſhend, Colcheſter
Mrs. Trench Chiſwell

W

Right Rev. the Lord Biſhop of Worceſter
Rich. Wright, M. D. Charles-ſtreet, Groſvenor-ſquare, London
Rich. Warren, M. D. Phyſician to the King
Rev. Dr. Woollaſton, St. Edmunds Bury
Rev. Mr. Weſton, Prebendary of Durham
Rev. Adam Wall, B. D. Fellow of Chriſt's Coll.
Wm. Watſon, ſen. M. D. Lincoln's-Inn Fields
Wm. Watſon, jun. M. D. Bath
Samuel Wegg, Eſq; Treaſurer to the Royal Society
Mrs. Wegg, Colcheſter
Rev. Mr. Walford, Fellow of Caius College
—— Woodroffe, Eſq; Fellow of King's Coll.
Mrs. White, Ipſwich
Mr. Walſh, Surgeon
Wm. Whitwick, Eſq; Sandgate, Surry
Loftus Wood, M. D.
Cha. Wren, Eſq; Newcaſtle upon Tyne
Mrs. White, Newcaſtle
Mr. Benjamin White, Bookſeller, Fleet-ſtreet
Wm. Walcott, Eſq;

Y

Hon. Philip Yorke, M. P. for the county of Cambridge
Rev. Dr. Young, Fellow of Eton Coll.
Rev. Wm. Young, Swaffham

THE

DUELLIST,

A

FRAGMENT.

But Cuſtom, Tyrant Cuſtom, will have BLOOD.

* * * * * * * may juſtly excite ſurprize, that a cuſtom ſo repugnant to the laws of God, who has declared, that "whoever ſheddeth man's blood, by man ſhall his blood be ſhed," ſo derogatory to the authority of Princes, who by themſelves and the laws, are competent to decide every difference; ſo detrimental to the ſtate, which is thus often robbed of ſome of its beſt, and even nobleſt ſubjects; ſhould yet be permitted. But thus it muſt remain, till we can eradicate an opinion, which has taken deep root, and ſtood for many ages, that duels are a defence of *Honor*, and a proof of *Courage*.

But how difficult, after all, to define Honor: A word in the mouth of many, yet underſtood by few. Varying in its force and ſignification, at different times and in different places; yet

ſuppoſed to be of indiſpenſable authority, in ſome degree at leaſt in all.* I do not mean to deny the exiſtence of ſuch a principle as real Honor, or that there exiſt many perſons whoſe conduct is ſtrictly honorable; but then to Honor I join, or rather by Honor mean, *Virtue*, and at this time of day, Chriſtian Virtue. An attack therefore upon the moral or religious character of a man, may, in the faſhionable ſtile if you pleaſe, be called, attacking his Honor, but it is attacking a much more ſacred thing. Yet ſuch a one, while there are mild and legal means of repelling the attack, will not venture to commit a crime, to vindicate himſelf from a falſe accuſation.

But Duels I have ſaid are alſo conſidered as proofs of *Courage*. Meer contempt of death can never lay claim to that appellation. This may ariſe from inattention, intoxication, or hardened inſenſibility—True Courage conſiſts in daring to die in a good cauſe. Thus may martyrs go to the ſtake; ſoldiers to the breach; and (if ſuch a character could exiſt) *Curtius* to the Gulph. But who are they that are frequently called upon to give this proof of courage? Men, who on various occaſions have ſhewn its utmoſt exertions, in defence of their King and Country; who have reaped laurels drenched in the blood of its enemies, and wiſh not to be called to wet them in that of their friends. The imputation of cowardice belongs not to ſuch characters: Every attempt to fix the ſtigma would be vain. And yet, till ſome method is deviſed, by which they can honorably, as the world calls it, decline a challenge, the lives of theſe brave and uſeful members

* How ideal modern Honor can be, is beautifully illuſtrated by *Monteſquieu*, who in tracing the cauſe why certain *modes of attack upon our own perſons*, are ſuch dreadful wounds to our *Honor*, thus explains it. When judicial combats were eſtabliſhed by authority, the *Vilains*, or inferior order, were permitted to fight with no other arms than ſticks; hence whoever ſtruck a gentleman with a ſtick, treated him like a *Vilain*. Again, this order was obliged to fight with their faces uncovered. Whoever therefore gave a gentleman a blow on the face, treated him like a *Vilain*. So that we ſee the etiquette of affront, or ſuperſtructure remains, though the foundation on which it was built, has long ſince been demoliſhed; and a blow, for which the law offers us ſufficient ſatisfaction, affronts our Honor, for *reaſons*, which have long ſince ceaſed to exiſt. 4 vol. 20 chap.

members of ſociety, are at the mercy of every peeviſh, conceited, hot-headed Challenger.

The gentlemen of the army therefore merit much indulgence; in favour of them and their particular ſituation, I am ready to ſoften the ſeverity of my cenſures, nor ſubject them to indiſcriminate condemnation. Cruel cuſtom does not permit them, like other ſubjects, to decline ſuch calls, or ſcarce to ſolicit ſatisfaction for injured reputation any other way. The conſequence of a refuſal to fight, as affairs at preſent ſtand, endangers the loſs both of their character and commiſſion. Whether it is not poſſible to ſoften the harſh features of this tyrant cuſtom, and to convert the ſtreams of Honor, from bitter into healing waters, muſt be left to ſuperior judgements. That it has been ſo ſeldom attempted, and with ſo little ſucceſs, is a preſumption indeed of its being difficult, but not a proof of its being impoſſible. It would be a glorious event in the reign of any Monarch, entirely to ſubdue this pernicious monſter, and to reconcile the defence of character, and unblemiſhed fame, in every poſſible ſituation of life, with the love of one another; with our duty to our Maker, our neighbor and ourſelves.

But the farther we examine the nature of our ſubject, the more abſurdity, injuſtice and cruelty are diſcovered in it. Every man, every Chriſtian at leaſt, muſt in his diſpaſſionate moments allow, that the full puniſhment of offences belongs to God alone; though there is a partial and preſent one entruſted to the Magiſtrate, as his Vice-gerent on earth. But this ſhould be inflicted with propriety, and conſiſtently with equity. Let us examine whether it is or not.

Who are louder in the cauſe of liberty, and of that ſpecies of it, trials by juries, than the inhabitants of this our iſle? And yet blinded by paſſion, and biaſſed by cuſtom, the Duelliſt can infringe upon this ſo much boaſted privilege, and peremptorily determine in his own cauſe; being at once Judge to try, Jury to find guilty, and Executioner to fulfil the ſentence. But the

evil does not ſtop here, and the conſequence is, what might naturally be expected, that while the laws of God and man impoſe puniſhments proportionable to the offence, the Duelliſt obſerves no proportion between the puniſhment and the crime, but for a haſty word, or miſconſtrued expreſſion, muſt have Blood, if not Life. Is there reaſon, humanity, or juſtice in this proceeding? Can the moſt deſpotic Tyrant do more?

But ſtill I have not ſaid enough: Who knows indeed where to ſtop on ſo intereſting, ſo affecting a theme? There are ſtill more aggravations behind. I have hitherto conſidered the crime in general, without attending to the nature of the parties engaged. But this opens a moſt moving ſcene, when, as it not unfrequently happens, the bloody engagement is between the firmeſt friends, thoſe who have perhaps been nurſed up together in the fondeſt intimacy; who ſcarce knew a pain or pleaſure which was not common to both; who would have dared every danger, and defied even Death itſelf to have ſaved each other: Theſe muſt now, for a haſty word, uttered perhaps when they were deprived of reflection, pluck down the altar of friendſhip, and transfix the Heart they once ſo dearly loved. What thought can conceive, what pen deſcribe, what language paint the miſerable mournful ſcene?

——————————— *Quis talia fando*
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, &c. VIRG.

How natural is it to purſue the ſubject at this awful period, and to meaſure back our ſteps from this ſcene of blood, to the houſe of mourning! For perhaps it occurred not to the unthinking combatants, that a parent, a wife or a child, were ſo entwined with their exiſtence, that whenever the root periſhed, the branches muſt neceſſarily fade. Whatever ſupplies were furniſhed by induſtry or office; whatever counſel by wiſdom, or defence by authority, are now all gone and vaniſhed: They can no longer ſupport a parent's weakneſs, dry the tears of misfortune, or guide the ſteps of their young and inexperienced offspring.

offspring. The Sun of their Reputation is for ever ſet in this deed of darkneſs. Nor have the deſerted family the conſolation of truſting, that the unfortunate combatants have made a happy exchange; the only conſolation ſometimes left for the loſs of thoſe we love.—Were they ſent for?—Were they removed by the hand of a kind providence, to reſcue them from impending evils, and when they were beſt qualified to paſs from time into eternity?—Theſe are queſtions, too painful to aſk; too intricate to anſwer. Submiſſion to God's will, and humble hope in the merits of a compaſſionate Redeemer, muſt ſupport and comfort in ſuch diſtreſſing ſcenes.

Hitherto the matter, bad as it is, has not been placed in the moſt unfavorable light; we muſt view it in ſtill darker ſhades; when the motives for a challenge, if indeed at firſt, the defence of truth, character, country, or party, the vindication of our honor, or the proof of our courage, come at laſt to degenerate into a ſettled, and inſatiable thirſt of *Revenge:* a determination to waſh out an offence received, with the laſt drop of our antagoniſt's blood. Indeed it has been thought beyond the power of human frailty in any caſe to point our ſword at the breaſt of our fellow creature, without feeling ſome ſpark at leaſt of reſentment. And the gentle as well as pious author of the *Chriſtian Hero* has ſaid, "that it is not an ordinary ſtruggle between "reaſon, ſenſe and paſſion, that can raiſe men to a calm and "ſteady negligence of life; or animate them to aſſault without "fear, purſue without cruelty, or ſtab without *Hatred.*" But what he ſuſpected to be only probable, fatal experience has ſhown to be true, that parties who have thus ſought ſatisfaction, have often given the moſt unequivocal proofs of their being inſtigated entirely by revenge. I ſhall recite but two examples, the *horreſco referens* muſt be my excuſe for producing no more.

After a long and bloody conteſt of this kind in a foreign country, when one of the parties growing faint with loſs of blood,

blood, and thinking a ſufficient ſacrifice had been made to Honor, cried out, *Is it not enough?* He was anſwer'd——*How, enough? Are we not both alive?*

The other inſtance equally harrows up the breaſt of Benevolence, when, as an ingenious writer relates it, "Dignity of "wrath, cool and deliberate preparation, by paſſing different "climes, and waiting convenient ſeaſons for murdering each "other, though at laſt accompliſhed in a meadow full of water, "diſplayed itſelf in the fatal conflict." I ſcarce need to mention the parties alluded to, Lord Bruce and Sir Edward Sackville. Paſſion may be ſudden and hurry us to unwarrantable actions; but ſuch deliberate, and as it were cultivated revenge, as it diſdains to ſhew mercy here, may reaſonably deſpair to meet with it hereafter.

I would not be underſtood, or be thought too ſevere in my cenſures, of all that meet in ſingle combat, as if there were not ſome who abhor the practice, and moſt reluctantly comply when called on. I admit, becauſe I firmly believe, there are many who go to the field without malice, and having received no injury, want no ſatisfaction,——but ſtill they go. There once exiſted three worthy characters, whom no threats could prevail on to fall down and worſhip the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar had ſet up. But alas! to the faſhionable Idol of Honor, what multitudes bow the willing knee! The ſteady refuſal of thoſe heroes to comply with what their conſciences diſapproved, (though the alternative was not the tranſitory loſs of ideal fame, but threatened torments, and a cruel death) procured them an exemplary deliverance.——Let thoſe who would eſcape as hot a furnace, that of God's wrath hereafter, have the ſame reſolution not to follow a multitude to do evil here.

Let us now turn our attention to thoſe friends of the principals, who attend them to the field, under the denomination of *Seconds.* Whether the providing theſe, does not a little ſully the luſtre of this Idol Honor, may I think be doubted, as it ſeems to imply

a poſſibility, to ſay nothing worſe, that malice or craft may harbor in the breaſt of a Duelliſt: For what is the office of Seconds; what the principal object of their care and attention? To examine the weapons, that they be of equal temper and length; that neither of the parties ſhould quit their ground during the combat, or avail themſelves of any accident contrary to the laws of Duelling. Does not this afford ſome little ground of ſuſpicion, that theſe men of Honor do not always chuſe to truſt one another?* It may however be commendable to provide Seconds, as their office is alſo to aſſiſt the Principals if wounded, to interfere to prevent farther miſchief, and to try to promote a reconciliation.

But horrid formerly, as well as abſurd was the cuſtom, that the Seconds were to be ſo far angry through their Principals, as to fight alſo, and to try to kill each other. Abſurd, becauſe any palliation from ſudden heat and paſſion, cannot be applied to reſentment at ſecond-hand: And horrid, becauſe it would enlarge the field of blood; as the friends or relations of the Seconds might think it incumbent on them to revenge their deaths, and thus it would be late and long before the devouring ſword could be reſtored to its peaceful ſcabbard.

PART THE SECOND.

MANY obſervations have been made by ſerious and ingenious men on the guilt of the practice of Duelling, and various methods recommended to prevent a diſpoſition towards it. It may therefore perhaps be thought needleſs to ſay any thing on the ſubject, as I can as little hope to add to the force

* In very remote times I believe it was cuſtomary for the Principals to examine the Seconds, as well as the Seconds the Principals; and the reaſon aſſigned, leſt they ſhould have a coat of mail, or any other hidden and unſuſpected ſecurity.

force of their reaſoning, as to equal the beauty of their ſtyle. But in a work of this kind, no argument can properly be omitted, however the repetition may be vain, or the rejection certain.

The guilt of this horrid practice, however diverſified by the ſeveral circumſtances I have purpoſely enumerated, is principally and eſſentially this. The daring to part with or take away Life, without the conſent of him who lent it: For that it is not, or can be our own to diſpoſe of, we ſhall ourſelves acknowledge, if we reflect at all, on the reaſons for which exiſtence was given us. Some of theſe are for our own ſakes; that we might in this ſtate of probation, qualify ourſelves for everlaſting happineſs in another. But when we are arrived as far towards perfection (for perfection itſelf we ſhall never reach) as our particular ſtate allows, is known to God alone; and therefore to put a period to our own or another's life, however faſhionable the mode, is to interfere with his omniſcience, and to fruſtrate his gracious intentions in our behalf.

But we are not born for ourſelves alone, or for our own intereſts only. Our exiſtence and conduct affects other men, and for ought we know, other worlds. Does not the Duelliſt therefore venture upon a crime of complicated magnitude, the extent of which he cannot ſee, the malignity of which he cannot fully conceive?

But God, whoſe mercies never fail, foreſeeing what daring attempts would be made this way, againſt his ſovereignty, has implanted in us a natural deſire to live, a dread and reluctance to die; yet ſo deceitful and wicked is the human heart, that it can riſe ſuperior to every check; and we dare part with our own life, or take that of another, at the inſtigation of paſſion, ill humor, or caprice.

But farther yet, the poſitive precepts of the Goſpel, relative to theſe ſubjects, which the moſt illiterate cannot miſtake, had ſufficiently guarded, one would have hoped, againſt the Overt-Act, by ſummoning before the awful tribunal at the laſt day, the

the very thoughts and intentions of the heart; ſhowing us, our deſigns may have the guilt of deeds, and our wiſhes of Murder. And by a poſitive precept which excludes every evaſion and ſubterfuge, commands us not only to love one another, but to love even our Enemies, though they deſpitefully uſe us and perſecute us. If the injunction be difficult, it is not however impoſſible, ſince he who beſt knows what is in man, hath enjoined it. But if you cannot love, at leaſt do not hate; ſtrive to *forget* till you have learnt to *forgive;* ceaſe to do evil, though you have not reſolution to do well. For till the tares of the malevolent paſſions are rooted up, the Chriſtian virtues have no room to ſhoot.

What more then in *mercy* could have been done, which has not been done, to warn, to diſſuade, to check men in their progreſs to this crime? But ſo little warned, diſſuaded or checked is the Duelliſt, by any ſcruples about *taking life away*, that uſurping the Authority of the Creator, he even offers *to give it*. "This meer Non-entity, ſays an ingenious Author,* who ſubſiſts "only by the will of his Creator, by the continuance of his "ſuſtaining power; this arrogant dependant *Nothing*, talks of "*giving* his fellow creature *Life*, and thinks himſelf generous "in not doing, what he has not the leaſt right to do."

——*giving his fellow creature*, LIFE!——

What an awful pauſe is this! How vaniſh before it the higheſt finiſhed fictions of the Mæonian Bard, while he makes all Heaven lean forward to attend the deciſion of the unimportant combats of pagan heroes. Here——a Saviour *groans*, pitying Angels *weep*, all Heaven *ſhudders*, while the conqueror is pleaſed to offer, not to hazard plunging his Antagoniſt at once into Eternity, with all his ſins on his head, if he will but condeſcend to

* Dialogues on Anger and Forgiveneſs, by a Clergyman.

to *aſk his Life:* And while the vanquiſhed (in deſperation) dares to deliberate whether he ſhall fully his *honor*, or hazard his Soul.

——— WAS EVER PAUSE LIKE THIS PAUSE? †

† We ſhould not have expected that under the reign of *Chriſtian* Kings ſuch *unchriſtian determinations* ſhould have paſſed relative to this ſubject, as we find was once the caſe, when, " Celui qui " etoit navré et ſe *rendit a Son Ennemi*, etoit infame toute ſa Vie, et ne lui etoit *permis* de couper " ſa Barbe, de poſſeder aucun honneur ny charge, de porter aucunes armes, ni de monter jamais " a Cheval: Mais celui qui etoit tuè dans le camp, en combattant, ſans ſ'etre voulu rendre, etoit " enſeveli honorablement; et le vainqueur mené en triomphes en ſa maiſon, et declare veritable, " et capable de tous honneurs, charges et offices."

Memoires de Sully, 2 tom. 50 ch. p. 346.

THE

THE DUELLIST.

PART THE THIRD.

THE Guilt of Duelling being by this time I hope ſufficiently eſtabliſhed, let us offer ſome farther reflections naturally ariſing from the Subject, and which purſued may be of uſe to prevent its future progreſs. Now there is nothing of more importance to the reformation ſo devoutly wiſhed, than the nicely diſtinguiſhing, between what is, and what is not, *Reputation*. No one that reflects at all can be ignorant, that Vice can wear the Maſk of Virtue, Falſehood of Truth. But few examine whether public Opinion is well founded, if a practice can but ſhelter itſelf under that name. Whereas it is no Miſanthropy now, if it ever was, to diſtinguiſh between "the undiſcerning "Many, and ſenſible Few." It is an age when it is allowed to combat the moſt eſtabliſhed truths, how much more ſo then, ſpecious falſehoods? Let Reputation ſtill mean the plaudits and approbation of our fellow creatures; but let it be of thoſe, whoſe applauſe can confer honor. We may rejoice indeed *lauderi*, but it muſt be, *a laudatis viris*. If we apply this to the

 unhappy

unhappy ſubject of this diſquiſition, we ſhall ſoon ſee that we court the applauſe of thoſe, whoſe principles we condemn, and neglect the opinion of thoſe, whoſe approbation only is deſirable. I would therefore, if I could, inſpire every worthy breaſt with this genuine fortitude, *Bene agere, male audire.* I would oppoſe the durable pleaſure of a ſatisfied conſcience, to the empty momentary congratulations of a few Worldlings. To believe in the immutability of Rectitude, ſo as to conceive it founded on a Rock; and to conſider the arbitrary and and variable faſhions of Opinion, as founded on Sand. The former ſupported by truth will remain for ever; the latter will ſink with the props that ſupport it, Paſſion, Prejudice and Error. So preferable is it in ſome caſes, to be ſingular rather than popular; and upon all occaſions, *Eſſe, quam videri Bonum.*

There are two ſtates in which the prevention of this miſchief may be attempted; when the ſeeds of it are but firſt burſting, and when it has made a conſiderable progreſs: For indeed whatever are deſigned as antidotes to this malignant poiſon, are uſually adminiſtered too late. For Reſentment and Anger, like all other irregular paſſions, acquire ſtrength by degrees: There is a time when a very little care and attention would conquer them. For it would be very hard indeed, if while Goodneſs is progreſſive, and ſlowly encreaſes with years, the irregular affections ſhould as it were be born compleat, and at once reach the Summit of their Malignity.

What therefore might not the care and culture of an infant mind produce, to prevent this growth of peeviſhneſs and paſſion? But how different is the conduct of mankind? Children's tender hearts and hands are armed againſt each other, as ſoon almoſt as they have power to think, and almoſt before they have ſtrength to ſtrike; the ſtanders-by perhaps encouraging and applauding. Muſt it not follow from hence, that the little Conqueror will be vain, and wiſh to gain a ſimilar triumph on ſome future occaſion? Nay, perhaps quarrel on purpoſe to find one?

one? While the Conquered will repine at the ſucceſs of his Antagoniſt, and if reproached and ridiculed, will bear malice, and ſilently meditate revenge. It matters not how trifling are the objects of contention, if the paſſion runs but ſufficiently high; and the event may be ſufficiently important, for it may chance that an unlucky blow from an unarmed hand, may prove as effectually fatal, as the ſharper weapons of maturer years.

Let us now turn to the grown-up Man, who, neglected and unchecked by parents and friends, when their admonitions would have had weight, finds himſelf not only eaſily provoked, but with difficulty appeaſed: Diſcerning too nicely, feeling too acutely, and judging too raſhly—Is it yet too late to find a remedy? At all events let us endeavor to ſeek one.

And firſt, let ſuch a man conſtantly avoid the company of thoſe, whoſe intoxication, pride or inſolence, are likely to provoke his reſentment. *Virtus eſt Vitium fugere.* Next, let him immediately, if he can, retire when the ſtorm is about to riſe in his breaſt, and examine himſelf, whether he views the affront the next morning, in the ſame affecting light, as when the offence was firſt given.

After this, let him wait a little, to ſee whether the perſon who has incurred his diſpleaſure, is not deſirous of retracting what he has ſaid, of explaining it to his ſatisfaction, and of fully apologiſing for his conduct. Many reſentments of this ſort, would be ſtifled in their birth, could we condeſcend to confeſs what we often feel, that our behaviour is not to be juſtified.

Another rule, which I would recommend on this occaſion, is, that the parties ſhould ſeriouſly examine whether they are angry or not.—Ridiculous as this propoſal may at firſt appear, it is founded on Experience. There are many men who take a barbarous pleaſure in trying to excite reſentment, in perſuading one or both of the diſputants, that though they are not, they

ough

ought to be affronted. Cruel and abſurd as ſuch a proceeding is, many have been weak or wicked enough, to be ſo far influenced by it, as to fight. To put our conſcience into other men's keeping, has never been conſidered as a proof of ſenſe or prudence. And to permit other men to determine our feelings, and regulate when we ſhall be in a paſſion or not, is of very ſerious conſequence; as it leads perhaps to diſgrace here, and, it may be, to deſtruction hereafter.

Vices, we know, are checked by the exerciſe of their oppoſite virtues: Contrary diſpoſitions may be played off againſt each other.—The good diſpoſitions, it is confeſſed, muſt be acquired. *Hic Labor, hoc Opus.*—But if accompliſhed, will amply repay our pains.

Againſt *Pride*, that Serpent that engenders ſo many bloody conflicts, let us oppoſe a habit of modeſty and diſtruſt, by intimately converſing with ourſelves, and examining the many vices, follies and failings, which make us as odious to others, as theirs do them to us. Againſt *Revenge*, let us oppoſe gentleneſs and meekneſs, diſpoſitions to be acquired by the frequent and awful conſideration of the forbearance of him, who, was he extreme to mark but the hundredth part of what we do amiſs, none of us, alas! could abide it.

Againſt the ſudden riſe of heat and paſſion, let us oppoſe every cooling and conciliatory reflection—The poſſibility of our miſtaking what has been ſaid, or of our taking it in a ſenſe foreign to the Speaker's intention; deceived, it may be, by a look that was accidental, or a geſture, which was not deſigned.*

But

* There is ſomething of originality both of Sentiment and Expreſſion, in the following Obſervation of Lord Hunſdon's, as quoted out of a Manuſcript in the Britiſh Muſeum: "To "have the *courage* to obſerve an affront, is to be even with an Adverſary—to have the *patience* to "forgive it, is to be above him."

Sloanian MSS. 1523.

But if, after all, the words were really ſpoken, their meaning too clear to be miſunderſtood, the provocation pointed, and the affront deſigned——there is ſtill a remedy before we come to the deſperate reſolution of bloody retaliation. I mean, FORGIVENESS.——How, forgive? Can I forgive while I feel? —Whom muſt I forgive? My cruelleſt Enemy?——What muſt I forgive? His robbing me of every thing dear and valuable, nay, of the deareſt and moſt valuable thing on earth, my good name and character?——It cannot be done——perhaps not by a CHRISTIAN——but HEATHENS have done it, and done it often. Heathens, who, living in a ſtate of intellectual darkneſs, compared with the meridian luſtre of Chriſtianity, were under the dominion of every irregular paſſion, and of Anger among the reſt: Yet, ſtrange and painful to tell, this practice was ſcarce known among Heathens, whoſe forgiveneſs extends to a pitch of heroiſm, that Chriſtians do not often reach: Though meekneſs is the badge of their profeſſion, and forgiveneſs the indiſpenſable condition of their Salvation.

A Heathen Philoſopher could ſay——Now would I ſtrike thee, was I not in a paſſion.—*Antigonus* could calmly bid his ſoldiers remove farther from his Tent to rail at him, leſt the King ſhould hear them.—And another declared, that calumnies ſhould never excite his wrath, becauſe he would ſo live, that no one ſhould give credit to what his enemies ſaid of him.——And many inſtances are to be found in the ages ſtrictly Pagan, of great forbearance and forgiveneſs among all ranks of men: Feeling the injury, but ſubduing the reſentment; and ſometimes rewarding inſtead of puniſhing the offender: But ſcarce an inſtance that I know of, any where occurs among them, of revenging affronts by Challenges, or defending character by ſhedding blood.

What

What ſhall we ſay then? That our Saviour literally came not to ſend Peace on earth, but a Sword?——No——but that men may be born of Chriſtian Parents, in a Chriſtian Country, and even profeſs the Chriſtian religion, and yet be exceeded by Pagans, in one of the principal and pureſt of the *Chriſtian Virtues*.

MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS

ON SEVERAL PASSAGES IN

CLASSICAL and HISTORICAL WRITERS,

CONNECTED WITH AND DERIVED FROM

The STRUCTURE of the BODY.

TOGETHER WITH A FEW

OBSERVATIONS in the PHYSIOLOGY.

IT was always my wiſh, ſince I was appointed to read Anatomical Lectures, to blend, as far as the Subject would admit, the pleaſant with the profitable; which, however acceptable in every place, is remarkably ſo in this. While I labored therefore to improve thoſe, who made Anatomy their Profeſſion, I ſtrove not to diſguſt thoſe, who ſeemed to take it up meerly as an Amuſement. This ſuggeſted to me the plan of calling in claſſical and literary paſſages to my aſſiſtance. How ſucceſsfully is not for me to determine. The plan however being large and extenſive, could not be compleated all at once, and therefore I determined, as opportunity offered, to give to the public what I had ready and finiſhed at the time; and to which, if my Health permits, I ſhall probably keep continually adding.

MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS, &c.

ANIMAL SPIRITS.

MONS. SCUDERI, in his obſervations on the *Cid* of *Corneille*, is very angry with him for having uſed the word *Eſprit* in the plural number. It is in the following paſſage.

" *Elle rendra le calme a vos Eſprits flotans.*"

If the Author meant to allude to the agitation of what are called the *Animal Spirits*, he could not have expreſſed himſelf more happily. But *Mr. Scuderi's* difficulty ariſes not from hence: He cannot comprehend, it ſeems, how all the Senſes can partake in a pleaſure, occaſioned only by ſomething we hear—for the Poet had ſaid

" *Deux mots dont tous vos Sens doivent etre charmés.*"

now, ſays he, " La Vue, l'Odorat, le Gout, ny l'Attouchement n'y peuvent avoir aucun part." Strictly and literally this is true, but ſurely is very allowable, and even beautiful in poetic and metaphorical deſcription. We have a phraſe in our own language which ſeems to correſpond with the Poet's Idea, and which we expreſs by, " *being glad all over.*"

HEAD—CRANIUM, &c.

It is to do honor to this part I ſuppoſe, that Hippocrates makes it the firſt that is formed in the womb; that from hence, as from

the root, the human tree may ſpring: For ſuch is his whimſical alluſion: And all Etymologiſts on the ſame principle, are fond of deriving the word *Caput*, from incipit ——Too minute an inveſtigation of the myſterious parts of our Structure, ſeems better calculated to encreaſe Vanity, than to promote Knowledge.

This part among the Greeks was called Ουρανον, derived from the favorite hackney'd ſimilitude between the Micro and Macrocoſmos. Though moſt nations ſeem agreed, about the dignity and ſupremacy of the Head, above the reſt of the Body, the practice of the Chineſe is ſometimes contradictory to it, eſpecially in the mode of puniſhing crimes with death. Moſt European Nations conſider beheading as a more honorable Exit, and grant it in conſideration of the rank of the Sufferer; whereas according to du Halde, the Chineſe look on this puniſhment as moſt ignominious, becauſe the Head, which they conſider as the principal part of Man's Body, is thus unnaturally ſeparated from it; and that ſuch unhappy perſons do not preſerve their Bodies entire, as they received them from their parents at their birth. They ſeem to have a ſuperſtitious regard, for dying in what is called a whole ſkin.

The Sea of Life in which we ride, ſays an Author, is firſt *Egean*, and then *Axine* (*Euxine*) full of rocks while we are ſailing, and inhoſpitality when we are landed. It was called Αξενος by the Ancients (from α privativa, and ξενος hoſpes) from the barbarity of thoſe who inhabited its ſhore, who ſacrificed all ſtrangers that fell into their hands, feeding on their fleſh, and making drinking cups of their ſkulls.

To the real catalogue of Diſeaſes, which is ſufficiently large, Avarice and Cunning have added artificial ones. Hildanus ſpeaks of a Man and his Wife, who, by introducing Air under the hairy ſcalp of their Child, blew it up to an enormous ſize, ſo as to reſemble a real Diſeaſe. It procured them at firſt what they wanted, a maintenance; but at laſt, what they better deſerved, ſevere puniſhment.

EYES.

EYES.

There are ſome entertaining remarks derived from the ſituation of the Eyes.

CYCLOPS—COCLES.

Neither the Greeks, Pliny, or Aulus Gellius have remarked, that Virgil does not place the Eye of the Cyclops, as other Authors do, in the middle of the Forehead. Borrichius ſaw it in two Monſters; in the middle indeed of the Os Frontis, but at the root of the Noſe—thus Virgil

——————— *telo Lumen terebramus acuto*
Ingens quod torva ſolum SUB *Fronte latebat.*

When there is a great flatneſs of the Noſe, ſo that the ſpace between the Eyebrows is ſcarcely viſible, two Eyes at a diſtance may appear but like one. The word *Cocles* is ſaid to ſignify *Monoculus;* if ſo, it muſt be given to perſons born with this infirmity, as it does not ſeem natural to ſuperadd a title which ſhould ſpread the defect, where the knowledge of the misfortune would not otherways have reached. Hence the ſirname of *Horatius Cocles* is ſaid to be derived.—If there ſhould be a whole people whoſe Eyes are thus crowded together, may not the credulous ſailor, careleſsly ſailing, without ſetting his foot on ſhore, bring home ſurpriſing tales of nations that have but one Eye? If we value our Character for veracity, I ſhould recommend, to be extremely careful how we admit of violent deviations from the cuſtomary ſtructure of the Human Body; as nature does nothing wantonly, fooliſhly, or in ſportive mood.

FASCINATION.

The doctrine of Faſcination among the Ancients was truly ridiculous; but Superſtition lays hold of every thing for a ſupport. Much power of this kind was naturally attributed to the Eyes. Pliny ſays, the Triballi and Illyrians had uſually two Pupils, which were thought extremely conducive to Faſcination:

and

and obſerves from Cicero, that in all places where Women had double Eyeballs, they could eaſily hurt any one on whom they fixed their Eyes.

PUPILLA—KOPH.

However cold and inſipid the remarks are, on the double meaning of the word Κορη, as quoted, and juſtly condemned by *Longinus*, and which took their origin from too eager a purſuit of a new turn of thought; yet the good Biſhop Hall has derived from it a uſeful Leſſon, and allowing for the Style then in vogue, not overſtrained.—" *Eyes full of Adultery.*" The Greek word, Κορη, ſays he, ſignifies both the Apple of the Eye, and a Virgin. Sure I am, many an Eye proves a Bawd to the Soul, and I may ſafely ſay, Virginity is firſt loſt in the Eye.

ACIES OCULORUM.

Some words are uſed by claſſical writers in a different Senſe from what they are by Anatomiſts, which is neceſſary to be attended to. *Acies Oculorum* ſignifies the act of ſeeing in general, or rather diſtinctly and perfectly, and thus might be tranſlated ſharp-ſightedneſs: But it has been applied to particular parts of the Eye. Thus Cicero, " *Acies ipſa qua cernimus,* PUPILLA " *vocatur.*" And Lactantius, " *Acies, id eſt, membrana illa pellu-* " *cens, quam ſiccari et obareſcere non oportet: Et niſi humore aſſiduo* " *terſa, pura* [illegible] *iteat, obſoleſcit;*" thus deſcribing the *Lucid Cornea.* This is uſually meant by the Apple of the Eye.

GLAUCOMA.

Is uſed by ſome Authors, for deceiving, whether the mental or bodily Eye. Thus Plautus.

Ei nos facetis fabricis, et doctis dolis
Glaucomam ob oculos objiciemus: cumq; ita,
Faciemus, ut quod viderit, non viderit.

Miles Glorios. 1——2——70.

This

This word being ſo technical, and the diſeaſe not having an abſolutely decided meaning among Anatomiſts, as to its real ſeat, would ſeem to be rather unintelligible on the Stage. It may here be remarked, that *Plautus*, of all the comic writers in Latin, abounds moſt with anatomical alluſions, and in general with accurate ones. Hiſtorians alſo have adopted the Metaphor, " Ne quis inhoneſta, Cupiditates, Religionis *Glaucomate* " obtegat."

SUPERCILIA.

If we could ſee how ſtrongly Hauteur, Ill-nature and Self-importance may be marked on the Countenance, by a particular make and motion of the Supercilia, we need only to turn to thoſe beautiful paſſages in Tully, where gratifying his reſentment againſt his Antagoniſt Piſo, he thus ſummons all the powers of his Eloquence. " Reſpondes altero ad frontem ſublato, " altero ad mentum depreſſo ſupercilio;" and again, " cujus " ſupercilio tanquam Atlante Cœlum niti videbatur." And once more, " Lateant Libidines ejus tenebricoſæ, quas fronte et " Supercilio, non pudore et Temperantia, correxit."

It is curious to obſerve, that Beauty is not determined ſo much by natural Symmetry, as by cuſtom and faſhion. It is not here meant to allude to the disfigurement of ſavage nations. Inſtances may be found among the politer inhabitants of Greece and Rome. To have the Eyebrows meet, is reckoned by us a blemiſh, and generally the ſuperfluous hairs are extirpated: Whereas *Petronius* and *Ovid* ſpeak of it as a Beauty of the Sex in their time, and if not natural, ſhould be procured by Art.

Arte, ſupercilii confinia nuda repletis.

CILIA.

White Eyelaſhes are ſaid not to bear the light well, and Caſpar Hoffman mentions a perſon, who, by painting his Eyelaſhes black,

ſaw

ſaw conſiderably better. I know not how true the remark is, that people with white Eyelaſhes do not ſee ſo well if their heads are ſhaved.

TEARS.

It is allowed by Anatomiſts that the greater part of the Tears ſteal through the lacrymal ducts into the mouth and firſt paſſages, and are taken again into the Road of Circulation; but not in quantities ſufficient to anſwer Juvenal's difficulty, whence the fons perennis of *Heraclitus'* Tears, or the bolder fiction of a perpetually weeping *Niobe*.

EAR—LOBE.

Pliny ſays, "Eſt in Aurium Memoriæ Locus, quam tangentes "atteſtantur," and it ſeems they added, "Memento." Muretus ſpeaks of a Medal, where one man is repreſented touching the Lobe of another man's Ear, with this Inſcription, Μνημονευε. Servius ſays the Ear was conſecrated to Memory, as the Forehead to Genius, and the Fingers to Minerva. The cuſtom of retaining a witneſs, which was called *Anteſtari*, was by taking hold of the Party's Ear, which cuſtom however was diſpenſed with towards women, or where the party to be tried was of infamous character. This we learn from the *Perſa* of *Plautus*.

DORDALUS. *Nonne anteſtaris?*
SATURIO. *Tuane ego cauſa carnufex*
Quoiquam mortali libero Aures atteram?

Horace brings an inſtance in himſelf of this kind of *Subpœna*, when his troubleſome companion ſeizes on him.

——————— *Licit Anteſtari. Ego vero*
OPPONO AURICULAM.

MOTION

MOTION OF THE EARS.

Notwithſtanding the muſcles ſent to the external Ear in the human ſubject, which, according to *Santorini*, are far from inconſiderable either as to number or ſize, yet we read of very few who have had the power of moving their Ears. The Abbe Marolles ſays in his Memoires, that the Regent Craſſus could move his Ears with great Eaſe. And St. Auſtin knew a man in his time, who, without uſing his Hands, could erect his Hair, and move his Ears. Euſtachius ſpeaks of a man who had this Talent. And Caſpar Hoffman, in his Commentaries, on Galen de Uſu Partium, mentions a ſimilar inſtance. This power is ſaid to be deſtroyed by binding down the Ears in Infancy; but the Indians, who, I believe, bind the Ears of their Children forwards, have not any motions in them, as far as I have read or heard.

On the other hand, it ſeems to be looked upon as diſreputable, to have this talent; whether becauſe the Ears of Aſſes are almoſt always in motion, I know not. Thus *Epicharmus* in *Athenæus*, ridicules Hercules on this account, when he deſcribes him cramming himſelf:

σιζει δε ταις ρινεοσι, κινει δ' αλα.

Cruqius on the 15th Epode of Horace ſays, the name *Flaccus* was derived from ſome perſon, who had flaccid or moveable Ears, ſo that the name muſt at leaſt have been impoſed without any ſuch reaſon, or elſe the number of thoſe who had this power, muſt have been pretty conſiderable.

But Martial is moſt ſevere on this head, of any Author, in his picture of a fool:

Hunc vero acuto capite, et auribus longis
Quæ ſic moventur ut ſolet ASELLORUM
Quis MORIONIS *filium neget* MYRRHÆ ?

Procopius

Procopius, to render Juſtinian ridiculous, whom he diſliked, compares him to an Aſs, not only for Heavineſs and Stupidity, but becauſe he uſed to move his Ears to and fro; on which account in the open theatre he was called ραυδαρε or *Aſinego* by the *Praſini* or Green Faction, to which he was an Enemy.

How moveable ſoever *Juſtinian's* Ears might be, he was by no means ſo ſtupid as his calumniators would make him —nay, ſome even doubt, whether for *Juſtinian* we ſhould not read *Juſtin.**

AUDITORY NERVE.

Some Hiſtorian writes of Cardinal Richlieu, that he was found to have three Auditory Nerves on each ſide. Now without ſtraining the meaning beyond what the Author ever meant, to ſignify metaphorically, that a Miniſter ſhould have the power of hearing quicker than other men, for on the ſame principle it would be convenient for him to have double Eyeballs to ſee the quicker; we are aſſured that the *Portio mollis* of the *Auditory Nerve*, may be divided into three branches by an accurate Diſſector.

NOSE.

In Greek Ρις and Ριν, whence ρινω decipio, taken from Dogs at fault.

A common phraſe among the Ancients, was "Homo emunctæ "Naris." They imagined all the Mucus of the Noſtrils to be ſeparated by this part from the Brain, which thus purified that Organ, and rendered it more free from Obſtructions which impeded, as they thought, cunning and foreſight. Hence a cunning and clever Man, was ſaid to be *emunctæ Naris.*

We

* See Jortin's Remarks on Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory. 4 vol. p. 347—355.

We read of wonderful refreſhments produced by Scents. Democritus is ſaid to have prolonged his life many days, by *ſmelling* of Bread dipped in Wine. And Ariſtotle ſpeaks of a perſon, living above forty days ſolely by the *ſmell* of Honey. Very ſudden refreſhment, we know, is conveyed by the Nerves of the Noſe, in Fainting, &c. but ſuch a prolongation of Life by ſuch means only, is not to be credited.

MUSCLES OF THE NOSE.

Much of the power of moving the Noſe and Noſtrils, by its Muſcles, is impaired, as in the Ears, but yet many can dilate and contract their Noſtrils at pleaſure, and alter the whole, ſo as to expreſs faſtidiouſneſs, and ſometimes longing after culinary indulgences. This we find alluded to in Horace, and other writers:

——————*fateor me dixerit ille*
Duci ventre levem, Naſum nidore SUPERIOR.
And ——————*Naſo ſuſpendis adunco.*

MOUTH.

The Palate or Roof of the Mouth is moſt elegantly ſtiled by Lucretius, the Temple of the Tongue; whoſe roof however I fear does not always reflect the Sounds of Piety or Praiſe.

——————*ſuaviter omnia tractant*
Humida Linguai circum ſudantia Templa.

TEETH.

Tertullian, for what reaſon I know not, calls the Teeth the Seeds of Immortality.

The two fartheſt Teeth in each Jaw have particular names, as *Dentes Sapientiæ*, as they are uſually cut very late after the reſt, at an age when we ſhould have ſome diſcretion. Theſe are alſo

 called

called *Genuini*, and belong to the five Grinders. As theſe are very large and ſtrong, and placed to great advantage with reſpect to the Centre of Motion, they are uſed very properly, whether deſignedly or not, by claſſical Authors, for ſatyrical purpoſes. Thus Juvenal, in deſcribing the hard mouldy cruſts, which the proud Patron ſets before his needy dependants, has theſe ſtrong expreſſions:

Ecce alius quanto porrexit murmure panem,
Vix fractum, ſolidæ jam mucida fruſta farinæ,
Quæ GENUINUM *agitant, vix admittentia Morſum.*

And Perſius, to ſhow the force with which the Satyrs of Lucilius could bite, carries the metaphor farther ſtill:

——————— *ſecuit Lucilius urbem*
Te Lupe, Te Muti, et GENUINUM *fregit in illis.*

The Hiſtories of double and triple rows of Teeth, may, I believe, be fairly treated as fabulous. It is very common in the mouths of Children, whoſe parents neglect the drawing the firſt ſet when looſe, to make room for the ſecond, to have them continue behind, and thus I have ſeen a double row for three or four in ſucceſſion. As little credible is it, that ſome perſons have been born with one continued bone, of the ſtructure of Teeth, ſlightly marked with lines where the diviſion into ſeparate teeth uſually takes place. And it is not a little remarkable, that ſolid, or triple rows of Teeth, are the privileges only of great perſonages. As of Pyrrhus, Lewis the 13th of France, and others.

To be born with teeth, though preternatural, is not without example. Hildanus, an Author of good credit, tells us, he drew a tooth from a child ſix days old, which ſtood as far out of the Gum, as in a child of two years old. It was one of the Inciſores of the lower Jaw. Albinus has given us, in his Annotationes Academicæ, a print of the places through which he had ſeen

teeth

teeth inconveniently make their way: As through the cheek under the Eye, and almoſt in the middle of the Palate.

Pliny ſays, the Family of the *Dentati* among the Romans, took its appellation from ſome of its Anceſtors being born with Teeth. And ſome modern Travellers of high character and unimpeached veracity, relate ſuch treatment of the teeth by ſome nations, as entirely overturns all theories both of their ſtructure and uſe.

Thus Scaliger, Exerc. 271, ſays, the Youth in the Iſland of Tandaia, ſaw their teeth down to the roots, to make them thicker and firmer, as Gardiners make Pollards of Trees. This certainly contributes not to encreaſe the rugged ſurface of the Molares upon which much of their uſe depends, and entirely deſtroys the ſharp cutting edges of the Inciſores.

God never made his work for man to mend.

We read in the Academy of Sciences, that the Inhabitants of Dog's Iſland in North America, have the ſurface of their Inciſores broad, and ſimilar to the Molares of other Nations. And I have ſomewhere read of a people who deſtroyed the enamel of their Teeth in order to ſtrengthen their Subſtance.*

OESOPHAGUS. GULA. ΟΙΣΩΝ ΦΑΓΟΣ.

By this is meant the paſſage from the mouth through which the food is conveyed into the ſtomach. It is a great error to make this part the ſeat of exquiſite taſte; ſo that *Philoxenus* would have been miſerably diſappointed, though his wiſh had been gratified of having his Gullet as long as that of a Crane. We owe this Error, as we do many others, to the injudicious labors of the Etymologiſts, who are more apt to aſſert than to prove a point. Λαυχανια, ſay the Etymologiſts, ſignifies Guttur or Gula, παρα το λανειν quaſi απολανειν. *Quia e Cibo Potuq; hæc pars præ cæteris ſentiat.*

* For farther ſtrange treatment of the Teeth, ſee Marſden's Hiſtory of Sumatra.

ſentiat.—There is indeed another ſenſe, in which Λάνχανια may fairly be deduced from ἀπολαυειν, as it means alſo, *damnum capere.* And who will diſpute the power of the Oeſophagus to procure this, in the fulleſt ſenſe, in the intemperate at leaſt, and *Epicurean* Feeder?

RIBS.

Theſe are twelve in number, the ſeven uppermoſt diſtinguiſhed, on account of their attachment to the Sternum, from the five lowermoſt. Particular attention is paid by Authors, and eſpecially in the Old Teſtament, to the *fifth Rib*, in relating two melancholy cataſtrophes, the Death of *Aſahel* and *Abner*, which Commentators explain thus, though the Event might have been the ſame, between whatever Ribs the Spear had paſſed; for they conſider the five Baſtard Ribs, collectively as one fifth Rib, under which lay the Liver and Gall Bladder on the right ſide. Theſe therefore were probably thruſt through in Aſahel by the Spear of Abner, who is ſaid to have ſmote him under the fifth Rib.

Joab afterwards ſmites Abner under the fifth Rib, (but from their mutual poſition) on the left ſide, and probably through the ſpleen; but by a direction of the Inſtrument, perhaps through the Heart alſo.

According to the Syriac verſion, the ſide of our Saviour pierced by the Centurion's Spear, means under the fifth Rib.

It probably pierced at the ſame time the Pericardium and Heart, from the pendant ſituation of our Saviour's Body. This too is the Spot, where Authors fix the Dagger in the Cataſtrophe of *Dido* and *Lucretia.*

PRÆCORDIA.

This word, as far as uſed in a metaphorical ſenſe, ſignifies the parts about the Heart, to denote fortitude, courage, &c.

——————— *redit in Præcordia Virtus.*

In

In a medical Senſe it has unfortunately too many meanings, which is uſually the parent of obſcurity.

HEART.

This being a part ſo eſſential to Life and Action, and ſo long privileged in Metaphor, to ſignify almoſt every paſſion, we cannot wonder that in one manner or other, it is made the ſubject of Alluſion, by Writers of every ſort, particulary the Divine, the Moraliſt, and the Poet. But as far as a ſtrict attention to the Nature of the Subject goes, I think Anatomical Alluſions the leaſt calculated of any, to illuſtrate a doctrine, or enforce a religious Precept, which is however a favorite uſe made of them by Old Divines. One can hardly refrain ſmiling at the honeſt, but ſimple intention of thoſe, who account for earthly enjoyments not contenting the Heart of Man, becauſe the world being round, and the Heart triangular, the latter can never be compleatly filled by the former.

Another obſerves, Man's Heart is broad above, narrow beneath, open at the top, cloſe below, to ſignify that we ſhould enlarge and ſpread our Affections towards Heaven, and draw them to as narrow a point as we can towards Earth. And that our hold of Earth ſhould be very ſlight, repreſented it ſeems by the ſmallneſs of the point; and very ſtrong of Heaven, repreſented by the breadth of the Heart's baſe.

But it is happy for mankind, that providence has not left us to collect our duty from ſuch hieroglyphical inſinuations as theſe. Thoſe who have daily opportunities of viewing this *moral ſtructure*, if I may ſo call it, of the Heart, are a race of Men, who are very unlikely, if we may judge by experience, of making this uſe of it. Nor do we know whether the Sacrificers among the Levites were more diſpoſed for ſerious thoughts every time they were called upon to offer a victim.

Another Author tells us, we muſt not have divided Hearts, a Heart and a Heart, like the Hares in Biſaltia, or the Partridges

in

in Paphlagonia. What ſort of Hearts theſe are, the Author who mentions them, beſt can tell.

Theſe alluſions however are innocent, and draw after them no conſequences. Not ſo, the fatal illuſtration of *Servetus*, who attempting to elucidate the circulation of the blood, compared it to the Trinity, for which he was burnt to Death at Geneva.

Hiſtorians in aid of Prodigy, or to inſinuate the magnanimity of a Hero, treat us ſometimes with *a hairy Heart*. What has occurred of this ſort to Phyſicians, ſeems to have been the effect of violent Inflammation, when in ſeparating the adhering Pericardium, filaments of concreted mucus are thus raiſed, and drawn away, and which put on the appearance of Hairs.

That the Heart ſhould ever be wanting, may fairly be diſbelieved when aſſerted of victims offered by Heathens, as the Sacrificer had often ſome intereſt in diſguiſing the truth of Appearances; but it may ever be doubted, when aſſerted of human Bodies. It is the part of all others probably, which is never wanting, even in the ſtructure of the ſmalleſt Inſect.

If a part generally ſo well underſtood, and with which the Eye is tolerably well acquainted, cannot properly be adduced as illuſtration or argument, what ſhall we think of other parts produced for the ſame purpoſe, which are perfectly unknown to the generality of mankind, and of which I ſhall give ſome remarkable inſtances in their place?

ABDOMEN.

This word is ſometimes applied to the fat of the Belly:

MONTANI *quoque Venter adeſt, Abdomine tardus.*

And metaphorically to Gluttony, by Tully:

Ille Gurges natus Abdomini ſuo, non laudi——

Correſponding to this part, is the Sumen of the Sow, a luxurious diſh among the Romans, nempe "Suis Abdomen cum Mammis Lacte turgentibus." Thus MARTIAL:

Eſſe

Eſſe putes nondum Sumen, ſic Ubere largo
Effluit, et vivo Lacte Papilla fluit.

MICHAEL NEANDER, in his *Erotemata Hebraica*, gives us an admirable Specimen of the Marvellous, ſo frequent among the Talmudiſts, in the account of two Rabbis, ELIAZER and ISMAEL, whoſe Abdomens were ſo protuberant, that when they ſtood face to face, and their bodies touched, two large Oxen could paſs between them, " *neutrum contingendo.*"

NAVEL.—UMBILICUS.

There ſeems to be abundant reaſon for ſuppoſing, that the Ancients looked upon the Navel, as capable of being the ſeat of great pleaſure or great pain. Thus among the exquiſite torments inflicted during the horrors of perſecution, we find pouring cold water on the Navel to be one. There was a ſet of remedies called *Exomphalia*, becauſe applied to the Navel, with a view, no doubt, of their thus gaining a ſpeedy admittance into the whole Oeconomy, which is rendered probable by ſome circumſtances. Thus *Riolan* mentions a large quantity of Water evacuated at the Navel; *Hildanus*, of Blood at the ſame place; in both which inſtances the Umbilical Vein is ſuppoſed to have been preternaturally pervious, as the Urachus ſometimes is, after Birth. The Navel therefore having been ſuppoſed by the Ancients, to communicate Senſations to the whole Body, might give riſe to that paſſage in the Book of Proverbs; " It ſhall be health to thy Navel, and marrow to thy Bones."

VISCERA.

In anatomical language ſignifies certain Organs that ſecrete various fluids in the Abdomen; but Poets apply the word differently. Thus SENECA in his THYESTES, makes it ſtand for Fleſh and Skin:

Hæc

Hæc verubus hærent viſcera,
Et lentis data ſtillant Caminis.

Sc. quum interiora jam eſſent exempta. And another Author, "*cum* DEJANIRA *ſanguine Centauri tinctam tunicam induiſſet, in-*" *hæſiſſetq; viſceribus,*" though this poiſon might penetrate to the internal viſcera. ISIDORE in his *Origines*, ſays, "*Viſcera non*" *tantum Inteſtina dicimus, ſed quicquid ſub Corio eſt, a* VISCO," *quod eſt inter Cutem, et Carnem.*" Quere, Whether the Author means by this the *Rete mucoſum?*

OMENTUM.

This was one of the parts to which the Soothſayers paid great attention in ſacrifices, ſo that the word is by ſome derived from *Omen*. Thus SENECA in *Oedipus*.

——————— *non molli ambitu*
Omenta pingues viſcerum obtendunt ſinus.

Some deviate in their uſe of it, from the anatomical meaning, and ſignify by it, a covering or *Operimentum*; thus MACROBIUS calls the Membranes of the Brain, *Omenta Cerebri*, the *Dura and pia Mater*.

JECUR.

The uſe of this word among claſſical writers is pretty well known. It ſtands for the ſeat and principle of Love, heightened almoſt into Luſt. It is alſo made the ſeat of Heat and Paſſion; and hence alſo the ſignificant phraſe of "*alieno jecore ſapere,*" to gain wiſdom by other people's follies. It is ſo conſpicuous a part of the Viſcera, that it could not be well overlooked in Sacrifices; and being ſo large, has been diſtinguiſhed into minuter portions whoſe appearances were nicely attended to, though the deſcriptions of them are rather obſcure. Thus we do not exactly underſtand the *Menſa* or *Trapeza Hepatis* of NICANDER:

Ηπαλος ακρολαλου κερσας λοβον, οσε τραπεζης
Εκφυελαι ——————

The Lobe of the Liver is generally uſed in the ſingular number. As Λοβος ſignifies the pod of peaſe or beans, it has been tranſlated the covering of the Liver, the ſame with the cawl of the Liver, mentioned in the Old Teſtament. But if the Liver wrapped up in the Cawl, was a cuſtomary offering in ſacrifice, this ſeems a more natural interpretation of the Paſſage, as the Liver has no natural covering, but what it has in common with the other Viſcera, from the *Peritonæum*.

VENA PORTARUM.

Lord Bacon in his Eſſay on Empire, has this paſſage, " For " their Merchants, they are *Vena Porta*, and if they flouriſh not, " a Kingdom may have good limbs, but will have empty veins, " and nouriſh little." A Reader unacquainted with the hiſtory of this Vein, can never underſtand this paſſage. The ingenious and learned Author alludes to this Vein conveying the Chyle into the Liver, in order to its there being changed into Blood, which was the received doctrine when he wrote; for want of being acquainted with which, the paſſage muſt be totally unintelligible to many readers.

INTESTINES.—CHORDÆ.

Chordæ was the ancient name given to the Inteſtines. As the ſtrings of the Lyre were made of Inteſtines, all muſical ſtrings got the name of *Chordæ*. And hence there is a diſeaſe of the Inteſtines called *Chordapſus*.

BOWELS.

This is probably derived from an old French word, which is to be ſeen in an old French Manuſcript of *Ovid*.

——————— *par*

——— *par le flanc l'a ſi profendu*
Que la BOELE *li chei* ———Q. from *cheoir.*

ILEUM.

One of the ſmall Inteſtines. It is applied to the Guts in general, or Gluttony. This is made the foundation of a very bad Joke in Servius, as founded on falſe ſpelling, changing e into i. A Paraſite for his conſtant attendance on Feaſts is there thus addreſſed:

Tu ut HECTOR, *ab Ilio nunquam recedis.*

EXTREMITIES.

ARMI.

This word applied to Quadrupeds means the Shoulders, as in *Horace:*

" *Fœcundi leporis Sapiens ſectabitur* ARMOS."

——— *ferentes*
Et Leporum avulſos, ut multo ſuavius, ARMOS."

And of a Horſe:

Luduntq; Juba per Colla, per ARMOS.

But in the following paſſage we cannot well underſtand the Horſe's Shoulders, or we muſt think meanly of the Author's Judgment in ſpurring:

" *Seu ſpumantis Equi foderet calcaribus* ARMOS."

Here Commentators ſuppoſe a part for the whole, and that we ſhould tranſlate it in general, " ſpurring his Horſe."

Catillus in the 11th Æneid thus kills *Herminius:*

——— *latos*

——————— *latos huic Haſta per* ARMOS
Acta tremit ———————————————

Here the Spear had paſſed perhaps near the top of the Os Humeri, through the Scapula, and divided the *Axillary Artery*.

ANCONÆUS. A Muſcle.

Derived from Αγκων, the Joint and Bones of the Fore Arm. Hence *Ancus* is ſaid to denote *Homo adunco Brachio et exporrectu difficilis*. From this defect, ANCUS MARTIUS the 4th King of the Romans is ſaid to have derived that name, which, if true, ſhows that the cuſtom of ſurnaming perſons from peculiarities, or even deformities in their ſtructure, was very early introduced among the Romans, and ſeems to have been very long continued.

FINGERS.

Their number ſometimes ſix on each hand. Pliny mentions the daughters of QUINTUS HORATIUS, a Patrician family, hence named *Sedigitæ*, which was the caſe alſo with the Poet *Volcatius*.

EXTREMITIES LOWER.

PERONE.—FIBULA.

The leſſer Bone of the Leg, derived from, or rather giving name to, *Pero*, a Countryman's Leather Boot. Anatomiſts commonly call it *Fibula*, but ſome muſcles of the foot, from their ſituation on it, are called *Peronei*. We meet with the word in JUVENAL and PERSIUS:

——————— *quem non pudet alto*
Per glaciem PERONE *tegi* ——————— JUVEN.

Navim ſi poſcat ſibi PERONATUS *Arator*. PERSIUS.

TARSUS.

TARSUS.

Is well enough defined the firſt part of the Foot, which immediately ſucceeding the Leg, is anſwerable to the wriſt of the Hand. The City of Cilicia ſo called, is ſaid to have derived its name, from Pegaſus loſing a Hoof or Shoe on this Spot.

Ταρσος ευκλιμενε: τοθι δε ποτε Πηγασος ιππος
Ταρσον αφεις χωρω λιπεν ωνομα.——Dion. Perieg. 714.

ASTRAGALUS.

In Aſtragalis nobilitatem geris, is an ancient proverb: To underſtand which it muſt be remembered, that by a Synecdoche, the *Aſtragalus* or ſecond bone of the *Tarſus* or Inſtep, is taken for the whole Inſtep, and on which were placed the ornamental Claſps or Buckles of the Roman Nobility, which, in imitation of the Arcadians, who traced their Origin beyond the Moon, were frequently ſhaped like Creſcents. Thoſe therefore who had no other proof of their nobility to produce, are properly enough ridiculed in the above proverb. But ſo uncertain is faſhion, that the ſupport of theſe faſhionable ornaments, not only require the Aſtragalus, and all the remaining ſix bones of the Tarſus, but are ſometimes obliged to be indebted even to the ſides of the ſhoe for ſupport.

CALX, OS CALCIS.

The Line or boundary from which the Racers ſtarted among the Ancients, was drawn with Calx, or Chalk; hence *Os Calcis* comes to ſignify the Heel Bone.

Achilles is ſaid to have been only vulnerable in the Heel; yet Homer wounds him in the Arm, (Iliad φ—161) and makes him equally liable to wounds and death with other men; and without which, as the ingenious Dr. Beattie obſerves, the Iliad would have been one continued abſurdity.

FLAT

FLAT FEET.

Strada, in his Prolusions, has the following remark, "*Plauto* "nomen fuit M. Accius; sed cognomento a planitie pedum, "*Plotus* est appellatus. Qui enim pedibus sunt planis, *Plotos* "vocant Umbri; postea *Plautus* cœptus est dici. Non Plautinum "nomen ergo deductum opinemur ab iis Canibus, quorum "Aures, cum languidæ sunt ac flaccidæ, latiusq; patent, *Plauti* "*Canes* appellantur."

FIBRES, ANIMAL.

The word *Fibra* occurs perpetually in classical Authors, and with some variety of signification, which is easily accounted for in poetry, where the measure of the word is more considered, than the precision of the meaning: Besides which, it avoids the inconvenience of too frequent a sameness of Expression.

We find the word Fibre applied to the Heart, and its Affections, by *Persius:*

——— *neque enim tibi* CORNEA FIBRA *est.*

In another place it is supposed to mean the Heart exclusively, as a faithful repository of Secrets:

Quod latet arcana non enarrabile FIBRA.

Or whatever intellectual part of us possesses that retentive power. The word is indiscriminately applied to Sacrifices:

——————————— *Mercuriumq;*
Arcessis FIBRA.———

And for every part of the Viscera examined on these occasions, and particularly for that important one, the Liver, with its edges. Hence some Glossaries—*Fibræ* (a word much applied to this Viscus) quasi *Fimbriæ.* Thus the Immortality, if I may so speak, of *Tityus' Liver*, or more properly of all his Viscera, implied in these words:

——— *nec*

——— *nec* FIBRIS *requies datur ulla renatis.*

And here, I cannot help remarking, that ſome Poets diſplay much greater knowledge of the human ſtructure in their deſcriptions than others, and kill their Heroes more according to Art. *Homer* is perhaps the moſt correct of any on this account, and *Ovid* the leaſt ſo. Indeed the latter ſeems particularly deſirous of rendering his deſcriptions as horrid as poſſible. The following of flaying Marſyas is of this kind, where he ſeems to uſe Fibræ in rather an undetermined Senſe. There is indeed ſome incorrectneſs in ſuppoſing the bare removal of the Skin, would bring to view ſuch a horrid ſcene.

Clamanti, Cutis eſt ſummos direpta per Artus,
Nec quidquam niſi vulnus erat. Cruor undiq; manat
Detectiq; patent Nervi: trepidæq; ſine ulla
Pelle micant Venæ: ſalientia viſcera poſſis,
Et pellucentes numerare in pectore FIBRAS.

This deſcription is certainly lively and animated, and perhaps within bounds: But in the Combat between the Centaurs and Lapithæ, the horror of the Scene is heightened till it becomes ridiculous. The Poet makes the Bowels of one of the Combatants to tumble out, to trail along the ground, notwithſtanding they are confined by the Meſentery: to wind themſelves round his legs, ſo as to encumber him in walking, till at laſt he treads them to pieces, and then, (as indeed it is high time he ſhould)

——— INANI CONCIDIT ALVO.

The whole paſſage runs thus:

——— *Mediam ferit enſe ſub Alvum*
Proſiluit, terraq; ferox ſua viſcera traxit
Tractaq; calcavit, calcataq; rupit, et illis
Crura quoque impediit—ET INANI CONCIDIT ALVO.

CUTIS,

CUTIS, CUTICULA, PELLIS, SKIN.

A metaphorical uſe of theſe words, is frequent among the Poets, though we may quote them in their moſt literal ſenſe—to ſuch a heighth is the delicacy and pride of the faſhionable world arrived:

——————— *ire domum atq;*
Pelliculam curare jubes———————
In cute curanda plus æquo operata Juventus.

A writer in Miſt's Journal has the following ſtrange and incorrect alluſion to the human ſkin, and Cuticula. " I am not " diſpleaſed with *Boccalini* for flaying *Seneca,* and taking his " moral ſkin off, and diſcovering another SUBCUTICLE, covering " the fleſh of a Knave. For my part, I aſcribe all the blunders " of Life, to the ignorance of people who cannot ſeparate theſe " two ſkins from each other."—And for my part, I think it will always be a fruitful ſource of blunders, when the writer goes out of his way for ſtrained alluſions, which ſcarce any of his Readers can underſtand. This inſtance may be added to ſome ſimilar ones quoted before. Many ſuperſtitious notions are entertained about the virtues of the human Skin. Thus the Turks think Bucklers lined with human Skin, a particular ſecurity againſt the impreſſion of an Arrow, or the ſtroke of a Sabre. There are ſeveral of theſe Bucklers, we read, lined with human Skin, and tanned like leather, at *Bologna.*

HAIR.

So many, and ſuch ſuperſtitious cuſtoms have belonged, and ſtill belong to this part of us, that one can hardly paſs them over entirely, though they do not belong ſo intimately to our ſubject, as ſome of the foregoing.

The Romans in times of great danger, cut off their hair, and in a ſtorm at Sea, ſhaved their heads. Some think this is the meaning of St. Paul's words, " There ſhall not a hair fall from " the head of any of you." That is, the tempeſt at Sea ſhall

not be ſo great and dangerous, that you ſhall have occaſion to ſhave your heads. But St. Paul could not aſſert this, as the ſhipwreck had actually taken place. Perhaps he only meant by his authority, to forbid their practiſing that Heatheniſh cuſtom of ſhaving their heads, in his preſence.

But the greateſt inſtance of Superſtition, is the violent diſputes that have ariſen about the different modes of wearing the hair, and involving Heaven and Damnation in the conteſt. A Dutch Commentator, Poimenander, in the outrageouſneſs of his zeal, will not ſuffer a man's hair to reach lower than his Ears: It muſt barely cover his Skull; and aſſerts, that to wear the hair below the Ears, is a ſin deſerving eternal death.

How much more rational the advice given by a moderate Divine! "We are concerned," ſays he, "to avoid extremes on "either ſide. As a man muſt not go as a Nazarite, a Greek "Philoſopher, or a Nebuchadnezzar at Graſs, with his hair "hanging down about him; ſo neither muſt he appear like a "ſhorn animal, with a bare ſkull, or like an affrighted Jew in "his days of mourning; like a cropped Cynic, or like a ſhaven "Monk; he muſt obſerve a decent medium."*

But enough of this, which I confeſs is not intimately connected with our ſubject.

FAT

* I know not whether an apology will not be expected from me, by ſome perſons, for inſerting Quotations, without always referring to my Author. The reaſon is, that ſome were taken down immediately as they occurred, and often from books that were not my own. Others were deſigned to have been referred to their proper Authors, but by omitting to do it directly, I could not after a time recollect where to ſeek them. However, thus much I undertake to affirm, that they all really exiſt ſomewhere, none are deſignedly omitted to perplex, or invented to amuſe the Reader.

FAT—ADEPS.

Its ſoft and ſmooth quality, has been transferred metaphorically to Language by Tully. " Aſciverunt aptum ſuis auribus " opimum quoddam, et tanquam adipatæ dictionis genus." Some read, *adipale.*

It is applied to delicate diſhes by *Juvenal:*

Livida materna fervent ADIPATA *Veneno.*

I know not whether it be material to obſerve, that ſome doubt, whether the above paſſage be really *Tully's* or not.

VENA CAVA.

It is aſſerted by many, that *Homer* is remarkably accurate in his deſcription of the ſituation of wounded parts, and hence an argument is derived to prove the good ſtate of Anatomy in his days. It would be curious enough to examine all his wounded and ſlain, with this view. Obſervations on ſome of them are ſcattered up and down in different Authors. I find, however, at preſent, only one memorandum of my own, on this ſubject, which belongs to the *Vena Cava,* which he is ſuppoſed to deſcribe in theſe lines:

——————— απο δε φλεϐα πασαν εκερσεν
Ηϒ' ανα νωϒα θεϐσα διαμπερες αυχεν ικανει.

MESERAIC VEINS.

We meet with the old notion of the *Meſeraics* taking up the Chyle, and conveying it to the *Liver,* for the purpoſe of Sanguification, in the Comedy of Albumazar, by Ben Johnſon.

——————— *The World's a Theatre of Theft;*
Guts from the Stomach ſteal, and what they ſpare
The MESERAICS *filch, and lay it in the* LIVER.

May

May not this be added to ſome former inſtances of the alluſion being too deep for common apprehenſions, and of all who are ignorant of the parts alluded to?

Claſſical writers borrow alluſions from the Anatomiſt, but in a different manner from any of the former. The moſt illiterate underſtand the uſes and functions of the organs of Senſe; that the Eye is the organ to ſee with, the Ear to hear with, &c. But it was reſerved for thoſe of the firſt form of Literature to confound theſe entirely, and to apply to the organ of Taſte, what particularly and excluſively belongs to that of Hearing. I have no objection to the familiar phraſes, of bitter and ſour Scents, becauſe it means to ſignify what is true; that if ſuch ſubſtances were applied to the Tongue, they would impreſs on it the ſenſation of a bitter or ſour taſte. And as the Noſe, in the Brute creation at leaſt, ſeems to have been deſigned in ſome meaſure to determine beforehand what is wholeſome for food, ſo there is a natural and intimate connection between them; they improve and are impaired together. However *Horace* has ventured upon a bolder tranſpoſition than any of theſe: He has uſed a word, which, literally taken, ſignifies to *deafen*, and applied it to the functions of the palate, in the following line:

Fervida quod ſubtile EXSURDANT *Vina Palatum.*

Monſ. *Dacier* admires theſe bold ſtrokes, "Exſurdant, eſt un "beau mot, et cette Figure eſt heureuſe, de detourner un mot "d'un ſens a un autre." I allow it in *Horace's* hands, but would not recommend ſo ſtrong a ſtile to every one's imitation.

The moſt elegant however, and expreſſive of all the Alluſions, taken from the organs of Senſe, are thoſe taken from that of HEARING. Thus, liſtening to, obeying, and complying, are beautifully applied even to inanimate beings:

Fertur Equis Auriga, neque AUDIT *currus* HABENAS. VIRG.

And

And more forcibly ſtill:

Unam ſepoſuit, ſed qua nec acutior ulla
Nec minus incerta eſt, nec quæ magis AUDIAT ARCUM.
OVID.

ENMONTERY.

In the year 1621, George Abbott, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, being invited by the Lord Zouch, to hunt a Buck, at Bramſhill in Hampſhire, let looſe a barbed Arrow, and unhappily hit the Keeper. He was ſhot, ſays Fuller, in his Church Hiſtory, through the *Enmontery* of the left Arm, and the Arrow dividing thoſe grand *Auxiliary* (Q. *Axillary*) Veſſels, he died of the Flux of Blood, immediately. There is no doubt, I think, that his death was owing to the opening the *Axillary* Artery; but it is not eaſy to conjecture what part the *Enmontery* is. I conſulted the late Dr. William Hunter, who thought the Enquiry curious enough to merit inveſtigation, but neither by himſelf, or ſeveral ingenious Surgeons, whom he conſulted, was he able to diſcover any thing.—Mr. Geary Cullum, an eminent Surgeon at St. Edmund's Bury, for *Enmontery* thinks we ſhould read *Emunctory*, and that the old writers placed theſe in different parts, by way of Drains. There is much ingenuity in this conjecture.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

HEART.

THE ſize of the Heart is aſſerted by ſome to be determinable by that of the Arteries and Veins, ſo that large Blood-veſſels denote a large Heart, and vice verſa. And alſo, that Courage and Magnanimity are the conſequence of a large Heart. Examples however to the contrary are not unfrequent. Van der Wiel mentions the Heart of a moſt intrepid daring Fellow, which was ſcarcely the ſize of a middling Pear. The Heart, ſay ſome Authors, is as the Sea to this Microcoſm or little World, Man. The circulation of the Blood, is as the flux and reflux of the Tide. The Paſſions are the Storms and Tempeſts. The Arteries that carry the Blood from the Heart to all the other parts, are the ſubterraneous Channels that come from the Sea; and the Veins which bring back the Blood to the Heart again, are the Rivers and Rivulets that carry it back to the Sea: So that the little world as well as the great, is divided into Sea and Land; the Fluids being as the Waters, and the Solids, as dry Land. Of all Alluſions of this kind, this perhaps is the moſt elegant.

A full enquiry into the real claim of the diſcovery of the Blood's Circulation, cannot be entered upon here. I ſhall content myſelf with a very pertinent remark on the Subject, by Malphigi, and examination of the impropriety of fixing on Hippocrates, as anticipating Harvey's Fame in the Diſcovery.

In the Poſtſcript to the third Edition of Wootton's Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning, after quoting a paſſage from a piece of *Servetus*, relative to the motion of the Blood, the Author

Author makes this pertinent and uſeful obſervation. " If, ſays " he, we compare this notion, thus explained by *Servetus*, with " Dr. *Harvey's* Theory of the Circulation of the Blood, we " ſhall plainly ſee, that he had imperfect glimmerings of that " light, which afterwards Harvey communicated with ſo bright " a Luſtre to the learned World, which glimmerings, ſince " they were ſo true, having nothing in them of a falſe fire, I " much wonder that he went no farther; though at the ſame " time, I cannot but heartily congratulate the felicity of my " own Country, which produced the Man, who firſt ſaw the " importance of theſe noble hints, which he improved into a " Theory, and thereby made them truly uſeful to Mankind."

Thus far Wootton——And it is for want of attending to this neceſſary diſtinction, that ſuch warm and unguarded attacks have been made on our Harvey's Fame. The whole diſpute of the honor of this diſcovery of the circulation, may eaſily be ſettled, if we can determine, which deſerves our preference, a rude hint, or a mathematical demonſtration; ingenious conjecture, or indiſputable proof. " Who, ſays the ingenious " *Malphigi*, are called the Founders of Empires? thoſe who flee " with a ſcattered people, and land where wind and fortune " drives; or thoſe who poliſh theſe fugitives by Manners, ſecure " their properties by Laws, and their perſons by Walls and " Citadels? So in Arts and Sciences, he is properly to be " deemed the Diſcoverer, who, by a proper inveſtigation, " unravels Nature's perplexities; calls in Reaſon and Experience " to ſtrengthen, and facts to confirm what he aſſerts."

No ſooner, however, did Harvey publiſh his firſt thoughts on the ſubject at Franckfort, in the year 1623, than he was attacked upon it from every quarter; nor need it, I think, ſurprize us, to ſee foremoſt in the liſt of thoſe who were ſuppoſed well acquainted with the Circulation in queſtion, the name of the venerable *Hippocrates*. We are ſo much indebted to the Father of Phyſic, for a great part of the ſucceſsful manner in which

the

the art of healing is practiſed, that we almoſt blindly believe, that Nature had no Secrets for Him. Gratitude is very apt to leap the bounds of Propriety, and at length to idolize, what it has long warmly admired. Yet great as our Veneration may be for this Coan Apollo, yet ſurely it were better to let him reſt on his own bottom, than to defend him ſo injudiciouſly, as an Antagoniſt of Harvey's has done; who gives this reaſon, why we find ſo few traces of the knowledge of the Circulation in the works of Hippocrates——that having many other *important* things to treat of, he left this well-known part of the Phyſiology to be taught by others. An undertaking, ſays our Author, as unneceſſary in the days of Hippocrates, as would be writing an Iliad after Homer. Now there cannot be a more compendious road to fame, than having our ſilence conſtrued into ſkill; and that which is more uſually taken for a mark of Ignorance, thus good-naturedly explained into a proof of Underſtanding.

But if Hippocrates had indeed been ſuch a Maſter of the Subject, he would probably have thought it important enough to have been repeatedly inculcated. It could never have been miſplaced in any part of his Works. It would probably have explained ſome paſſages that are obſcure, and, what is of equal importance, rectified ſome parts of his practice that are faulty. And indeed the erroneous reaſoning into which he ſometimes falls, ſeems to be owing, in a great meaſure, to the want of that greater light, in which the Doctrine of the Circulation has ſince been placed.

I have formerly ſaid, that Anatomical Alluſions are not generally calculated to explain or illuſtrate an Author's meaning. I muſt exempt from this cenſure, the account given by Dr. Burney, of the Muſical Performances in Commemoration of Handel. Nothing was ever more accurate, ſtrictly applicable, or more judiciouſly expreſſed (had the pulſation of the Veins been omitted) than the following paſſage. " The pulſation in " every limb, and ramifications of Veins and Arteries in an

" Animal,

" Animal, could not be more *regular*, *iſochronous*, and under " the Direction of the *Heart*, than the Members of this Body of " Muſicians, under that of the *Conductor* and *Leader*." Nor will any one be ſurprized at this, who knows the uncommon abilities, and active muſical powers of Mr. Bates, joined with the Skill and Judgement of the late amiable and deſervedly admired Mr. Hay.

FACE, COUNTENANCE.

The Face, or Countenance, as it is uſually called, is too apt, at firſt ſight, to conciliate the eſteem, or raiſe a prejudice in the Beholder; whence a good face has, properly enough, been ſtiled, *a Letter of Recommendation*. And here give me leave to remark, that whatever principles we may lay down, of what proportion or ſituation of Features conſtitute the beſt Face, our benevolent as well as wiſe Creator, tho' he has not formed any two faces in the Univerſe exactly alike, has made none but what are perfect in their kind. For however a ſingle Feature, as the Noſe, Eye, &c. may appear to us, capable of being improved, we may venture to aſſert, that it is exactly ſuch a one, as ſuits the reſt of the face it belongs to: and therefore, could we collect together all the beautiful Features of ſeparate Faces, and conſtitute one Face out of the whole, the Face, collectively, would be monſtrous, though each Feature, ſeparately, was beautiful.

The varying looks, as well as the natural unagitated caſt of the Countenance, depend partly upon the powers of the Mind, acting upon the Face, and this by its muſcles. The language of the Eyes, though carried to a ridiculous exceſs in the enthuſiaſtic flights of Poetry, has a foundation in fact. And there is no paſſion that cannot be viſibly impreſſed, by the reſpective Muſcles of the Face. Nay farther, I believe, that we have, in fact, no command of our Countenance; but, that ſuch, as are reputed to be Maſters of this power, are Maſters of a much bet-

ter thing, I mean of their paſſions; which, when once kindled, will affect the Features, in ſpite of all our Philoſophy.

I know not how it has happened that the Forehead has got the privilege of repreſenting, as it were, the whole Face, ſo that a Man who has a natural inaptitude to bluſh, is ſaid to have a good Front: Whence the *Spectator* wittily reckons *a good Forehead* among the *neceſſary Organs of Speech* in a young Orator.

The make of the Cheeks, the free and extenſive motion of the Lips, though not much attended to, contribute largely to graceful elocution, and melodious pronunciation. Nor is the different motion and opening of the Eyelids, co-operating with the motions of the Eye, eſpecially, if heightened by Art and Study, without very apparent effects on the perſuaſive powers, which we can by this means exert.

Strange diſtortions of theſe parts are deſcribed by Capt. Cook, and other Travellers. Hawkeſworth tells us, that in the War Dance of the New Zealanders, the Eyelids are ſo forcibly drawn up, that the White of the Eye appears above and below, as well as on each ſide of the Iris, ſo as to form a circle round it.

PHYSIOGNOMY—PAINTING.

The Science of Phyſiognomy, as far as it is a Science, owes its exiſtence to the nature of Muſcles. Particular Paſſions throw particular Muſcles of the Face into Action. And it is well known, that Muſcles grow ſtronger, and more prominent, in proportion to their frequent and continued uſe. Thus, may the Muſcles of the Face in ſome inſtances prove an index of the paſſions of the mind. Thus far was *Zopyrus* right in his judgement of *Socrates*, in whom, though Reaſon and Philoſophy had corrected the irregularity of his paſſions, they neither did, or could remove the fixed deformity of his features.

The whole unaffected, unembarraſſed countenance, unwarped by paſſion, is called by Tully *Frons*, which he thinks capable of expoſing to the By-ſtanders whatever paſſes in the mind, and

therefore calls it *Animi Janua*—Thus he adviſes his Brother *Quintus*, when a Candidate for the Conſulſhip, to meet his friends with this open countenance, of more avail, he tells him, than a minute attention to every punctilio without it. "Cura "inquit ut aditus ad te diurni atq; nocturni pateant; neque "foribus ſolum ædium tuarum, ſed etiam vultu et fronte, quæ "eſt *Animi Janua*. Quæ ſi ſignificat voluntatem abditam eſſe, "ac retruſam, *parum refert patere Oſtium.*" In ſuch a beautiful variety of meanings is this word FRONS employed.

Nay, other muſcles may be called in to aid this repreſentation of human Affection, whether in Painting or Sculpture; as the eager claſping of the hands, or raiſing the feet to ſtamp; and all this, *without the aid of Countenance*. But, that SHAME, REGRET, and REPENTANCE can be more ſtrongly expreſſed by a painter, in the Muſcles of the Back, Legs and *Soles of the Feet*, than could have been in thoſe of the Face, is what I cannot eaſily comprehend. Yet this is aſſerted in the following paſſage. "Here is "the famous *Prodigal Son* by *Guercini*. This Picture is a proof "of the expreſſion a human figure is capable of diſcovering, "without the aid of *Countenance*; for the face of the Prodigal "Son is not ſeen: He is repreſented in a kneeling poſture, his "Back is turned towards the Spectators, *but every feeling of his "mind is ſhown in the Muſcles of his Back, Legs, and Soles of his "Feet*, better than they could have been in his Face."*

SKELETON.

There ſeems to be no neceſſity for multiplying the number of imaginary Beings, which the Superſtition of Mankind has rendered ſufficiently great; more eſpecially, if to ſecure Events equally attainable by natural Means. And yet Men formerly defended the exiſtence of an ideal perſonage, a kind of *Skeleton-maker*.—Some call him *Azazeel*, others *Euronymus*, but in whoſe

 department

* Letters from Italy, by an Engliſh Woman (Mrs. Wraxhall) Lady of the Engliſh Reſident at Bruſſels. 1ſt. vol. p. 107.

department it was, to pick and clean the Bones of ſuch, as chanced to ~~lay~~ long unburied.

The beautiful Skeletons which Galen ſaw, " *nive candidiora,*" and many others in different parts, were uſually expoſed, and for a conſiderable time, to the alternate influence of Sun and Rain, on ſandy Shores, waſhed by the Tide, or ſcattered in long extended deſerts, drenched by Rain, and then dried by ſharp and penetrating Winds. To perſonify natural cauſes in anatomical affairs is ſo common, that I ſhall not ſcruple to diveſt *Azazeel* both of Office, and even Exiſtence. Cauſes ſimilar to the above are ſtill uſed for the purpoſe, though ſeldom with equal ſucceſs.

It will be allowed me then, I ſuppoſe, that by a Skeleton is generally underſtood, a collection of Bones, arranged as near as may be, in their natural Attitudes, but entirely *detached* from every thing that formerly covered or adhered to them, unleſs perhaps the original ligaments ſhould remain. And therefore, I have often doubted of the propriety of *cloathing Skeletons*; but which an ingenious writer has lately done.

Having laid down ſome excellent rules for the compoſition of a *Sermon*, he thus proceeds. " There are Sermons of the firſt " Merit, in all other reſpects, that may juſtly be compared to *fine* " *Skeletons*, in which the Bones, Muſcles and Sinews, are " *faſhioned, arranged and adjuſted*, in the moſt perfect manner: " But a compoſition of this ſort, though ever ſo conſummate for " its Strength and Symmetry, can only be pleaſing to the Eye " of a Virtuoſo."

Death, on the white walls of a Country Church, may chance to have too many or too few Ribs on a Side: and Time, his uſual companion on theſe occaſions, may be indulged with a ſhort Apron, Embroidery and Purple. But this is of no conſequence; affecting neither moral or religious improvement, however it may be deſigned for that purpoſe. Not ſo, when handed round at an Egyptian Feaſt, to promote ſerious thoughts,

and

and ſtrengthen pious reſolutions; or when ſeriouſly applied for the ſame purpoſe in religious compoſition. Here let us not loſe ſight of its proper derivation, σκελλειν deſiccare; a collection of dry, and diſguſting Bones, of which it may, with the ſtricteſt propriety be affirmed,

Ornari Res ipſa negat.——————

BONES.

The opinions of the Rabbins are ſo originally and entertainingly abſurd, one knows not how to paſs them over, when applied to anatomical purpoſes. They give this curious account of the commandments in *Moſes;* that they are 613 in all, whereof 365 are *negative,* which happen to be as many as the Days in the Year; and 243 *affirmative,* juſt ſo many, ſay they, as there are *Limbs* or *Bones* in Man's Body: To ſhow that all parts of Man's Body are at all times to be employed in doing God's will. (Now beſides that, the Limbs, if ſo many in number, would conſtitute a moſt formidable monſter, inſtead of a Man) The real number of Bones, which is what the Rabbins probably mean by Limbs, is not decided; ſo that a poor Jew with the beſt intentions in the world, may be always doing *too little or too much.*

SPLEEN.—LIEN.

The Spleen is a part much mentioned and alluded to by claſſical Writers, and ſometimes in a very contradictory way; to underſtand which, we muſt give a ſhort hiſtory of this part, as well as we can collect it from Anatomical Writers. There have been great diſputes concerning, and various uſes aſſigned to the Spleen; for wherever a Subject is but little underſtood, erroneous and even abſurd Conjectures will be the conſequence. There have been men, fooliſh enough ſhall I ſay, or impious, to aſſert, that the only uſe of the Spleen was to ſerve as a Counterpoiſe to the Liver on the oppoſite ſide. Could we ſuppoſe ſuch

a bungling contrivance ever to have proceeded from infinite Wiſdom, the rules of mechanics would at leaſt have been obſerved, by placing the leſſer weight at the greater diſtance. Others, tho' with as little modeſty, aſſert, that this part is either hurtful or uſeleſs. Pliny tells us, that it is a great hindrance to rapid motion, and, that therefore thoſe who would excel in a foot race, would do well to have it extirpated. But, as Men did not come into the world to live the life of Greyhounds, the operation may as well, I think, be omitted in the human race.

To prove it uſeleſs, they bring experiments of its having been often extirpated, even for experiment's ſake, and the animal has ſurvived it and recovered. The fact is true; but beſides that this argument proves too much, [for thus our limbs may be proved uſeleſs, ſince they can be cut off with ſafety, and often with advantage]—yet, we muſt remember what the Poet ſays, "Non eſt *vivere*, ſed *valere* VITA." The Animal ſurvives indeed the loſs of his Spleen, but among other inconveniences, becomes a prey to two violent appetites, Luſt and Hunger, which betray him into dangerous intemperance. Now, though it would be unfair, from hence, to conclude that the uſe of the Spleen is to regulate Hunger or repreſs Luſt, yet it certainly follows, that if inconveniences and irregular motions are conſequent upon the loſs of it, that its preſence is uſeful, and its function neceſſary.

The Spleen ſeems of all parts of the Body to have been the moſt familiar to claſſical and moral writers, and doubtful as its ſtructure is to Anatomiſts, at this time of day, they ſometimes found in it the ſeeds of Mirth.

Splen ridere facit.

Sum petulanti ſplene cachinno. PERS.

At other times of a deep Melancholy, hence Splenetic and having the Spleen, denote deep Diſcontent, and Melancholy Gloom.

Theſe

Theſe diſpoſitions however ſeem to depend, according to claſſical writers, on diſeaſes of the Spleen, and with which they ſeem intimately acquainted. Thus *Olympio* in the *Caſina* of Plautus, aſcribes the palpitation of his heart to vapors ſent to it from the Spleen:

OLYMP. ——————— *ubi ſim neſcio*
Perii! Cor lienoſum opinor habeo; jamdudum ſalit.

The obſtruction of this viſcus was known to the Ancients, and that an over-diſtended Spleen would reach entirely acroſs the Abdomen, this they called *præcordia occupare.*

Thus *Cappadox* in the *Curculio* of *Plautus*:

Nam jam quaſi Zona, Liene cinctus ambulo.

In obſtructions of the Spleen, they knew that Indolence was detrimental, and Exerciſe neceſſary.

But whoever would ſee theſe particulars more at large, may conſult Dr. Stukely in his *Gulſtonian Lecture*, which he read entirely on the Spleen; and, in which, he has endeavoured to collect together every fanciful and fabulous, as well as more authenticated circumſtances relative to this Subject, and even to account for the ſeeming contradiction, of making it the ſeat both of Mirth and Melancholy.

SALIVA.

Though the principal uſe of this Fluid is to aſſiſt in digeſting our food, yet very great and extenſive have been the other virtues aſcribed to it, ſome few perhaps founded on fact, but moſt derived from Superſtition. "That we are fearfully and wonderfully made," no ſerious Enquirer into our Structure can doubt; but that every diſeaſe finds a remedy in ſome or other of the human fluids, and much more all in *One*, is too abſurd to deſerve Confutation. The Saliva, however, both internally and externally applied, has by different Authors had theſe powers aſcribed

aſcribed to it. I ſhall take the opportunity which ſuch errors afford to mention an obſervation or two worth notice.

The whole of our *Saliva* in a natural ſtate is ſwallowed, we do it continually, without attending to it. Hence the effluvia of the Small Pox, Plague, putrid Diſeaſes, &c. may be, and generally are, communicated to us by our *Saliva*. Hence the propriety of ſpitting frequently, when we are in ſuch a ſituation, and even of provoking this diſcharge with tobacco or ſome other ſtimulant. Antiquity ſeems to have had the practice without the *Rationale*. *Morbus qui ſputatur* is Plautus' name for the *Epilepſy;* they conſidered ſpitting as a Charm to preſerve them from that diſeaſe. Superſtition at laſt got the better of reaſoning, and ſpitting three times into one's boſom, became a noted Antidote to Witchcraft.

As this is not now a modern Diſeaſe, and infectious ones are but occaſional, let me obſerve, that an unneceſſary waſte of this fluid is very prejudicial to health, and therefore the cuſtom of ſpitting frequently ſhould by all means be laid aſide.

As the Saliva is often impregnated with certain taints in the conſtitution, ſome are extremely cautious how they drink out of the ſame Cup with Strangers; however that is, it is certainly a very improper practice which prevails among nurſes, to moiſten all the ſolid food they give children with their own Saliva. A Venereal taint might certainly be thus communicated.

Whatever power, if any, the external application of Saliva may have, it is probable it would have moſt in a faſting ſtate. Arguments applied to the uſe of Saliva derived from Animals licking themſelves and others are inconcluſive, unleſs a proper ſhare of the effect is attributed to the powerful force exerted by the friction of the Animal's Tongue.

As the Saliva or poiſon of venomous Animals is worſe when they are enraged, ſo the bite of men has been ſaid to be fatal, when no otherways mad, than in a paſſion; which, if true, would corroborate Horace's aſſertion, *Ira Furor brevis eſt.*

Thoſe

Thoſe who are converſant with claſſical Authors, ſee to what fanciful purpoſes they carry this cuſtom of ſpitting, though I doubt not but that it was founded originally on the medical uſes aſcribed to it, as in *Tibullus:*

Hunc puer, hunc juvenis turba circumſtetit arcta
Deſpuit in molles et ſibi quiſque ſinus.

Which the younger Stephens thus explains. "Non eſſe invidiam vitare volentium, ſed irridentium duntaxat." De ſene amatore loquitur Tibullus, ancillam charæ puellæ in medio foro detinente. *Theocritus* repreſents a girl perſecuted by an odious lover, who, after having abuſed him handſomely, finiſhes with,

Τρεις εις εον επτυσε κολπον.

But *Lucian* makes the diſappointment of faſcination to depend on ſome friend ſinging ſome ſtanzas three times over, and on three times ſpitting in the face of the party, who was in danger of being faſcinated.

ODORATUS.

The Senſation of Smelling is produced by certain effluvia, which all bodies, more or leſs, eſpecially when put in motion, emit, and which, entering the Noſtrils by Inſpiration, make a ſenſible impreſſion on the numerous Ramifications of the Olfactory Nerves, as diſſeminated through the *Schneiderian Membrane.* Some Animals have this ſenſe in greater perfection than Man. The ſagacity of a Dog's Noſe is too obvious to need mentioning, except it be to remark, the nice perſonal diſtinction they are thus ſaid to be capable of making, between their intimate acquaintance and ſtrangers, which they carry ſo far, it ſeems, as to be able to ſelect a particular ſtone out of a large heap, which their Maſter has chanced to touch. If this ſenſe is not equally *acute* in us, it is perhaps more *univerſal;* for we have no reaſon to think that the ſmell of Flowers or Perfumes are any particular

gratification to Brutes in general. And indeed they ſeem to have this ſenſe ſo perfect with reſpect to a few objects, merely for the reaſon that they are but few; for even the diſtinctive power of the human ſmell, loſes its force when exerciſed on too great a variety of Odours at once.

As the perfection of every ſenſe depends (if I may ſo ſpeak) upon uſing it gently, that of ſmelling like the reſt is injured by violence. Thus the conſtant and continued irritation of the Olfactory Nerves by Snuff, Volatile Salts, &c. gradually impairs this Senſe; and the being too long familiar with ſtrong Scents, will render us inſenſible to weaker ones; hence the nice ſcent of Dogs is thought to be injured by placing their Kennels too near a Kitchen. Something of this ſort alſo obtains in Men, if we may give credit to a ſtory related by Sir Kenelm Digby, of a Youth, who retired with his parents, in times of danger, into a foreſt, where living on roots, and ſequeſtered from the world, he acquired a ſagacity of Scent equal to that of Dogs, ſo as to diſcover by it, the approaching enemy when at a diſtance; till being at laſt taken priſoner, and mixing in public life, he found his ſmell by degrees to be gradually impaired, till at length it no ways differed from that of other Men.

We do not exerciſe this faculty ſo much as Brutes, I believe, in order to diſcover what is wholeſome for food, from what is not. And were we to ſwallow nothing that did not recommend itſelf to us by the agreeableneſs of its ſcent, we ſhould exclude from our uſe much food as well as phyſic. Whether there is a material difference in the ſtructure of theſe nerves in different people, or from whatever cauſes it ariſes, it is certain, that there is ſcarce any known ſcent, but to ſome perſon or other proves agreeable.

The ſuperficial diſpoſal of theſe nerves within the noſtrils, gives eaſy acceſs to whatever we apply that way; and hence by the irritation of things ſmelled to, people are refreſhed, rouſed from fainting, recovered from fits, &c.

We

We loſe our power of ſmell when we have a violent Cold, partly becauſe the redundancy of moiſture injures the ſenſation, and becauſe the paſſage into the noſtrils is obſtructed by the ſwelling of the Membrane, ſo that we are forced to breathe with our mouths open.

AUDITUS.

The Senſation of *Hearing* depends on the impreſſion which the external or internal Air makes on the Auditory Nerve, as ramified through the Meanders of the Ear. As a variety of parts are inſtrumental in conveying this Senſation to the Brain, the Cauſes of Deafneſs, or of vitiated hearing, are very numerous; ſometimes difficult to diſcover, generally ſo to remove.

The *Membrana Tympani*, muſt neither be too lax or too tenſe for vibration. The former is occaſioned by very moiſt weather; therefore we do not hear diſtinctly in rainy weather; and from a redundancy of moiſture in the habit. Such perſons require a ſtronger motion in the parts of the ſurrounding Air than what the voice can give, and therefore hear beſt in a Noiſe. There are two whimſical inſtances of this ſort mentioned by Dr. Willis. One of a Lady who could never hear but when a drum was beating in the room, for which purpoſe her Huſband kept a Drummer conſtantly in the Houſe; the other of a Man who lived near a Steeple for the benefit of the noiſe, for while the bells were ringing he heard diſtinctly.—A French Counſellor could no otherways be made to hear a Caſe, than by his Client relating it to him in his Coach, while he drove as hard as he could over the ſtones. Braziers and Pewterers, probably from being conſtantly in a great noiſe, hear beſt if they keep gently hammering when ſpoken to.

The oppoſite ſtate to this is too great Tenſity of the Tympanum, the effect uſually of Inflammation and Fever, in which Caſe the Hearing is moſt painfully acute.

Noiſe may be too loud and violent for the Ear to bear, the nerve may be irrecoverably injured, and the membrane of the

Tympanum cracked. Travellers tell us that all the Inhabitants who are ſituated near the Catadupes of the Nile, become deaf as they grow up.

Whatever acts upon the Ear in the ſame manner as an external Sound would do, gives us the ſenſation of Sounds, which none therefore can hear but ourſelves. Of this ſort is the *Tinnitus Aurium*, or ſinging in our Ears, occaſioned by the internal Air pent up, and preſſing on the nerve, and this occaſions the buzzing Sound we ſeem to hear, when we apply the hollow part of a Shell to our Ears. In Fevers this part is ſo affected, as to ſtrike the bewildered patient with the Idea of the voices of abſent people and non-exiſting ſounds.

But the Air does not only ſtrike upon the Tympanum on its external ſide, but likewiſe along the channel of the *Euſtachian Tube*, at the back of the fauces. We perceive this very ſenſibly, by putting any ſounding body, a Watch for inſtance, between our Teeth [and yet more remarkably in the vibration of a Poker againſt a Fender.] The common people, whether for this reaſon or not, when uncommonly attentive, are apt to open their mouths. Thus then our hearing may be impaired by whatever ſtops up the Euſtachian Tube; and perhaps it is upon this principle, that ſome Practitioners recommend the ſmoaking Tobacco through the Ears.

By a Law of *Juſtinian*, none are allowed to be ſo deaf, as to be abſolutely incapable of being made to hear, by ſome method or other. It would have been better worded, I think, thus. "Inca-"ble of being made to *underſtand what is ſaid.*" As I ſuppoſe it means only to prevent a pretence, which, if admitted, and might be feigned, would obſtruct the courſe of Juſtice.

Whatever ſtops up the external Ear, as Wax, or ſwells the Membrane lining the Cavity, as Colds: Whatever deſtroys or impairs the Nerves of the part, as the Palſy, Old Age: Whatever weakens

weakens the Tympanum, or removes the Bones of the Ear, as Abſceſſes, in which they have been known to come away : Theſe, I ſay, and many more ſimilar diſeaſes, render the cauſes of Deafneſs almoſt innumerable.

For ſeveral more entertaining parts of the Phyſiology, the reader may conſult *Mr. Verduc*, ſur l'Uſage de Parties; et La Phyſiologie de *Duſieu*.

THE

THE CHARACTER OF EUDOXUS. A DIALOGUE.

To borrow the words of celebrated Authors, is not only lawful, I apprehend, but ſometimes neceſſary; yet to adopt whole ſentiments, as well as the very identical words of an Author, and that without the ceremony of an acknowledgement, would be Plagiariſm of the higheſt kind. Yet what is the following, it may be fairly aſked, but a collection of this ſort, unleſs where for the ſake of attempting ſomething like connection, the compiler has ventured to interſperſe a little of his own?

To explain this—the Reader muſt be informed, that it was once ſtarted in converſation, whether the beauty of thought and language, diſperſed through a variety of Authors, might not be brought forward to advantage, if placed in one point of view; and whether this would not be preferable to entering what we read, in a Common-Place-Book, and which we ſeldom, perhaps, refer to, becauſe we know, we at any time, may.

On this Plan the following Dialogue is attempted; with what ſucceſs, muſt be ſubmitted to the Candor of the Reader.

THE CHARACTER OF EUDOXUS.

HIS Window ſalutes the Eaſt. The Valleys muſt be gilded by the Morning Rays by the time I get to *Eudoxus*, for already have they made the Uplands ſmile, and the Face of Nature chearful.——With this Soliloquy in his mouth, *Philemon* ſprang from bed, and hurrying on a dreſs calculated for convevenience, rather than ſhow, ſallied out to call on his friend *Eudoxus*.

The freſhneſs of the Air, the verdure of every field and tree; the enamel of the meadows, the muſic of the birds, that with melodious and chearful voices welcomed ſo fair a Morning—the curious orient ſtreaks with which the riſing Sun embelliſhed the eaſtern part of Heaven; and, above all, that Source of Light, who, though he ſhows us all that we ſee of glorious and fair, ſhows us nothing ſo glorious and fair as himſelf, quite charmed and tranſported *Philemon*. He was rouſed from his extaſy, by a female Songſtreſs, whoſe voice, though not governed by ſkill, did by its native ſweetneſs ſo repair the want of it, that Art was abſent without being miſſed.

Curioſity prompted him to ſee who was the poſſeſſor of ſo much power to pleaſe, whom he ſoon diſcovered in the habit of a Milkmaid.——This fair Creature had the bluſhes of the Morning

in her Cheeks, the ſplendor of the Sun in her Eyes; the freſhneſs of the Fields in her Looks, the whiteneſs of the Milk ſhe was expreſſing, in her Skin, and the melody of Larks in her Voice. Her Cloaths were almoſt as coarſe as cleanly, and though they ſuited her condition, were very ill matched with her Beauty.

Having liſtened awhile attentively to this artleſs Syren, he purſued his way, where in a narrow path his Eyes were ſaluted by a far different object, an Epitome of human Stature, a ſuperannuated figure of Mortality, whoſe ſhrivelled meagre face, hollow eye and tattered ſquallid rags, recalled to his imagination the cuſtomary ingredients neceſſary to make a *Witch*, when Superſtition, Miſtake and Malice, are diſpoſed for ſuch a work.

This miſerable object was crawling to her wretched home, under a burthen too much for her ſtrength to bear; though conſiſting but of the refuſe of boughs which the wind of the preceding night had ſnapped from the lofty trees of a neighbouring Avenue. A few anſwers ſatisfied *Philemon* of the reality of her ſufferings, and, influenced by the tendereſt and moſt powerful Inſtinct of Nature, Compaſſion, he haſtened to relieve her diſtreſs, and to gratify himſelf in the exquiſite raptures that flow from Compaſſion and Benevolence.

He ſoon arrived at the habitation of *Eudoxus*, who had, in the courſe of two months, buried an affectionate Wife, and a promiſing amiable Son. He found the worthy Divine, (for ſuch he was) with a book before him, in which he ſeemed to read attentively.——At the ſight of *Philemon* he ſprang forward, and embracing him, placed him on a ſeat beſide him; when wiping away a tear, that would force itſelf into his eye, he thanked him for his friendly viſit. *Philemon* ſaw with pleaſure the Chriſtian Deportment of this holy Mourner——no ſallying into loud complaints; no wringing of the hands, or beating of the breaſt, or wiſhing himſelf unborn, which are but the ceremonies of Sorrow,

the

the pomp and oſtentation of an effeminate Grief, which ſpeaks not ſo much the greatneſs of the miſery, as the littleneſs of the mind.

To whom *Philemon.*——I thought it my duty to come, ſeeing we are not born for ourſelves only, but by the very condition of our nature, are obliged to conſecrate our lives to the ſervice of others: It is a reciprocal debt, from which no mortal is free. I rejoice to find you ſo compoſed, after ſo ſevere a viſitation, and could almoſt wiſh to aſk on what conſiderations that comfort is founded, that ſo much exceeds the expectations even of your friends.

I am ſorry, replied *Eudoxus*, if any reaſons are thought neceſſary for my preſent compoſure; but I will faithfully give them all. And I will begin by confeſſing, that I did at firſt ſincerely wiſh to follow, where all that I held dear, was gone before. For who can either marvel at, or blame the deſire of Advantage? Can any thing be more natural than that the weary Traveller ſhould long for Reſt, the Priſoner for Liberty, and the Baniſhed for Home? But I recollected what I had ſo often myſelf preached to others, that in general we ſhould only hope in this world for Content; that if we aim at any thing higher, we ſhall chiefly meet with Grief and Diſappointment. That our endeavors as rational Beings, ſhould be principally directed at making ourſelves eaſy now, and happy hereafter; as Miſery and Affliction are not leſs natural in this World, than Snow and Hail, Storm and Tempeſt; and it were as reaſonable to hope for a Year without Winter, as for a Life without Trouble. Life, however ſweet it ſeems, is a draught mingled with bitter Ingredients: Some drink deeper than others, before they come at them: But if they do not ſwim at the top for Youth to taſte them, it is ten to one but Old Age will find them thicker at the bottom; and it is the employment of Faith and Patience, and the work of Wiſdom and Virtue, to teach us to drink the Sweet part with thankfulneſs and pleaſure, and to ſwallow the Bitter without reluctance and

repining. Nay, I have told my flock, that we ſtand indebted to divine Providence for our Phyſic, as well as our Food; that the Contempt they experience from Men, is a wholeſome purge for Pride, their Poverty a cure for Luxury and wanton Deſires, and that Sickneſs makes us duly grateful for Health.

I next reflected that my viſitations were not like thoſe of Job, ſudden, and treading on the heels of each other, but were gradual and foreſeen; and ſo much as an evil touches on the means, ſo much help it yields towards Patience. Every degree of Sorrow is a preparation for the next; but when we paſs to extremes without the means, we want the benefit of recollection, and muſt truſt entirely to our ſtrength. To come from all things to nothing, is not a deſcent, but a downfall, where it is a rare caſe not to be maimed at leaſt.

I next conſidered the force of Example; how great, in the ſacred Office I bear; which puts it into my power, not only to excuſe, but almoſt to canonize the worſt actions, which ought therefore to make me remarkably ſtrict and wary in all my behaviour; ſince many of my pariſhioners, thinking it perhaps impoſſible to fail, in imitating me, my faults may contract a deeper guilt, by being precedents, than by being ſins.

Laſtly and principally, my Friend, I ſupport myſelf in knowing, that through the merits of my Redeemer, the day will ſhortly come, that will caſt no cloud upon my mind, nor ſtir the leaſt breath of inordinate paſſion in my ſoul: When I ſhall be always ſerene, and have the happineſs to live in a conſtant tranquillity, and unruffled repoſe, without pain, ſickneſs or infirmity, in the preſence of the divine Majeſty, and the bleſſed Jeſus; in the Society of glorious Angels, and Good Men made perfect; to partake of a felicity great as God's Goodneſs could deſign, his Wiſdom contrive, or his Power effect, for my entertainment.

Such a noble inſtance of pious reſignation, ſuch a ſpecimen of rational comfort, kept for awhile even *Philemon* ſilent; which

Eudoxus

Eudoxus interpreting as a mark of his not being ſufficiently convinced by what he had yet ſaid, he added——Some pious Men, *Philemon*, have gone much farther than this, and have aſſerted, that to be corrected by ſuch a Father as God, and with ſo much Love, doth put us rather into a need of Humility for moderating that Joy, which we ſhall be apt to conceive from his charity towards us, than of the virtue of Patience, whereby to endure the puniſhment that he lays upon us: For though he ſometimes gives a pardon without correction, yet never correction without an intent to pardon. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, Bleſſed be the name of the Lord.

Eudoxus was now ſo compoſed, that he preſſed his Friend to ſtay and breakfaſt with him, and while it was preparing, propoſed walking with him a little into the fields, during which he expreſſed ſuch ſatisfaction at every thing about him, as convinced *Philemon* his mind was entirely at peace. A very ſhort walk brought them in ſight of a handſome houſe, which the good Divine pointed to with a ſigh. Being aſked the reaſon, he replied, There lives *Varanes*, a Youth whoſe faults are more the effect of a remiſs education, and the contagion of looſe company, than the product of a bad heart. As ſoon as I am able, my firſt viſit muſt be there. The indecency and intemperance of his conduct demands my friendly interpoſition. He has but lately taken that houſe, and, this circumſtance excepted, I have no reaſon to complain of my ſituation. I have rather reaſon to think myſelf happy. Zachary and Elizabeth, we read, had good neighbors, who did not envy their happineſs, but rejoiced with them when they rejoiced, and doubtleſs would have wept with them, had they wept. A Preacher that liveth among ſuch, hath obtained a fair benefice, and may well acknowledge with David, " that " the Lot is fallen unto him in a fair ground, and that he hath " a goodly heritage." But woe to that *Zachary*, as an old Writer emphatically ſays, " who is a brother to Dragons, and a com-

" panion

" panion unto Oſtriches; conſtrained to dwell with *Meſech*, and " to have his habitation among the tents of *Kedar!*"

I have ſometimes thought, ſaid *Philemon*, this is one of the principal hardſhips of your function. Your preferment may be advantageous, and the ſituation healthy and delightful, while the perſons with whom you muſt aſſociate, may chance to be perfectly diſagreeable, or, which is much worſe, and yet very frequent, diſpoſed to quarrel upon every occaſion, if not with you, at leaſt with one another.

Of all that is commanded us, ſaid *Eudoxus*, there is nothing more contrary to our wicked nature, than to love our Neighbor as ourſelves. We can with eaſe envy him if he be rich, or ſcorn him if he be poor—but to love him—the Devil hath more Craft than ſo. It were hard for him to prevail over ſo many, if men ſhould once begin to love one another. But we muſt take our lot as we find it, and endeavor to mend as many as we can, and to bear patiently with thoſe we cannot reform.

As they walked gently towards home, *Philemon* could not but often ſtop to view the agreeable proſpect the Country afforded; where the verdure of the trees, mixed with the brightneſs of the ripening corn, the party-coloured meadows and the lowing herd, tempted his eye into a controverſy of Pleaſure, neither knowing well how to take it off, or where to fix it amidſt ſo beautiful a variety, and ſo much orderly confuſion.

Yes, my *Philemon*—for *Eudoxus* read his thoughts, the ſupreme diſpoſer of Events has commanded Delight and Profit, to walk hand in hand through his ample creation, making all things ſo perfectly pleaſing, as if Beauty was their only end, yet all things ſo eminently ſerviceable, as if Uſefulneſs had been their ſole deſign.—And therefore, never do I walk abroad, but my heart expands with Gratitude, and I conſider myſelf put into this Temple of God, this lower World, as the Prieſt of Nature, to offer up the incenſe of Thanks and Praiſe, not only for myſelf, but for the mute and inſenſible part of the Creation. O! how amiable

amiable is Gratitude! I have always looked upon it as the moſt exalted Principle that can actuate the heart of Man. Repentance indicates our Nature fallen; and Prayer turns chiefly upon a regard to ourſelves; while the exerciſe of Gratitude ſubſiſted in Paradiſe, when there was no fault to deplore, and will be perpetuated in Heaven, when God ſhall be all in all. Nay, ſome have gone ſo far as to ſay, that were there no poſitive command that enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

Here a Footman appearing to acquaint *Eudoxus* that Breakfaſt was ready, the converſation was put an end to, for the preſent.

THE

THE BEAUTIES OF THE TURKISH SPY.

L

To adapt and unite the paſſages ſelected from different Authors, ſo as to form a uniform WHOLE, was found, upon Trial, to be more difficult, than was at firſt ſuſpected. But from hence it is not inferred, that the thing itſelf is impracticable. Superior Abilities may get the better of this difficulty, and the attempt may ſtill ſucceed. The Compiler, however, of the preceding Dialogue, declines purſuing that plan any farther, and has adopted another in the following pages, which equally tends to reſcue from a literary priſon, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, whatever is beautiful for ſtrength of imagination, livelineſs of thought, or ſublimity of expreſſion. The plan, is that of ſelecting and placing together, what may juſtly be ſtiled, the Beauties of ſome particular Writer.

The Book fixed upon, out of which to try the preſent experiment, is the *Turkiſh Spy*. An Author not ſo well known, perhaps, or generally read, as he ſeems to deſerve. But let the Extracts ſpeak for themſelves. Some paſſages however, (though very ſparingly) I have taken the liberty to ſoften.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE TURKISH SPY.

AMBITION

IS a Vice ſo nearly bordering on Virtue, ſo refined and ſubtle in complexion, that when the Paſſion which cheriſhes it, is once gratified with its proper object, it becomes a Virtue itſelf; and ranks a man to-day among the moſt deſerving *Heroes*, who, but yeſterday, was in the number of the *Seditious*.

ABSOLUTION.

Gold is the great God of the Romans, and the ultimate object of their Adoration, ſince that alone can open or ſhut Heaven or Hell. Neither need the moſt enormous Sinners to deſpair, if they have but *Pluto* for their *Proctor*, and *Gold* for their *Apology*; there being certain rates ſet upon all Sins; which, if paid, thoſe of the deepeſt dye are as readily reſolved, as the ſmalleſt *Peccadillo*.

CRUELTY.

There ariſes a vaſt complacency in doing good, though to a Stranger, or even to an Enemy. Man is naturally generous, and he has debauched his Soul, who acts contrary to this principle. Yet the greateſt part of men are degenerated. They purſue

Lions, Tygers, Bears, and ſuch like ravenous Beaſts, with inexorable hatred and revenge. They bear ſecret antipathies to Spiders, Toads, Serpents, and other venomous Creatures; and yet are all theſe things *themſelves*. Men have for the moſt part laid aſide their Humanity, and exchanged their diſpoſitions for that of Savages: Nay, we tranſcend them in what is cruel and vicious, as if our reaſon was given us only to teach us more refined methods of Impiety, and to be a more exquiſite Spur to Vice.

COUNSEL.

It is eaſy to give counſel to another, which, in the ſame circumſtances, we are far from practiſing ourſelves. Then we can be full of wiſdom and grave Morals: But when it once comes home, all our *Philoſophy* vaniſhes; and there remains nothing to be ſeen, but a mere ſenſitive Animal, without *Virtue* and without *Patience*.

EDUCATION.

I *left* my parents, or rather they *left* me, before I *found myſelf*, being but an Infant when they died; but in the City I found friends; which is not a leſs endearing title. They gave me but my Birth, whereby I entered on a Stage of Miſeries, with which, ſoon after, *they* left me to ſtruggle, before I could diſtinguiſh Miſery from Happineſs: But *theſe* gave me *Education*, which taught me to ſhun thoſe Evils, which are the natural conſequences of our Birth.

EXPERIENCE.

Every Man's Experience perfects his Speculation, and he who trafficks in the mart of *Philoſophy*, on the ſtock of his own diſcoveries, is in a fairer way to improve himſelf, than a Man, who trades altogether on the credit of *other Men's Conceptions*.

The

The latter is but Wiſdom's *Factor;* or he may be called a *Broker* in the Sciences; a *Banker* of other Men's imaginations. Whereas the former is a rich ſubſtantial *Merchant,* dealing on his own bottom. He ventures on the wide world's peeviſh, cenſorious humor, runs the hazards of *Shipwrecks* and *Corſairs.* The winds and ſtorms of human *malice* do not fright him; nor all the rocks of *Superſtition,* eſtabliſhed by the Law of Nations; as no Sands or Shelves, or any undermining private intereſts can balk his courage, while he has the *Gale of Truth, and Tide of primitive Reaſon on his ſide;* for then he knows that common *fortune* will be his *Pilot,* and ſteer him ſafe through it.

GOD.

That Being, which has no reſemblance; neither is divided into parts, nor circumſcribed with limits; whoſe centre is every where, circumference no where. Who hath neither beginning nor end: The only *Omnipotent,* from whom all other things flow, and to whom they all return; to whom I owe all that I have, and will pay what I can.

HUMILITY.

A humble Heart is like a kindly mould, receiving the Dews of Heaven with advantage and profit; but Pride is a rock, which ſpatters away the bleſſings poured down upon it.

INTEGRITY.

I find in myſelf ſome Virtues and Vices, which I never yet could obſerve ſo oddly blended together in any other Mortal. I am always *campaigning* on the frontiers of Good and Evil, yet my paſſions are not mercenary: No price can tempt me to treaſon, or perfidy. I am maſter of a certain faſtneſs of Spirit, which no human charm is able to diſmantle. My Integrity cannot *be warped by Gold.*

J O Y.

O *Hebetolla!* What is there on this obſcure Globe, that deſerves to be compared with thoſe ſerener Joys above, thoſe unſullied pleaſures, that untarniſhed bliſs? And yet we ſometimes taſte ſtrange felicities here on earth. But it is only when the Gates and Caſements of *Paradiſe* are open. When a celeſtial wind tranſports hither the leaves of the *Trees of Eden*, perfumes the Air and the Skies with the tranſcendent Odors of that happy Region; wafting alſo *imperfect ſounds; muſic in ſoft fragments, and echoes* from the choirs of the bleſſed. It is then the Hearts of Mortals feel a ſecret and inexpreſſible Joy. This happens not every day; but only at the ſeaſons of divine indulgence, on the Feſtivals of ſome particular Saints, and in the time of the immortal Jubilee; when God exhilarates the Univerſe with uncommon favors, *and an infinite Largeſs.*

INFIRMITY—HUMAN.

We are all *Men*, and God does not expect our conduct to be that of *Angels.* His repoſe is in himſelf, and if he takes any complacency in the things of this world, it is in beholding every thing *according to its nature.* The exquiſite form and ſymmetry of a *Bee*, a *Spider*, or a *Piſmire*, with the innumerable *architecture* of the two former, and the admirable *providence* of the latter, may, for ought we know, afford him as much delight, as the moſt celebrated beauty, ſtrength, ſcience, and performances of Men. For his Power and Wiſdom are equally manifeſt in all things. Every Creature is perfect in his kind. *A wicked Man only, is a Blot in the Creation.*

L I F E.

I look upon my *Life*, not as my own, but altogether lent me. I eſteem not only Men, but Beaſts, and even inanimate things, *my Creditors*, for the permiſſion I have to *breathe.*

LEANNESS.

My Body ſenſibly decays; Age and Care, Watching and Sickneſs, with a thouſand Caſualties beſides, have almoſt diſſolved this congealed Medley of the Elements. Methinks I am now no more than a poor Skeleton, to which Nature and Fortune have left a dry and withered Skin for Modeſty's ſake, to cover its nakedneſs; with a few evacuated Veins and Arteries, ſhrunk Sinews, Tendons, Muſcles and Cartilages, to tack this Machine together, and keep it in motion.* I ſeem to myſelf, to be only a Hobgoblin, or Ghoſt in diſguiſe; I cannot ſay *incarnate* (for I have loſt all my *Fleſh*) but only bagged and clouted up, in the moſt contemptible Shreds, Rags, and antiquated Reliques of Mortality——like a Maudlin or Scare-Crow, I hang together by Geometry.

MISFORTUNES.

It generally happens that when one Misfortune befalls a Man, it brings a train along with it: So that ſometimes we ſeem to be *beſieged by Evils*, or at leaſt ſo *cloſely blocked up* by an *army of Calamities*, that there is no paſſage left open, for *Relief* or *Intelligence*.

PARTY.

It generally happens to all Ringleaders of *Party*, that when once the ſpirit of a faction is ſpent, the *Lees* (which conſiſt of *Regret and Confuſion*) are diſcharged on thoſe, *who firſt fermented them*, mixed with the *revenge of the State*.

PRIDE.

He was not privy to the wickedneſs of the Age. His *retirement* guarded him from other Men's *Vices*, while his incomparable *Humility* defended him from his *own Virtues*. He was not

* In this *metaphorical* application of ideas, I think we may admit *of cloathing the Skeleton*.

See page 52.

not puffed up with his own ſublime perfections. *Pride* is a Serpent which commonly poiſons the root of the faireſt endowments, but he cruſhed this *Serpent in the Egg*.

POVERTY.

It eclipſes the brighteſt *Virtues*, and is the very ſepulchre of *brave deſigns*, depriving a Man of the means, to accompliſh what nature has fitted him for, and ſtifling the nobleſt thoughts in Embryo.

PLEASURE.

Though Man like *a Moth* be paſſionately enamoured with the light of this world; though he *flutters and dances about it* for a while, baſking in the *ſplendor* and *warmth* of his good fortune, yet at laſt he is conſumed by the very *flame* that gave him nouriſhment, and falls a victim to his own pleaſures.

PROMULGATION OF THE LAW ON MOUNT SINAI.

Doubtleſs *the moſt High* came down through the Heavens, attended with *Myriads of Angels, and thirty-two Chariots of Fire*, and when he ſtood on the top of the Mountain, the *rear of his Train* had not paſſed *the ſilver gates of the Moon*. The *Sun* appeared in his circuit as one aſtoniſhed: He bluſhed and fled away from *the eternal Brightneſs*, not able to endure the luſtre of a glory ſo far ſurpaſſing his own. The *Stars* were dazzled at the immortal Splendor, and miſtook their courſe; they ran againſt each other in their affrighted career; and as a laſting memorial of that glorious deſcent, the *Angels* left the bright impreſſions of their Footſteps in the heavenly Road, the *Galaxy or Milky Way*.

The Nations of the Earth were amazed at the tremendous Viſion, and Noiſe; for *the Mountain* was all on Fire, whoſe flames reached up to the Clouds, and its ſmoak to the Mid-heaven. *The Globe trembled and quaked* at the dreadful *Thunderings*, and the *Lightenings* penetrated the Abyſs of Hell. *The infernal Spirits* were

were ſtartled at the uncouth flaſhes, and aſked one another, "IF THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT WAS COME." *The Waters* hid themſelves in their fountains, and *the Ocean* uttered a deep murmur. Every thing in nature was ſurprized with wonder and dread, and *Moſes* himſelf, when he came down from the Mountain, was all *transformed into Light.*

READING.

We muſt not ſuffer our imaginations to be tainted *with thoſe enchanting Ideas of Evil,* which are drawn by the Pens of ſome *elegant writers.* All that we ſhould ſeek in Books ſhould be, what may inform our *Underſtanding,* rectify our *Judgements, and inflame our Affections with the Love of Virtue.*

STUDY.

As his body was infirm and weak, ſubject to a thouſand maladies, ſo was his mind harraſſed by diſtempers without number; but above all, he laboured under a kind of *intellectual Fever,* a perpetual *thirſt of Knowledge, a Dropſy of the Mind.*

SLEEP.

Till *Sleep* eclipſes the light of my buſy imagination, and puts out every *glaring thought.* Then my Soul takes her repoſe, ſtealing from my Body, enters into the *ſhady vales of Viſions,* and ſports with *innocent Ideas.* Thus having diverted myſelf with jumbling monſtrous eſſences together, and hurling one Chimera after another, I return again to my Body, and ſighing awake.

TRUTH.

It is an immortal thought that can tranſport the Soul through ſuch an infinity of ages. Yet the pleaſure is agreeable to the undertaking, becauſe Truth, as ſerene as the mornings of Egypt, enlightens the proſpect, and tempts the mind, if it were poſſible, to look even beyond Eternity itſelf. Whereas he that only con-

fines his view to the narrow Horizon of particular Hiſtories, is like a man in a Wilderneſs, or in a low and ſhady Vale, where his Eye is curbed with the interpoſition of thickets, uneven ground, and envious incloſures. For ſuch are the dark controverſies, inextricable difficulties, and affected umbrages of moſt Writers; who never durſt peep over the mountains of received Opinions; or if they did, they fearfully or maliciouſly hid their diſcoveries from the reſt of Mortals. One of the *Fathers* in great ſeverity calls *Poetry* the Wine of Devils, becauſe it fills the imagination with vain things; though Poetry is but the ſhadow of a Lie. Certainly it is a Heaven upon Earth, when a Man's Mind moves in *Charity*, reſts in *Providence*, and turns upon the *Poles of Truth*. Mixture of Falſehood is like Alloy in Coin of Gold and Silver. It may make the Metal *work the better, but it debaſes it*. *Montaigne* ſaid very acutely, when he was required the reaſon why giving the Lie, ſhould be ſuch a diſgraceful and odious Charge, "that a Man who lies, is a *Bravado towards God, and a Coward towards Man.*"

UNCERTAINTY.

The moſt blandiſhing *Gifts of Fortune*, and ſuch as we are extremely taken with, many times grow like the *Trojan Horſe*, only fair and gay in outward appearance; while like that deceitful Engine of the Grecian Craft, they carry *an Army of hidden Calamities within;* which in the midſt of our ſecure purpoſe, when we leaſt dream of any Evil, ruſh upon us from their concealed and unſuſpected Ambuſcades, and put us all in Terror and Confuſion.

VICISSITUDE.

Certainly all *Sublunary things* ebb and flow like the Waters, and though Men may ſometimes enjoy a *Spring Tide of Felicity*, yet Fate has *hidden Sluices*, which in a moment ſhall convey the *mighty Torrent into another Channel*.

VIRTUE.

VIRTUE.

At the day of Judgement, we ſhall not be aſked what proficiency we have made in *Logic, Metaphyſics, Aſtronomy, or any other Science,* but whether we have lived according to *our Nature, as Men endued with Morality and Reaſon.* In that hour, it will more avail us to have thrown a handful of *Flowers in Charity,* to a Neſt of Piſmires, than that we could *muſter all the Hoſt of Heaven, and call every Star by its proper Name.*

VANITY.

Theſe Infidels appear in all things paſſionately affected with the *glories of our mortal State,* which, at the height, are but *tranſient ſhadows, or ſomething leſs conſiderable.*

WAR.

Surely men ought to be *hardened* for War, Conqueſt and Plunder, where the Victors are to cut their way to Honor and Riches, *through the hearts of the vanquiſhed,* to quench their ardent thirſt of Glory with *human Blood,* and to celebrate their *Triumphs,* only in the midſt of *horrid Maſſacres.*

WIFE.

She is given thee by Fate to poiſe the Balance of thy Life, that neither too much Eaſe nor Pain, exceſs of Joy and Grief, ſhould turn the doubtful ſcale of Senſe, and make thee either ſwim in Floods of Pleaſure, or ſink in the Mire of baneful Grief and Melancholy.

WISDOM.

The eternal Sapience wanders through the Univerſe, to ſeek out ſuch as will, or can imbibe her free Impreſſions. She voluntarily ſlides into receptive Souls, and fills them with her Rays. Thus the ſublimer Genii of the Air, baſk in an open Orb of intellectual Light, becauſe they are embodied, in the moſt

refined, and pureſt matter: Whereas we Mortals muſt be thankful for her Illuminations by retail. She only ſhines on us through Chinks and Crannies of our dungeon Fleſh. And yet ſeldom even ſo in direct Beams: Few Men can boaſt that Privilege. The greater part walk only *in the Twilight of Opinion*, or at beſt, in the faint languid glimmerings of *human Reaſon*, which, *like the Moon*, conveys the original Light of Science to us *by Reflection*, and at ſecond hand. We are to learn the reſt from Books, from Converſation and Experience.

YOUTH.

The Spartans eſteemed *Infancy and Youth*, the *Spring time* of good manners, when *Virtue is in the Bloſſom*. If that be nipped or blaſted, the *fruit* muſt prove *abortive or unprofitable*.

ZEAL.

The different *parties in Religion*, are all at War, about words and exterior Ceremonies; ſo zealous for *Charity and Peace*, that they are *in perpetual war* for its ſake, *murthering one another*, in the *Love of Love*, and ſuch ſtout Champions for the *Truth*, that they ſcruple not to *tell ten thouſand lies for its ſake*.*

* Several paſſages from this Author, having been inſerted *in the Character of Eudoxus*, are deſignedly omitted here.

Tyrocinium Anatomicum:

OR, AN

INTRODUCTION

TO

ANATOMY.

INTRODUCTION
TO
ANATOMY

Tyrocinium Anatomicum:

OR, AN

INTRODUCTION

TO

ANATOMY.

SO ſtrongly is the thirſt of knowledge inherent in our nature, and the attainment of it attended with ſo much ſenſible ſatisfaction, that however the liberality of fortune may have precluded Gentlemen from the practical part of a profeſſion, they are generally enough diſpoſed to become acquainted with its theory. At leaſt it may be aſſerted of this Univerſity, that its moſt diſtinguiſhed members for Behaviour, Birth and Fortune, are remarkable for paying a proportional regard to every offered opportunity of improvement.

The Author of the following ſheets, ſenſible of the pleaſure he has received from thoſe Audiences by which he has been favoured, when demonſtrating the parts of the human body; and having been often previouſly conſulted about the nature of the ſtudy, the qualifications of its ſtudents, the books to be read, &c. thinks he may beſt by this method ſatisfy every head of Enquiry; and at the ſame time give a general notion of the nature and tendency of the ſtudy.

Anatomy, from the Greek word ανατεμνειν, denotes ſimply the art of diſſecting an animal body; but in a mor general ſenſe, a knowledge of the Situation, Figure, Action and Uſe of the Parts.

That

That which treats of the two latter properties; namely the Action and Uſe of the Parts, is diſtinguiſhed by the name of the *Phyſiology*.

Anatomy is divided into the human and comparative. The latter comprehends the diſſection of the whole brute creation; the former has Man alone for its object. This, or the human Anatomy, is the uſual ſubject of Lectures. For though comparative Anatomy be highly entertaining, and indeed, often uſeful in guiding us to conjectures in the human, which without this Analogy we might longer have wanted, or perhaps even never have arrived at: Yet is the field too large for the limits aſſigned in common, to theſe enquiries. And even much of the ſubject yet lies uncultivated, from the amazing extent of the animal creation.

The ſubſtituting animal ſubjects for diſſection, where human ones were not to be obtained, has been the ſource of many errors in Anatomy. In the early ages of the world, ſo great was the prejudice which Men entertained of this neceſſary employment, that even in countries, where the practice of embalming had (to all appearance) the ſanction of the publick, the perſon who made the firſt and principal inciſion, did it at the hazard of his life: The miſtaken zeal of the deceaſed's relations prompting them to drive him out of the houſe, by every rude and offenſive kind of behaviour. But even ſuppoſing they had been allowed to perform their taſk quietly, and without moleſtation; little knowledge ſurely could they have gained of the Structure of thoſe men or women, whoſe brains they drew out through the noſtrils with a hook; and whoſe viſcera they dragged through a hole made in the belly. Among the Jews, it was made pollution by their law, to handle a dead body. And a ſimilar prohibition has been ſuſpected by ſome authors to have obtained even among the Greeks. Theſe, and other ſimilar cauſes, would ſeem to have long prevented any conſiderable progreſs in this branch of medicine. While on the other hand, the cuſtom of offering ſacrifices,

ſo

ſo ancient and ſo univerſal; together with the great ſhare that Kings, Prieſts and Prophets bore in thoſe frequent Solemnities, naturally gave a biaſs to men's enquiries into the ſtructure of the brute creation. When from a regular and acquired knowledge of what was the moſt natural ſituation and appearance of the parts of animals, they came at laſt to found a kind of prophetic augury, of which the ambitious and crafty in after ages made ſuch proper uſe, as when human powers were not ſufficient for their daring deſigns, fetched down (as it were) the Gods to their aſſiſtance.

Much too muſt be allowed for the obſcurity of Traditions, derived down to us from very remote periods.

It would ſeem that the ſum of Anatomical Knowledge could have amounted to but little in the times we are ſpeaking of, by the inconſiderable figure it made, even when *Hippocrates* brought medicine into reputation. That *Hippocrates*, whoſe fame has extended to ſuch diſtant ages: On whom grateful Poſterity has conferred a title more durable than monumental braſs, of Father of Phyſic, and Divine Old Man: Whom *Macrobius* is not afraid to equal with divine Omniſcience, when he ſays "*Hippocrates* tam falli, quam fallere neſcit:" And *Proſper Martianus* "falſus nunquam potuit, nos fallere nunquam." And yet it has been doubted and very ſharply diſputed, whether this ſo famous Sage of antiquity ever diſſected a human Body.

Now without embarking on this boundleſs ocean of diſpute, let it ſuffice briefly to obſerve, that we have not ſufficient *Data* on which to ground the deciſion of ſo important a point; for beſides, that ſome pieces are handed down to us as the works of *Hippocrates*, which have long ſince been ſet aſide as ſpurious, it happens unluckily for the queſtion before us, that thoſe paſſages which ſeem moſt to favour the opinion of his ſkill in Anatomy, are found in thoſe pieces of whoſe genuineneſs we doubt. Yet to do juſtice to a character, to which (take it all in all) too much gratitude can never be paid, let it be obſerved that *Galen*, in his

liſt of Books written by *Hippocrates*, but unfortunately loſt even in *Galen's* time, mentions a treatiſe on Anatomy.

Whatever be the fact, he certainly left his Cotemporaries far behind him in the glorious field of reputation. Yet whoever would ſhine a modern *Hippocrates*, will not, I preſume, diſcard Anatomy as an unneceſſary ingredient in the Character; unleſs he ſhould adopt the tenet of preferring being in the wrong with *Hippocrates*, to being in the right with all the world beſides. Which ſacrifice of common ſenſe and reaſon to an idolized reputation, is (I fear) not without example.

But to leave the dark ages of conjecture, and to come to times where we have the light of hiſtory to guide us. In the reigns of the Egyptian Kings, *Ptolemy Soter*, and his ſucceſſor *Philadelphus*, lived thoſe famous Anatomiſts, *Eraſiſtratus* and *Herophilus;* who were furniſhed by thoſe Princes with plenty of Bodies for diſſection. That they cut up men alive, is probably a report founded on that abhorrence which the generality of the world even then entertained of theſe enquiries; and which (by the by) makes it probable that diſſections were hardly very common in the much earlier æra of *Hippocrates*.

It ſeems, I think, very improbable, that the multitude (who can ſo hardly diveſt themſelves of prejudice, and in this inſtance perhaps the ſeldomeſt of any) would ever have propoſed to open this inlet to knowledge; and thus Phyſic would have been robbed of a material ſupport, had not the Kings of Egypt, men of noble and exalted minds, dared to aſſert ſuperior freedom by knocking off the fetters of ſuperſtition. Which obſervation is confirmed by events in ſucceeding times, when great men ſtill interpoſed to defend and promote diſſections; the mob to brand and vilify diſſectors. The opinions of theſe two Anatomiſts are quoted by *Galen* and others; but the originals have long ſince been loſt.

I ſhall mention but one great name more on this occaſion, and that is *Galen's*, the great admirer of *Hippocrates*, and, in general, beſt commentator upon him. If we conſider the age he lived in,

four

four hundred years later than the *Ptolemies*, we ſhould naturally expect to find him improving on the Anatomy left him by his Predeceſſors. But when we conſider the place of his reſidence, and the unlucky circumſtances under which Anatomy labored at Rome, from ſuperſtitious doubts and ſcruples, we ſhall not be ſurprized to find him making no additions to the (then common) ſtock of knowledge. The chief opportunities which he had of ſatisfying himſelf in theſe enquiries, were (as he himſelf informs us) ſuch and ſo precarious as the following. When the bodies of men ſlain in battle, lay long enough unburied to have their fleſh eaten off by wild beaſts; when the overflowing of the Tiber waſhed bodies out of the tombs; when the bodies of malefactors were publicly expoſed: from theſe, and ſuch opportunities as theſe, he tells us, he was forced to get his knowledge, which were certainly very unfavourable for a regular and ſatisfactory examination of parts.

The unnatural cuſtom indeed which prevailed among the Romans, of expoſing their children on little altars covered with leaves, might ſupply him at home with bodies for diſſection: But whether he ever made this uſe of the Roman barbarity, is more than has come to our knowledge. He is generally faulty in interſperſing deſcriptions taken from brutes, and applying them to the human body. I wiſh the ſame fault could not be placed to the account of more modern Anatomiſts, who had not the ſame plea to bring in excuſe that *Galen* had, a ſcarcity of human bodies. But from this, ſome of the greateſt Anatomiſts of Antiquity have not kept clear; who by thus blending true and falſe deſcriptions together, have rendered their influence and teſtimony ſo much the more dangerous, by how much their reputation made them the leſs ſuſpected.

——Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli!

From

From the times of *Galen* to the preſent, the diſcoveries and improvements in Anatomy have been continually increaſing. But a minute detail of theſe would be foreign to the preſent Undertaking.

The firſt and principal end of the Study of the human body, ſhould be to awaken in us an awful Senſe of the amazing power of its Creator. Thoſe who are converſant with the diſcourſes preached at the Lectures which the great and good Mr. *Boyle* has founded, may ſee what ſtrong and convincing arguments a *Bentley* and a *Derham* have oppoſed to the impious deniers of a God, taken from the ſtructure of the Body of Men. And if theſe arguments could be ſuppoſed to loſe any part of their force, by coming from the mouths of Chriſtian Divines; let the ſentiments and confeſſion of an unenlightened Heathen (the celebrated *Galen*) be conſidered. Whoſe whole work, "de uſu partium," is one continued rapturous admiration of the great Artificer. Nay, he goes ſo far as to call the work he had undertaken, "the "foundation as it were of all Theology."

And yet farther—we ſhall in the contemplation of the human frame, as ſtrongly ſee the neceſſity of Providence to preſerve, as we did of Omnipotence to create ſuch a Being. The familiar phraſe of Life hanging by a thread, approaches much nearer to literal truth, than the generality of mankind imagine. Yet the inclemency of the Elements, the violence of the Paſſions, and the hidden, yet not leſs deſtructive arts of Luxury, are ever conſpiring to cut it through. Hence (but for the reaſons juſt aſſigned) we might reaſonably wonder how we could live ſo long; and that the art of medicine can do ſo much (inſtead of wondering that it can do no more) for the reparation of the human frame.

If we apply this ſtudy to the particular inſtances in which it makes the rational foundation of practice, it will appear to be very extenſive. The knowledge of the parts with relation to ſituation and ſtructure, may be ſubſervient to the prevention, as well

well as cure of diſeaſes. Hence we learn to avoid coſtiveneſs, in habits liable to the piles; to avoid immoderate repletion in apoplectic diſpoſitions; a conſtantly ſupine poſture in nephritic complaints; and ſo of many more caſes than can be enumerated.

Again, a very important advantage we reap from a thorough knowledge of the human ſtructure, is its aſſiſting us in determining the part originally affected, which, amidſt a variety of Symptoms, and pretty large extent of pain, is alone the clue that can guide us through a labyrinth of doubts. It is from hence we are furniſhed with what Phyſicians call the Signa pathognomonica, or Characteriſtic marks of a diſeaſe, ſuch as do (as it were excluſively) point out the particular diſtemper. Nay, farther ſtill, it furniſhes Prognoſtics, or a prophetic foreſight into the event, together with a nice eſtimation of the degree of danger. A remarkable inſtance of this kind is to be found in *Galen's* account of the *Hepatitis*.

Again, Anatomy leads to the cure of diſeaſes, and that moſt particularly by leading to a rational application of aſſiſtance. And this will appear to be founded on a knowledge of the courſe and communication of the ſeveral orders of veſſels; and particularly of that moſt conſpiring harmony carried on by the nerves. From this principle we learn to open particular veins and arteries, in particular diſtempers, as we would relieve a part, placed perhaps without our reach, but by theſe methods. Hence we derive the practice of that warm internal fomentation, which Clyſters convey, in ſome excruciating diſorders of the Kidneys and Bladder. And hence (to add no more on this head,) we learn to avoid many idle, external (if not dangerous) applications which diſgrace as well as diſappoint the Recommender.

But I haſten to another advantage we reap from the diſſection of bodies; and which is of ſo extenſive a nature, and carries with it ſo much conviction, that many on their death-beds have laid the ſtricteſt injunctions on their relations to ſubmit their Bodies to an Anatomical inſpection. And that is, becauſe from

hence

hence we may often learn what was the cauſe of a diſeaſe, which eluded perhaps every conjecture; or at leaſt may deduce from thence ſuch Obſervations as may benefit thouſands yet unborn. But here two previous cautions muſt be laid down. The one, that we do not confound the conſequences with the cauſes of the diſeaſe: The other, that we do not attribute to the diſeaſe, all the appearances after death. Thus, a quantity of matter being found in the Thorax, muſt not be ſet down as the occaſion of thoſe ſymptoms which appear in a Pleuriſy; or the gangrenous ſpots of the Bowels, as of thoſe ſymptoms which appear in ſome dreadful Colics. But each are to be underſtood as the conſequence of Inflammation, in one inſtance terminating in a ſuppuration, in the other, in a mortification of the part affected.

The effect of the laſt ſtruggles of life are coagulations of the blood in the Heart and large veſſels; but are frequently miſtaken by the unwary for *Polypuſes;* a diſtemper perhaps as rare as it is fatal. And here it may be uſeful to obſerve, that in diſſecting bodies it is no unuſual thing to find ſmall ſtones in the Kidneys, knots in the Lungs, concretions in the Gall Bladder, though the parties during life were never troubled with any ſenſible pain from them. On which occaſion it is elegantly remarked by Dr. *Simpſon*, " that one who would inveſtigate " diſeaſes among the dead, ſhould have a large hiſtory before " him, of what the living can bear without diſturbance." And then he gives a remarkable inſtance to the purpoſe.

But there is a moſt extraordinary, as well as melancholy inſtance of what I have advanced; That diſſections lead us to the knowledge of caſes which conjectures could never reach; and which may therefore afford us very new, and it may be very neceſſary cautions. What I mean is, the caſe of *Baron Waſſenaer* in Holland, ſet forth at large by *Boerhaave*, who attended him, and which, epitomis'd, is as follows. The Baron being frequently afflicted with the gout, and ſenſible of having a weak digeſtion, uſed occaſionally to ſolicit the diſcharge of what was offen-

ſive

ſive to his ſtomach, by drinking repeated draughts of warm water. He was attempting to relieve himſelf in the uſual method, on account of ſome duck he had eaten that day, when not readily obtaining his end, he kept enlarging his draught, till after a violent ſtrain, though without the expected conſequence, he fell into ſo dreadful an agony as he could ſcarce endure, much leſs accurately deſcribe. Nothing was omitted that the ſkill and friendſhip of *Boerhaave* and another Phyſician could deviſe. —But every thing was in vain, and nothing perhaps was leſs ſuſpected than what proved to be the real caſe; for on opening the body, the Oeſophagus, or paſſage from the mouth into the ſtomach, was ſplit through, half round its circumference, at the part where it terminates in the ſtomach; and the duck and medicines were found floating free, upon the ſurface of the inteſtines. Now though ſuch a caſe probably never had, (it is to be hoped,) never will again, have its parallel, yet we may, for the greater ſecurity of mankind, make the following uſeful obſervation from it.

That as the Oeſophagus makes an acute angle with the upper orifice of the ſtomach, and the acuteneſs of that angle muſt increaſe in proportion to the diſtention of the ſtomach (which from its ſituation principally ſwells forwards and upwards;) there may come a time when it is ſo much diſtended, as to cloſe up the exit (by the upper orifice) entirely. Therefore the quantity of warm liquors drank to forward the operation of an emetic, ſhould not exceed a pint at a time.

The cauſes of ſudden death cannot always be accounted for [except conjecturally] but by diſſection. Though it is not to be expected that even thus we ſhall always ſucceed. Whoever is curious to ſee what can be brought in ſupport of this argument, may conſult *Boneti Sepulchretum Anatomicum*, which is a collection of the appearances after death, compared with the complaints of the party while living, and ranged under proper heads.

Another

Another uſe of Anatomy is to enquire into the ſeveral parts of a dead body, where there has been any ground to ſuſpect that ſome violence has been the occaſion of the Party's death. This branch is called by Authors (and many have wrote expreſly on the ſubject) *Anatomia Medico-forenſis.* It is certainly highly proper that the utmoſt tenderneſs ſhould be ſhewn, and the fulleſt enquiries made on occaſion of ſuſpected violence; leſt a haſty, and ill-grounded opinion ſhould involve the innocent, in the puniſhment due to the guilty. And as not only all who profeſs any branch of medicine, but even Gentlemen (by being commiſſioned to put the laws in execution) may occaſionally be concerned in this unpleaſing taſk; it will not be entirely uſeleſs to ſpend a few pages on this Subject.

Now the circumſtances which Anatomy brings to light upon theſe occaſions are ſome or other of the following:

And firſt, *Blows:* This perhaps is one of the moſt common caſes, and yet we meet with inſtances, where though death has ſeemed to be the conſequence of a blow, an Anatomical inſpection has cleared the culprit. Of this kind take an inſtance. A man was beat and bruiſed on the *right* ſide with a ſtick; during the ſkirmiſh, his foot ſlipped, and he fell with force, and pitched on his *left* ſide, and after a groan or two, expired. On opening the body, the Spleen (whoſe ſeat is on the left ſide) was found half cracked through; and a great quantity of coagulated blood, within the cavity of the Abdomen. On diſſecting away the muſcles where the blow with the ſtick was given, the bruiſe was found to be quite ſuperficial, ſo that his death was pronounced to be occaſioned by the fall. This, too, is one of thoſe inſtances, in which the real miſchief could never have been aſcertained, but by inſpection. It muſt be obſerved of blows in general, that many, though in themſelves not fatal, may become ſo through miſmanagement, age, or other circumſtances of the patient. Which diſtinction ſhould always be offered by the medical gentlemen, though the deciſion on it appertains to another claſs of men.

2. Another

2. Another ſource of enquiry may be concerning *Poiſons*. By which are meant ſuch ſubſtances, as work ſoon and violently to the deſtruction of the body. For as to the refined ſubtlety to which ſome nations have been reported to have brought their poiſons, we may juſtly at leaſt ſuſpend our judgement of what we never had an opportunity of examining; and inſtances of which therefore can never become the object of a Britiſh inqueſt. However it ſhould here be remarked, that many of the chymical preparations are ſo violent in their own nature, that in too large a doſe they may, and often do, bring on, all the dreadful conſequences of a real poiſon; ſuch as violent inflammation of the Stomach and Inteſtines, with purging, vomiting, fainting, *&c.* So that enquiry ſhould in this caſe be made into the ſubſtance taken. But ſuppoſe a real doſe of poiſon given, (arſenic for inſtance) if the doſe be ſmall, conſtitution ſtrong, and the unhappy object immediately diſcovers what he has done; if at ſuch a time, ſome ignorant old woman, inſtead of pouring down oil, or fat broths, and throwing them up in clyſters, in order to provoke the ſtomach and bowels to eject the poiſon, and at the ſame time to take off the force of the ſtimulus, ſhould give an antimonial or other rough vomit, the caſe would infallibly become deſperate, and the party die. I the rather inſtance in this caſe, becauſe whoever was to found his verdict upon the appearances after death, without being made acquainted with all circumſtances, would ſee reaſon ſufficient to condemn an acrid poiſon as the cauſe of the party's death; but the circumſtances would ſurely plead in favour of the criminal.

3. With reſpect to *Wounds*, it is very certain, that if a large veſſel be cut, and no help at hand to ſtop the hæmorrhage, the patient muſt quickly periſh, though the wound in its own nature was not mortal. On the contrary, if the veſſel is not to be come at, the wound muſt of conſequence prove fatal.

4. Some diſputes have occaſionally ariſen about the legitimacy of children's birth. *De juſto partus tempore.* We ſhould in this

caſe, where character is at ſtake, as well as where life is concerned, act with a proper degree of caution. *Fœtuſes* coming into the world before they are quick, are called abortions. Women are delivered of live children in the ſeventh, as well as ninth month, without any imputation on their character: But ſuch children, as not being at their full time, are ſmaller, weaker, ſcarce able to eat or ſuck; their parts are not all exactly compleat; and they uſually ſleep away the chief part of that time they wanted of their compleat nine months.

The next enquiry to that of legitimacy of birth, is with reſpect to *Miſcarriages*. Now it is agreed on all hands, that there are no medicines ſpecifically productive of abortion: Whatever diminiſhes the quantity of blood in too great a proportion to what is neceſſary for the nouriſhment of the *fœtus*, may occaſion it; or whatever violent medicines, or methods, have the power of looſening the Placenta, or of forcing the Menſes: But experience teacheth us, that it is not ſo eaſy a matter to procure a miſcarriage as deluded unhappy women imagine. And conſidering in what a laborious, and often penurious ſituation, many of the ſex muſt ever breed, this is ſurely one, among many inſtances, of a moſt tender, and indulgent Providence. In fact, all attempts to deſtroy the child in the womb, have a tendency to deſtroy the mother alſo. Opinions formed on the appearance of the child when born, are preſumptive; but preſumptive proofs only: For bad diet, misfortunes, diſtreſs, and impriſonment may bring on a miſcarriage, and impreſs on the unhappy infant, that withered and ſhrivelled appearance (if not kill it) which the moſt wicked attempts for a like purpoſe could have done.

Laſtly, and to conclude with the higheſt inſtance of unnatural cruelty. We are ſometimes called upon to give our opinion concerning the murder of baſtard children. Now the once uſual and admitted criterion, whereby to judge and determine, namely, the ſinking of the lungs in water, has ſince been found capable of deceiving us. An inſtance was known, where an infant

infant ſtrangled by its mother after the birth, had the blood-veſſels of the lungs ſo extremely diſtended with blood, as to render them ſpecifically heavier than water; but ſuch an error, could it often take place, would ſtill be on the merciful ſide: And even this can ſcarce happen without leaving ſufficient marks of violence behind it. What is of more conſequence to remember, is, that though a child be ſtill-born, yet its lungs may be ſpecifically lighter than water. This may happen from two cauſes: From a malicious perſon blowing air into the lungs, previous to a juridical examination: And when the lungs are ſo far corrupted, as to generate air; to the expanſion of which, in dead bodies, that have been long drowned, is owing that relative enlargement of their ſurface, which makes them capable of floating on the water.

Theſe include, I think, the principal heads of enquiry, that uſually come before an inqueſt. And from what has been ſaid it will appear, that too much caution cannot be uſed where we are ſitting upon the life, or upon what perhaps is dearer than life, the reputation of a fellow creature.

From hence then it appears, that the ſtudy of Anatomy belongs not ſo excluſively to the province of medicine, but that it is capable of adorning, if not of aſſiſting, various other branches of knowledge. With reſpect indeed to Divinity, I think it is in general miſapplied, when called in to illuſtrate any Scriptural or Moral difficulties: And if ſome important points of religion, depended only on ſuch collateral evidence, they muſt, as ſuch alluſions are often managed, inevitably fall to the ground. The boldeſt attempt of this nature, as well as the moſt unfortunate, was that of *Michael Servetus*, who by way of illuſtration, compared the *Trinity* to three juices in the body; and for which work he was burnt to death at *Geneva;* and, as it is ſaid, at the inſtigation of *Calvin*. It is uſual, alſo, to mention the advantages which Sculpture and Painting receive from this ſtudy. But theſe are too obvious to need inſiſting on. It may be more

applicable in theſe ſeats of Literature to obſerve, that the ſtudy of which we are ſpeaking, may ſerve to illuſtrate ſeveral poetical deſcriptions; and point out the propriety of ſeveral epithets and alluſions, which we meet with in claſſic authors: And particularly with relation to the celebrated *Homer;* whoſe deſcription of wounded parts is ſo accurate in general, that ſome have admitted it as an undoubted proof of the good ſtate of Anatomy in his days.

The different, and often oppoſite opinions concerning the Structure, and Uſe of the Parts, cannot but be very diſagreeable to impartial minds, which are always ready to embrace truth, wherever they can find it; and may juſtly raiſe ſuſpicions in ſome, that there is leſs of certainty in the ſcience than is pretended. But it muſt be remembered, that a fondneſs for our own diſcoveries, may bias our ſenſes to the prejudice of truth; and a deſire of raiſing our own reputation, may determine us to cavil at the aſſertions of others; and particularly to chuſe out as the moſt glorious rivals, the foremoſt in the liſt of fame. While, on the other hand, the paying too blind a deference to a name, may make us haſtily receive an *Ipſe dixit*, unexamined, and unapproved. But ſuppoſing nothing of this to be the caſe; Anatomiſts may eaſily differ in their accounts of the Uſe, and Structure of Parts, where the leaſt handling defaces, or the leaſt diſtemper has aggravated, or obliterated their natural form. And it is pretty certain, that unfair practices have ſometimes been uſed to ſupport, and defend a favorite theory, againſt a more ſucceſsful, and therefore obnoxious rival. So that we muſt not place all the perplexity of diſſenting opinions to the obſcurity of the ſubject; but ſome ſhare of it, at leaſt, to the obſtinacy of its Profeſſors.

To reconcile every jarring opinion, or to offer new ſolutions of doubts, where ingenious men have already failed, are taſks for which I have no inclination. I therefore purpoſely omit entering into the *Minutiæ* of Anatomy, that I may not be tediouſly

tediouſly prolix, and often unintelligible. And there is the leſs occaſion for this, as the moſt obvious parts of our frame, are generally the chief ſeats of our diſorders; and the principal functions of thoſe ſeveral parts, are pretty well underſtood. For this reaſon, plain and (as far as the Subject will admit,) indiſputable deſcriptions are the beſt. Any one may increaſe theſe ideas among Authors, and wade deep in the unpleaſant ſtreams of controverſy at their leiſure.

The books neceſſary to be conſulted on this occaſion, lie in a very narrow compaſs; —*Heiſteri Compendium Anatomicum, Munnickius de re Anatomica,* and the little Compendium publiſh'd by *Keill,* ſeem to anſwer all the purpoſes of a beginner. *Winſlow*'s Anatomy, written in French, and tranſlated by *Douglaſs,* is the minuteſt deſcription of parts that can well be penned; but it is for that reaſon, the moſt unentertaining, and certainly not fit for a beginner. Beſides that it has none of the Phyſiology, which, properly interſperſed, greatly relieves the nauſeous Satiety of bare deſcription: On this account *Drake*'s Anatomy is not unuſeful.

I think the principal Uſe of Plates, is to expreſs ſuch appearances, as cannot be ſeen without great preparation, and very good glaſſes; and even then not underſtood, unleſs minutely, and frequently examined; or ſuch as rarely fall into a courſe of Lectures. And therefore the appearance of *Fœtuſes* from the firſt impregnation of the *Ovum,* gradually through every ſtage of increaſe, till it becomes ready for excluſion, as publiſhed by *Malphigi*; the gradation of fœtal bones by *Kerckringius*; and the appearance of an impregnated *Uterus,* with an almoſt nine months *fœtus* incloſed, as the ingenious Dr. *Hunter* has been long preparing for the preſs; theſe, or ſuch as theſe, are well worth conſulting. In general, there is too much attention paid to the beauty of Plates; which, while it adds to the expence, takes off from the improvement. *Veſalius* is among the firſt, who gave elegant repreſentations of the parts of the body; though probably

their

their being deſigned by *Titian*, is a miſtake. However, the three principal Authors in this way, and which are the moſt eaſily met with, are *Euſtachius*, *Cowper*, and *Albinus*.

If we attend to the deſcription given of Man's body by Authors, we ſhall find it debaſed to a level with the beaſts by ſome, and exalted into ſomething more than human by others: Whereas the truth is removed from both extremes. It would ſeem, that the ſame cauſe which gave riſe to the great number of Gods, gave origin to the high opinion of the nature of man. To the heathens, incomprehenſible was the doctrine of all perfection centring in one Being; they therefore divided it into parts, and aſſigned to each its Patron. Whence ſprung the God of Wiſdom, Eloquence, Valour, *&c.* Agreeable to the confined notions of this their ſupreme *Jupiter*, they judged the formation of Man a taſk too hard for him alone, and therefore kindly aſſigned him the joint aſſiſtance of the other Gods. Each was to form his part; and more particularly to preſide over that part when formed; to which *Homer* is ſuppoſed to allude in that much canvaſſed ſimile of *Agamemnon*, when compared to *Jove*, *Mars*, and *Neptune*. Iliad. B. ver. 477.

As Heathens thought their *Jupiter* incapable of forming Man, the Aſtrologers think the Deity incapable of preſerving him: which taſk they divide equally among the twelve ſigns of the Zodiack; but which, by providing for but one part of the body at once, ſeems a very whimſical, and imperfect kind of Providence.

The Philoſophers labor hard to find all the beauties of nature in Man's body; making him, as it were, an Epitome, or a kind of analogous repreſentation of every thing that is beautiful in the creation. The Sun, and Man's Heart; the Ocean, and his Blood; with other equally far-fetched compariſons, are adopted to make out this magnificent aſſertion. The Harmony obſervable in all the parts of the material world, gave occaſion to its being denominated Κοσμος. And a no leſs ſimilar harmony among

all

all the parts of man, might juſtly give origin to the term applied to him, of Μικροκοσμος· which ſeems a more plauſible Etymology, than any that can be drawn from labored, and fanciful compariſons between the two.

But there have been on the other hand a ſet of Cynic Philoſophers, to whom Man's body appears a dungeon, a priſon, a hell, in ſhort, every thing that is truly deplorable. The body (ſay theſe men) is called Σεμας, becauſe it fetters and ſhackles the Soul; which, though true, is not ſo in the dreadful ſenſe of earthly fetters. The Soul (go on, theſe melancholy complainers) is call'd Ψυχη becauſe numbed and frozen in its operations by the body. To theſe diſcontented minds there are endleſs imperfections found in Man: they lament, he has no horns, claws, or other offenſive weapons. In their eyes, every part betrays infirmity: They make him crawl on all fours at his birth; lament his paſſage into the world near the two Cloacæ of the body; and enlarge on what, they call, the prophetic cries of Infancy. Thus oppoſite, and perhaps equally unlike, are the pictures which Melancholy or Enthuſiaſm deſign for a repreſentation of human nature.

There have been ſeveral wild conjectures about the ſtandard of man's body, particularly, I think, we may call ſo, that which ſuppoſes the dimenſions of the Ark, to have been taken from it. The Ark, we know, was 300 cubits long, 50 broad, and 30 high. To make out the calculation therefore, a man ſhould be ſix times as high as he is broad; ten times as high as he is deep; or the breadth taken from the ſhoulder blades to the Sternum. I need not comment upon the great deviation we find in men, from this plan of proportion. What that is now ſuppoſed to be, or at leaſt, the proportions of the ſeveral parts of the body to be obſerved by Painters and Statuaries, is laid down by *Albert Durer*, in a work firſt publiſhed in Dutch, then tranſlated into Latin, and publiſhed at *Nuremberg*, in the year 1532. And afterwards in French at *Arnheim* in 1614.

Dr.

Dr. *Grew*, in his *Cosmologia Sacra*, gives us a very elegant and ingenious reason, why Man was formed of the size we see him, rather than of any other; namely, his relation to the rest of the Creation, which was formed before him. "Had the whole "species of mankind been gigantic (says he) Man could not "so commodiously have been supplied with food; for there "would not have been flesh enough to serve his turn: And had "beasts been made proportionably bigger, there would not have "have been grass enough for the beasts: Boats and shipping "likewise must have been answerably bigger; and thus too big "for the rivers and sea-coasts. Nor would there have been the "same use, and opportunities for the exercise of man's reason; "inasmuch as he would then have done many things by mere "strength, for which he is now obliged to invent innumerable "engines: And thus far, man would have been reasonable in "vain." Nor are his observations on the figure of man, less just or elegant. "He might have come out of the Creator's hands "(says he) a reasonable beast, or bird: But had he been a "quadruped, his figure would have wanted that majesty which "is suitable to his dominion over all other creatures: Or had he "been a bird, he would have been less sociable; for on every "apprehension of danger, he would have been flying to some "other place; and Man, instead of inhabiting cities, would, like "the eagle, have made his nest in the rocks."

Upon the whole, then, the present structure of our bodies, has nothing but what claims our admiration and gratitude: Whether we consider the advantages of an erect position, with abilities to diversify our posture in every useful shape; so that by the various and extensive motion of our trunk, and limbs, we can reach every part of our surface: Or the functions of animal nature, which, however disagreeably necessary, are yet so disposed, as to shew an indulgence, in what probably was meant to mortify the pride of man: While the vital functions seem to require no attention of ours at all, but kindly preserve our being

in

in general; and ſometimes, it would ſeem, even in ſpite of ourſelves.

To give then, by way of concluſion, the outlines of the ſubject, which is explained in a courſe of Lectures. The Body of man, is not improperly termed a hydraulic machine, whoſe fluids circulate in various, and convenient channels. The Blood, from whence all other ſecretions are made, is ſent into every part of the body, by the arteries. Various organs are placed in different parts, to be as ſtrainers for the ſeparation of their reſpective fluids. The Liver, to ſeparate, *Bile;* the Glands of the jaws and mouth, *Saliva;* the Teſticles, *Semen;* and ſo of the reſt. Such parts of this maſs of fluid, as by their circulation, or from any other cauſes, are become uſeleſs, are ſent out of the body by the kidneys, inteſtines, and numberleſs pores of the ſkin. The remaining blood being returned to its fountain, the heart, through the veins.

The *Being* thus exiſting, muſt be preſerved, and its waſting ſubſtance reſtored. This is done by conveying food down the *Oeſophagus* into the *Stomach;* by its being properly changed by the digeſting power of the ſtomach, and its fluids; by the chyle then conveyed along the *Meſentery* through the *Lacteals*, and into the Blood, along the *Thoracic Duct*.

The *Being* thus recruited, muſt have the power to move its limbs for ſelf-preſervation, and to ſhift its place for amuſement or advantage. This it is enabled to do by the wonderful contrivance of the *Muſcles;* whoſe ſtructure we admire, but whoſe action we do not fully comprehend.

The *Being* thus put in motion, and as the Receptacle of the "*divinæ particula auræ,*" muſt have inlets of different ſenſations, and a conſcious perception of all things, about it. This, as far as depends on corporeal ſubſtances, is effected by the mechaniſm of the *Brain* and *Nerves*, conveyed through the medium of the Organs of Senſe.

But

But how imperfect would be its enjoyment of these sensations, was its joy incapable of utterance? Kindly therefore are we endowed with *Lungs* to breathe, and with organs to modify, and articulate that Breath; and whence we derive the noble, and useful Privilege of Speech.

The Parts too, are not only beautifully framed, but supported and defended in as extraordinary a manner, by the Structure, Disposition, and Mechanism of the *Bones*.

And we have not only the satisfaction of possessing such a curious frame ourselves, but have superadded organs for the continuance of our species, and for the renewing ourselves in our posterity. The wonderful provision for which in all its branches, has puzzled our best *Philosophy* to explain.

Upon the whole then it will appear, that Man's Body may be termed a Machine; such a one as is worthy of the divine Architect, and which we must ever admire, though perhaps we may never compleatly comprehend. Nor let it be alledged to the prejudice of this Study, that some functions in our frame are mysterious: For while the minuteness of some parts elude our research; and the union of our divine part acts upon, and influences the other; we must sometimes submit our reason to our faith; and conclude the wisdom of what is not seen, from the harmony and beautiful contrivance of the parts that are seen.

Again, we shall be convinced of the assertion so frequently occurring in enquiries of this Nature, that this machine is so contrived, as by spontaneous efforts to relieve, and restore itself from oppression: In consequence of which, the sagacious *Sydenham* long since declared, "Morbum nihil esse aliud, quam naturæ "conamen, materiæ morbificæ exterminationem in ægri "salutem, omni ope molientis." And which power has long been personified by the help of *Allegory*, and known by the names of Φυσις, the *Anima*, and *Nature*.

We may also hence acquire a tolerable idea of the essential import of the terms, *Life* and *Death*. That, Life depends on the

the circulation being kept up at any rate; and that Death commences from the time when the circulation irrecoverably ſtops. But when that circulation is in its full vigour, and leaves not the minuteſt part unviſited; when all the ſecretions and excretions are duly, and daily performed, then is the vital fluid in full perfection; then will it afford ſuch pure and exhilarating emanations from the ſeat of Senſe, as to compoſe that compendium of ſupremeſt health,

—— *Mens ſana in Corpore ſano.*

And laſtly we ſhall ſee, that the exact ſituation which conſtitutes health, differs widely in each individual, as his frame is more or leſs delicate by nature. And that therefore no one ſettled meaſure of abſtinence, or indulgence; neither Cold Water, nor Tar Water, nor any however faſhionable Medicine of the age, can ſpecifically prevent the attack of Diſeaſe; or for any conſiderable time prevent the approach of Death.—

Such is the Machine propoſed to be explained in theſe Lectures, of which, it may (if ever) with propriety be ſaid,

—Materiem superare Opus.

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY, RELATIVE TO ITS SUPPOSED INFLUENCE ON THE MORALS of MANKIND.

TO HIS GRACE

THE

DUKE OF GRAFTON,

CHANCELLOR

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

My Lord,

HAVING occaſion to reprint ſome Sheets, that have been twice favourably received, on a Subject which your Grace has been pleaſed to honour in a very diſtinguiſhed manner, I could not omit the opportunity, of thus publickly acknowledging my Obligations to the Duke of Grafton.

May

May you long, My Lord, very long continue to preſide over this UNIVERSITY; ſo fruitful in Men of Abilities, that your GRACE can never want opportunities of indulging your favorite paſſion, that of countenancing, aſſiſting and rewarding Merit.

I am,

MY LORD,

Your GRACE's

moſt obliged

and obedient Servant,

CHARLES COLLIGNON.

Cambridge,
Jan. 24, 1771.

An ENQUIRY into the STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY, &c.

TO remove the objections that have been made againſt Providence by ſome, as if he had formed men of ſuch materials, as almoſt neceſſarily impelled them to illicit actions, is the deſign of the following ſheets. A deſign interwoven with the ſtudy, and demonſtration of the Structure of man; and therefore a very natural ſubject of the Author's reflections. And which it is hoped will be received with the uſual candor of this Seminary of Religion, and Seat of Literature.

But it will not be found diſadvantageous to the ſubject, to ſet out at firſt with ſome medical reaſoning. For it will by and by appear, that for want of duly attending to the relative fitneſs of things, not only the Preſcriber, but the Preacher may miſcarry; And that this fitneſs conſidered with a view to the art of healing, will greatly clear up the ſubſequent reflections, on that of reforming.

The remedies which Phyſicians apply, have no innate, and abſolute qualities; but ſuch only as the nature of the parts which they touch, or can influence, will allow them to exert; ſo that a variation in the ſtructure, or condition of parts, will vary,

and even ſometimes fruſtrate the effects of a medicine. And hence the claſſing of remedies which have no univerſal or invariable effects, as it tempts many to profeſs a Science, which ſeems thus eaſy of attainment, ſo will often really diſtreſs the mind of a conſcientious preſcriber.

For how few among the many that offer their ſervices to the ſick, will at firſt keep clear of the ſpecious temptation, of attacking a diſorder by ſome privileged medicine, ſent to it in its ſuppoſed fortreſs? and with which aids, all Catalogues of both ſimple and compound remedies do too much abound. Whereas the attentive practitioner quickly finds, that there is a time for all things, neceſſary to be obſerved, to ſecure even a poſſibility of ſucceſs; and that a haſty determining of the diſeaſe, and an indiſcriminate application of the remedy, proves as little for his own reputation, as for his patient's advantage. For after all, what is this but to act the part of the *ſelf-conceited Nurſe*, that fatal character to the human race, who, like Homer's Hero, though with other weapons,

—πολλας ιφθιμας ψυχας αιδι προιαψεν.

and indeed were diſorders as eaſily known as named, and every appropriated remedy as certainly efficacious, as it is ſure to be applied by ſuch people, there would be no want of Phyſicians in the world, whoſe very buſineſs it is to make theſe neceſſary diſtinctions; but who are frequently not called upon, till fatal experience has convinced the Patient, that ſuch diſtinctions ought previouſly to have been made.

As remedies therefore have no neceſſary, ſelf-exiſting, independent virtues, conſidered abſtractedly from the Body to which they are applied; ſo the ſame is (in a great meaſure at leaſt) true of diſeaſes. I queſtion whether there can exiſt a morbific cauſe, which no Conſtitution, Sex, Age, Climate, Circumſtance or Condition is capable of eluding. At leaſt we know that thoſe moſt virulent deſtroyers of mankind, Plague and Poiſon,

ſon, cannot claim this privilege: many eſcaping the former, though conſtantly converſing with the ſick; and many Animals feeding innocently on the latter, and ſometimes even the human race.

Nor is there any thing that need aſtoniſh us in all this. Man's Body is made of matter, as well as the reſt of the Creation, and while alive muſt be ſubject to the laws of matter, and motion; and every thing applied to it, whether as food, or phyſic, can act only by being put in motion, and communicating that motion to certain parts. And it is no more ſurpriſing that the ſame cauſe ſhould not operate equally on all bodies, than that the ſame degree of heat, ſhould not equally affect Gold and Lead.

If it be objected, that *Hippocrates* refers us to a Θειον τι as the cauſe of ſome diſeaſes: we anſwer, that he did not mean thereby, ſuch an exertion of the divine power, as ſuſpended the known laws of nature in thoſe diſeaſes; in which ſenſe only, this could be any objection: but he either means to conceal his ignorance of the true cauſe of the diſeaſe, under this ſo ſpecious a ſuppoſition; or really ſtruck with the horrid appearance of ſome epileptic Patient, he fancied it inflicted as a judgement, and ſo of divine original.

It appears then that a relative fitneſs of Body may be as neceſſary for the admiſſion of a Diſeaſe, as of a Remedy. And upon this relative fitneſs of cauſes and their effects, is built the whole of rational practice; and this knowledge poſſeſſed in greater, or leſs perfection, determines the ſeveral degrees of reputation poſſeſſed by different practitioners; and the total want of which, is the glaring badge of the audacious, and deſperate Quack.

There have not been wanting thoſe, who have thought this knowledge too extenſive for human nature to compaſs. While others, as though it were confined in too narrow bounds, have increaſed, inſtead of removing the difficulty. And both are in the wrong. To prove the firſt ſo, we need but to appeal to the number

number of ſuch, who have been recovered from long and dangerous ilneſſes, of which the nature was explained, the conſequences foreſeen, and the effects of the remedies foretold. Nor let it be objected that this ſucceſs muſt depend on certain, and repeated experience; for it is granted. But then we aſſert, that what was the labor of Ages, to our Predeceſſors in practice, becomes our own on eaſier terms. Namely, by the ſtudy of their works; and that the many hours they loſt in a miſtaken theory, for want of underſtanding the circulation of the blood, and in a miſtaken practice, for want of that knowledge, is ſo much time and experience gained to their ſucceſſors.

But it is the ſecond ſort of men, who multiply cauſes *ad infinitum*, who have contributed to this miſtaken notion; eſpecially ſuch as have created imaginary governors, or rather tyrants, ſhall I call them, of the human frame. If it were not attended with ſo much danger to the public, one could almoſt be diverted at the abſurd Rhapſodies of theſe writers. What a whimſical Triumvirate has *Dolæus* given us? *Microcoſmetor*, King of the Brain. *Cardimelech*, of the Heart. And *Gaſteranax* of the Abdomen! and what mad pranks does he not make theſe royal Perſonages play? Speaking of the *Phrenitis*, he thus deſcribes it. " *Quemadmodum Imperatoris illud monſtrum Nero, furibundo ardore* " *Romanas ædes accendit, indeque maximas turbas excitavit, ſic, et* " *hic noſter, Microcoſmetor ſit Coſmetorges, i. e. Rex Iræ.*" A very improper ruler ſure for the rational part of Man. And indeed he ſometimes (we are told) quits the reins of government rather abruptly; " *Coſmetorges aliquando a ſeipſo vindictum poſcit, et* " *tanquam Ajax, in proprium gladium incumbit.*" This is the caſe in melancholy. But in madneſs it is, that he ſhines ſupremely miſchievous, and ſcatters his fire-brands in ſport. " *Hoc in* " *affectu (Mania) Microcoſmetor nobis eſt quaſi incendiarius, qui* " *ſpiritus animales hominis accendit. Qui ita accenſi inſtar Vulpium* " *Samſonicarum, percurrunt omnes foſſulas cerebri.*" Theſe and ſimilar effuſions of an over-heated imagination to be met with in writers

writers of this Stamp, would indeed extend the territories of medical knowledge beyond the reach of the life as well as the apprehenſion of man. But to return —

Thus much I ſuppoſe will be allowed me, 1ſt, That God has created ſubſtances, Vegetable, Animal, and Mineral, with certain fitneſſes relative to the ſtate of Man's Body, both in health and ſickneſs, and whereby the former may be preſerved, and the latter often removed. 2dly, That we are capable of diſcovering what theſe relations are, ſo as to apply them properly for the benefit of our fellow-creatures. 3dly, That if we apply them unſucceſsfully, through ignorance, or inattention, it no ways deſtroys the certainty on which much of the art of Phyſic is founded. And laſtly, That the changeable condition of our bodies, by varying the effects of the ſame application, though it may aſtoniſh heedleſs and unreflecting men, is a very natural effect, of an unavoidable cauſe. For whatever alters the tone of the Solids (by which is meant a certain degree of ſtrength and reſiſtance,) and deſtroys the proper craſis of the fluids, lays a foundation for, if not actually brings on, a diſeaſe; while whatever has the power of bringing back theſe parts to the point, or nearly ſo, from whence they firſt deviated, lays a foundation for, if not abſolutely performs, a cure. Thus far of the medical ſtate of things.

As there are no two bodies perhaps in the world, ſo exactly alike in their conſtruction, as to be affected in the ſame degree, either by the force of external objects, or the bias of internal reflection; ſo there muſt ever be a vaſt variety in the natural and innate propenſions of men: Natural and innate perhaps, but not unalterable. At leaſt it is the deſign of the following obſervations to enquire, how far (the natural ſtructure of the body conſidered) man may ſtill be *free*; free from the greateſt tyranny, that of unreaſonable and impatient deſires! And how far the fatal force by which he is drawn aſide, may be imputed to ſome acquired imperfection in his ſtructure. And then, if by any

rule

rule of conduct, we can prevent that alteration taking place, it will then be allowed, " that Providence has not formed men of such materials, as necessarily impel them to illicit actions."

Man is compounded of Soul as well as of Body; and so compounded, that they frequently struggle, and occasionally conquer each other. Whatever be the mode of communication between these differing parts, or which ever first proves a traitor to the other, by stubborn rebellion, instead of friendly intercourse, the man is sure to suffer. Instances of this are the produce of every hour. The perceptions of the mind are sometimes preternaturally suspended; at others, as painfully acute. In those diseases (for such they are, however momentary the Passions,) how is the natural strength of Reason and Judgement impaired! a word, nay, even a look shall have power to pull reason from her throne, and make the evening which began with the social intercourse of friends, terminate like the bloody contention of the *Centaurs* and *Lapithæ*. In other cases, the tide of Life, instead of swelling into storm, is almost congealed into stagnation: and the material part, instead of being agitated into furious motion, degenerates almost to lifeless Clay:

——She pin'd in thought.
She sat like Patience on a Monument
Smiling at Grief——

The not unusual effect of disappointed hope, and silent sorrow:—happy for the marble, if at last it can be brought to *weep*.

The nearer we come to understand the influence, and assistance which our bodies give to these, and the like unfortunate changes, the nearer we shall approach to the spring of our rational happiness. For the Body is in general ordained to be the medium of our pains and pleasures here below. And with respect to the joys arising from health, I shall not think I advance

advance an improbability in aſſerting, that the regular government of our paſſions, is more preventive of the troubles, and even decays of the body, than the guarding againſt unfavourable ſeaſons, or unwholſome diet. At leaſt, that the duly tempered mind, will in general carry about with it ſo heroic a body, as bravely to bear up againſt rude attempts, and dangerous efforts for its deſtruction.

The unthinking, ſelf-contented peaſant, feeds on the coarſeſt fare, braves the unfriendly dews, and dares almoſt the whole artillery of Heaven, perhaps without an ail. While his maſter, formed in as rough a mould, and partaking of ſome indulgences, which the other lacks; yet wearied with anxious projects, and tormented with eager deſires for a ſplendid fortune, neither taſtes the refreſhing ſleep, nor enjoys the balmy health of his poor contented hind.—

Obſervations of this kind will appear of more extenſive conſequence, than at firſt ſight, perhaps, would eaſily be imagined. For beſides that thoſe, who pay the leaſt attention to the rational means of being well, are uſually the moſt querulous amongſt us; there are, who by an equally fatal extreme, are too ſolicitous to enjoy the happy ſtate when found;—who ſink *below* happineſs, by aſpiring to riſe *above* Health. A conſtant attention to any one particular point, is always prejudicial to man: but a reſtleſs anxiety about preſent health, is to poiſon at the fountain head, the ſource from whence ſuch bleſſings flow. Nay, ſo foreign is it to the voice of reaſon, and experience, that *Hippocrates* even adviſes ſome occaſional excurſions into mirthful jollity, as ſafer than the contracted path of unremitting regularity. However that may be, what we fear, we already in ſome degree feel: And ſome have brought themſelves to ſuch ſtrong feelings of imagination, and ſuch durable impreſſions of fancy, as no art has been capable at laſt of eraſing. A cruel refinement this, upon ſelf-deceit, when we have not only opened the fatal *Box*, but cannot ſhut it again ſo quick, as to confine *Hope*.

But

But it is not deſigned to deny, that we are liable, without great care, to be biaſſed by ſome internal feelings. The Sects of Philoſophers probably firſt aroſe, from the conſtitutional diſpoſitions of their reſpective founders. It would not, perhaps, have been an eaſy attempt to have made *Cato* an *Epicurean*, or *Mark Anthony* a *Stoick*. Nor is it every one at this time of day, that can modeſtly doubt, or decently diſpute. The dull and phlegmatic cannot ſoar with *Plato*, or think with *Tully*. The impetuous, reap no laurels by a *Fabian* delay; nor the cautious poſt to conqueſt with a *Cæſar's* ſpeed. But yet may we bend, what we cannot break; and prune the luxuriances, of what we cannot eradicate; and ſo blend the jarring ingredients of a faulty frame, as to become happy to ourſelves, and profitable to others.

To underſtand which poſition, we muſt obſerve in a general way, that the ſubſtance of the body is twofold, which may be divided into Solids and Fluids; and experience warrants our aſſerting, that the one contains the other. Theſe fluids are originally in the form of Blood, and from whence every other fluid derives its origin. This red Blood is in perpetual motion, called its circulation, and ſo contrived, as very frequently to viſit every, the minuteſt part. The Solids are nouriſhed and maintained by the fluids; and thoſe fluids in their turn kept in motion by the Solids, which have the principal ſhare in this Enquiry; and theſe are the fibres, and nerves. And then whatever may be the diſpoſition of the man, examine what innovations we are capable of introducing, by the regulation of theſe particular parts.

Of the Blood.

THAT fluid which is to contribute to Health and Happineſs muſt conſtantly and freely flow. *Vivitur ex motu*, is the firſt of Aphoriſms, and as comprehenſive as it is conciſe. And if the purity of even water, which is in its own nature elementary and unmixed, continues ſuch only in the *exercita curſu flumina*, what difficulties may we not think the purity of the Blood expoſed to, which is a compound of ſuch diſcording principles? Which flows in ſuch confined channels? Which is liable to the dominion of ſo many tyrants? But yet man was never meant to be, nor ever really was, the ſport of Fate or Fortune. That Idea and Expreſſion ſerved well enough to throw a cloud over ſome perplexities, and to cut the Gordian Knot of ſome difficulties which the Pagan Theology could not unravel; and has given riſe beſides to not inelegant deſcriptions in ſome of their Poets. And thus far it may be ſuffered to go; but not a ſtep farther. For in fact, ſuch is the nature of the fluid in queſtion, that Sobriety in every animal Indulgence, and Temperance in every intellectual purſuit, will leave it in that ſtate for the moſt part, which is beſt calculated for the happineſs of the individual. For however the Souls of men agree in their more notorious qualities of Immateriality, Immortality, *&c.* there is no neceſſity that there ſhould be, nor would there ariſe any advantage if there was, a ſtrict ſimilarity in their other diſpoſitions. On the contrary, the difference obſervable in the mode and manner of the Soul's exerciſing its functions in different men, is advantageous to the good of the whole; while all Mercy and Pity, or all Fortitude and Reſolution, would probably be ſubverſive of that univerſal ſcheme of Harmony, which was meant to ſpring from this appa-

rent

rent diſcord. And that men who are laying ſiege to one and the ſame object of their Ambition, ſhould differ widely in the manner of carrying on their approaches, is ſo far from favoring the notion of Chance, and Fortune, that it proves in favor of ſuperintending Providence; for thus is there ſcope given to the unnumbered inhabitants of the globe, to purſue and even attain the deſired point, without treading on, or overturning their fellows in the race.

The Blood then is allowed to be a very material inſtrument, in the actions of the rational world; nay, ſo great an influence has this fluid been ſuppoſed to have upon our moral, as well as natural Life, that greatneſs of Soul and Sentiment, every noble and heroic act, are attributed almoſt proverbially to a particular degree of excellence in the blood, tranſmitted down to us from the veins of our Anceſtors; but whoſe ſtream flows not always pure, and untainted to the lateſt deſcendant of noble Stocks. And even other ſciences borrow the metaphor to expreſs high degrees of merit, ſuch as the great Orator's, "*Sanguis et Color* "*Orationis.*"

Hippocrates talks of making men wiſer by Diet: And it has been ingeniouſly debated how far the morals of men might be amended by altering their maſs of blood. The thought is not entirely chimerical, when confined within proper bounds. The heat, and other properties which wine imparts to blood, are too notorious to need deſcription; and to which ſhameful metamorphoſis of the divine Image alludes an antient, but perhaps fabulous tradition, which tells, that the earlieſt cultivators of the Vine, were wont on that occaſion to make uſe of the emblematical manure of the dung of Lambs, and Lions, Monkeys, and Swine. And who knows not that thoſe Productions, which were meant to ſupport our Life, and refreſh our Nature, may, by ſtudied refinements, be converted into fuel for illicit flames? and that ſomething even worſe than diſeaſe and death

death, may be the fatal conſequence of an unlimited indulgence at the Epicurean's Board?

It would ſeem then, that to ſecure an unruffled calm in the breaſt of man, and to maintain the empire of reaſon, againſt the attack of lawleſs paſſion; ſome attention muſt be paid to the courſe, and quality of this fluid. Nor can any one be at a loſs how to conduct himſelf in this important undertaking, while Experience is at once an Avenger and a Guide. It is a very trite, but at the ſame time, injudicious enquiry, what is, in general, *wholeſome:* And which *Van Swieten* not unaptly compares, to aſking, whether the Wind is fair, without ſpecifying to what Port we are bound. It would be giving uſeleſs, as well as abſtracted advice, to ſay, that the Blood muſt be kept temperate, and fluxile. Every man of ſenſe knows when he riſes refreſhed from Table; and when he retires to reſt a chearful, and a rational Being. That meaſure is to be always his Rule of Action, whatever relation it bears to that of other men: So again, muſt each man determine for himſelf, how far to hurry, or expend his fluids by exerciſe. Some men have ſet out with mirth, and chearfulneſs, who have returned peeviſh, and diſcontented, becauſe they returned too much fatigued: And to remove that uneaſineſs, have indulged in exceſs of mirth and wine. Every Conſtitution cannot equally bear to ride, much leſs in the moſt rapid manner: And ſome can even enjoy Health, and Reſt together. I have been the more particular on this head, becauſe rough Exerciſe is the darling Idol of the *Engliſh:* And Youth, fired by examples from the Greek and Roman Games, are apt to engage too far in manly ſports, not promiſcuouſly beneficial to *All.*

Every one, I ſuppoſe, is well enough acquainted with the celebrated fiction of *Medea's* propoſal to reſtore *Æſon* to youth and vigor, by letting out his old, and effete blood, and filling his veins with better; or in *Ovid's* own words,

——*Veterem*

———*Veterem haurire cruorem*
Ut repleat vacuas juvenili Sanguine Venas.

This fiction was realiſed about the middle of the laſt Century. Dr. *Lower* at *Oxford*, having made ſeveral experiments by injecting different liquors into the veins of animals, came at length to ſuſpect, that the blood of one animal, might ſafely be injected into the veins of another: He made the experiment with ſucceſs, and at laſt brought it to ſuch perfection, as eaſily to convey the Blood from the divided Artery of an animal, into the vein of a human Subject; a proper quantity of blood being firſt taken away, to make room. Lamb's Blood was generally preferred for the purpoſe.

The *Transfuſion* of the blood was tried upon the human Subject, in more than one inſtance, both in *France* and *England;* and ſeemingly with good ſucceſs. But as all ſtriking diſcoveries ſeem to throw a ſhade of diſgrace on thoſe, who have not been ſo happy as to have any ſhare therein; and there are always people weak enough, to fear new, and bold ſtrokes in Phyſic; ſo this, as carrying with it ſomething uncommonly bold and adventurous, ſoon gave way to the attacks of the multitude. A Woman was perſuaded by ſome of the faculty in *France*, who were the warmeſt in oppoſing this practice, to inſiſt on having it performed the third time on her huſband, who had been recovered by it from Madneſs twice before. The man died after the Operation; but upon a civil inquiry, it appeared he had been previouſly poiſoned. The thing then became the object of public regulation, and was fettered with ſuch reſtrictions as to prevent its making any farther progreſs.

A proper regard for the welfare of mankind, rendered our countrymen very wary and cautious in their trials, ſo as, (if I miſtake not,) to refuſe an offer made them by the government, of having the bodies of Malefactors, to make experiments upon.

This

This tenderneſs would rather increaſe, than eradicate any prejudices which the novelty of the undertaking naturally occaſioned; and thus the affair ended at home, with leſs noiſe indeed, but with more reputation than in *France*.

Though many advantages were propoſed, as the conſequence of this transfuſion of the blood, the moſt ſpecious was that which *Lower* mentions; namely, to reſtore blood quickly to thoſe, who in battle, or by any other accident had loſt ſo large a quantity of it, that the remainder was inſufficient to preſerve life, or turn the aliment into chyle. But whether ſo weak a ſtate of body, is capable of admitting, and circulating a ſudden reinforcement of Blood, may, I think, juſtly be doubted.—The other, and next moſt material enquiry is, whether by putting in a quantity of good blood, the remaining bad blood can be amended, or will not rather itſelf be changed, and vitiated by degrees. This is certain, that if the *Viſcera* have contracted any ſtain, it will prove a conſtant ſource of infection to whatever blood you put in. And therefore *Lower* diſſuades the Practice in ſuch caſes, quoting the well known remark of the Poet,

Sincerum eſt niſi vas, quodcunque infundis aceſcit.

This Scheme, as very extraordinary in itſelf, and not very foreign to the plan of amending men's morals, by altering their Blood, I thought not improper to mention.

But I would in the laſt place recommend Reaſon, ſtrengthened by Religion, as the moſt efficacious Inſtrument, to curb painful, and dangerous commotions of the blood. And how great and ſenſible the pleaſures are which wait on this greateſt (though uſually moſt ſilent) of Conqueſts, will be beſt known to thoſe, who, by avoiding every vicious indulgence, and cultivating every noble, and worthy Sentiment, endeavour to diſcharge their duty in the moſt acceptable manner, to their Maker, their Country, and their Friend.

And

And that a devout frame of mind, does greatly affect the material functions of the body, might be collected (if other proofs could not be found) from that tyrannical efficacy which falſe Religion, and its conſequences, exert on its many deluded followers. Dejection of mind beginning; Amazement and Horror continuing; and (as we have too often ſeen, and even in theſe our days) Diſtraction terminating the melancholy Scene.

Of the Fibres.

THE next parts concerned in this enquiry, are the Threads or Fibres, which by their various form, and different force of coheſion, conſtitute the Solids of the Body: That is, form the coats of the Veſſels, the ſubſtance of the Muſcles, and the firmneſs of the Bones; three very eſſential parts to the healthy exiſtence of Man. The Fibres have a natural elaſticity, as may be obſerved by the receding of their extremities, in a gaping wound: beſides which they are endued with what Dr. *Nicholls* calls their *Vis reſtitutiva*, or a power of gradually returning to their proper length, after having been forcibly overſtretched, as is ſeen after Strains, Delivery of the Fœtus, *&c.* They are ſuppoſed likewiſe to be always in a certain degree of Tenſion, which is therefore called their *Tone;* whether different from the elaſticity above mentioned, is not neceſſary at preſent to enquire. It is probably this ſtate of the Fibres, which gives that ſtrength and firmneſs of the fleſh which is perceptible in Health, and on this ſide the depredations of Age. Authors go ſtill farther, and ſuppoſe a kind of *Tonic Motion*, or a power of keeping up a proper reſiſtance to the force of the pervading fluids, and a ſalutary preſſure on ſuch as flow within their influence. When theſe are conſidered as making the coats of the veſſels, they become of more apparent importance in their influence over health; but it will not be difficult to underſtand, how, on every account, they bear a relation to the preſent Enquiry.

It is neceſſary that our Fibres ſhould be in ſuch a ſtate, as readily to admit the nutricious particles of our food; yet neither ſo weak as to be over-diſtended with the force of the circulating fluids, or ſo tenſe as to be unapt to receive them. In the one caſe,

caſe, the part withers, in the other, it ſwells. We have inſtances of this, both in a natural and preternatural ſtate of the body. In Sleep, there is ſo manifeſt a relaxation of the Fibres, that during this ſtate of inſenſibility, the body becomes more plump, ſo as that Ligatures, if cloſe, are apt to be painful. Whence the cuſtom with many, to unbutton the Collar at going to reſt. The Color is alſo at this time more florid; and uſually a greater degree of perſpiration, and in ſome ſubjects, a plentiful ſweat breaks out. A very oppoſite ſtate of the Fibres to this, namely, a tenſeneſs of them, is the conſequence of the winter's cold: when the Skin ſhrivels up, and the parts are remarkably contracted; and during which, perſpiration being diſappointed of an exit at the Pores, makes a ſucceſsful effort to eſcape by the Kidneys; whence the difference of that evacuation, in the different ſeaſons of the year. In a preternatural ſtate of the body, this viciſſitude in the ſtate of the Fibres, is likewiſe obſervable, but never more ſo, than in the paroxyſms of an intermitting fever: when in the cold fit, we look pale, ſhrink and tremble; in the hot fit, heat and color return, and a profuſe Sweat commonly finiſhes the attack for that time. From what has been ſaid, we may ſee the propriety of the term *relaxation*, when applied in a metaphorical ſenſe. For though meant in general of ſuch employments, or amuſements, as were ſuppoſed to unbend, and refreſh the mind, yet in their conſequences, may be literally applied to a relaxation of the body. As in fact, a long and cloſe attention of the mind, has a tendency to dry up and overbrace the body. Perhaps Providence has thus given a check to that inſatiable thirſt of Knowledge which is often prejudicial, either by feeding our pride, or by deſtroying our health; and has thus made ſocial intercourſe, as abſolutely neceſſary, as it is natural, and decent among indigent fellow-creatures. This at leaſt we may ſay, that we are hereby cautioned to guard againſt all peeviſh diſcontent, and moroſeneſs, by a moderation in our purſuits of intellectual

intellectual improvement. Since the wiſeſt, are not always either the happieſt or the worthieſt of men.

A hereditary Debility, and Laxity, in theſe original *Stamina*, conſtitute a weak and lax State of the Solids; as a contrary extreme, or too great a degree of elaſtic tenſion, produces a conſtitutional diſpoſition to an oppoſite claſs of diſorders, namely, inflammatory. We ſee this doctrine proved *a poſteriori*, by the different effects of hot, and cold baths, the former evidently relaxing, the latter bracing up, and ſtrengthening the Fibres. Inſomuch that ſome northern barbarous Nations, are ſaid to plunge their children, as ſoon as born, into the River, that they may try their natural, and give them an additional ſtrength; no ways repining, when by this method they are ſoon killed; as thinking a conſtitution, that cannot bear this trial, incapable of ever becoming advantageous to its Country, or comfortable to itſelf. On the other hand, in proportion as a ſoft, and ſhameful effeminacy got ground among (that once hardy people) the *Romans*, the uſe of perfumed ointments, and warm baths, became more frequent and irreproachable.

Something like theſe effects, our bodies will naturally feel, from that conſtant univerſal Bath we live in, the Air. And as this is ſometimes better and drier, at other times warmer and moiſter, and this in all the poſſible viciſſitudes of our uncertain *Engliſh* atmoſphere, we cannot wonder at finding ſo great a fluctuation in our health. There is a month famous to a Proverb among us, for inſpiring gloomy thoughts, and deſperate actions. If we extend all this one ſtep farther, from the caſual influence of a day, to the more permanent one of a whole climate, we may in part account for the various make, and ſtature of men, the difference of their parts and geniuſes, and in ſome meaſure for their virtues, and vices, as far at leaſt as they flow from an indulgence of conſtitutional proneneſs. *Aſiatic* Luxury, and *German* Intemperance, have been uſually aſcribed to ſuch a cauſe. And hence there ſeems an elegant propriety in *Monteſ-*

quieu's obſervation, that all Laws are or ſhould be calculated with a relative view to the influence of the Climate, on the manners, and diſpoſitions of the people.

The fluids of our bodies, and eſpecially the Blood, will ſuffer in their health, and texture, from a vitious ſtate of the Solids. And hence it is, that the paſſions of the mind, however they may be firſt in fault, do ſo inſtantaneouſly ſpread the miſchief over the material part of us; and which miſchief muſt ever be in ſome proportion, to the force of reſiſtance, which in ſuch caſes the Solids and Fluids are capable of exerting. Hence as the Paſſions meet with a ſtronger, or weaker frame, muſt they rage in greater, or leſs degrees; become ſubſervient to the true enjoyment, or perhaps only to the amuſement of the mind. How great the difference, even in the conſtitution of lawful paſſions, is elegantly and graphically deſcribed by a celebrated Divine in the inſtance of Joy. "*Joy* (ſays he) was not then, that which "now often uſurps the name; that trivial, vaniſhing, ſuperficial "thing, that only gilds the apprehenſion, and plays upon the "ſurface of the ſoul. A ſudden blaze of the ſpirits; the exulta-"tion of a tickled fancy, or pleaſed appetite. Joy was then a "maſculine and a ſevere thing: the recreation of the Judgment, "the jubilee of Reaſon." And thus will it ever be in all the other rational affections of the ſoul, where a proper cultivation of the mind, and a prudent regulation of the body, are happily met together in the ſame man. Of ſuch importance is it, by what means we may, to adapt the body to receive, and reflect the ſplendor of the ſoul.

But farther—The growth of Animals as well as of Vegetables, is the conſequence of a gradual unfolding and expanſion of their veſſels; by a ſlow, and progreſſive inſinuation of fluids, adapted to their reſpective diameters, until being ſtretched by the utmoſt bounds allotted them by Providence, they reach their ſtate of perfection, or in other words arrive at their full growth. This gradual unfolding ſeems to depend on the progreſſive, and percuſſive

cuſſive force of the circulating fluids; which force of circulation elongating the Fibres, ſeems in ſome conſtitutions too great, in proportion to the force of their lateral extenſion; or in other words, the animal grows too faſt, and thus the Fibres are not nouriſhed in all parts equally. And therefore it is, we ſee thoſe premature growths generally attended with a great weakneſs of the blood-veſſels, eſpecially thoſe of the Lungs. From this account we may underſtand, why children who diſcover an uncommon penetration, and ſtrength of genius too early, are ſo often ſhort lived: Becauſe a great part of thoſe ſubtle fluids, which ſhould give ſtrength and maturity to the body, are called off, to become ſubſervient to the operations of the mind.—— *Quintilian*, who had juſt experienced this cruel ſtroke, by loſing a Son in whom were the promiſes of early and uncommon merit, makes the ſame reflection; but argues with a kind of ſullen impiety on the cauſe, as though through the Envy of the Gods. " *Ut prorſus* (ſays he) *poſſit hinc eſſe tanti fulminis metus, quod* " *obſervatum fere eſt, celerius occidere feſtinatam maturitatem; et* " *eſſe, neſcio quam, quæ ſpes tantas decerpat, invidiam; ne videlicet* " *ultra quam homini datum eſt, noſtra provehantur.*"

Whatever therefore conduces to defraud the body of its nouriſhment, while in a growing expanding ſtate; as too early an application to ſerious employments; or which when grown, enervates and debilitates the vigor of its fibres, as ſhameful eaſe, and unremitting ſloth: Or on the contrary, what heats and dries, and winds up the man to an offenſive degree of tenſion, as exceſs of liquor, and improper labor; has a manifeſt tendency to render the body an uneaſy companion, or rather a boſom traitor to the ſoul.

Of the Nerves.

WE come now to the moſt difficult part of our Subject. A kind of boundleſs ocean; a deep unfathomable abyſs. The Nerves are thoſe (almoſt tyrannical) inſtruments of our ſenſations, without which we can have no bodily perceptions, and by the means of which we can ſuffer ſuch variety of pains. So that the ingenious author of the *Neuropathia*, had reaſon to exclaim,

O fortunatos nimium, ſua ſi bona norint,
Queis cerebrum et nervi nativo robore pollent,
Spirituumque latex dives fluit, ac generoſus!

For the different ſtate of nerves in different men, is no inconſiderable ſource of that variety of characters to be met with in the world. 'Tis theſe that, in a great degree, form the man, whom no threats can move, and no dangers affright. That ſupply the flowing ſtreams of oratory; or keep back almoſt breath, as well as words; that rouſe to madneſs; melt to ſoftneſs, or fix to inſenſibility.—But let me not be miſunderſtood, as if I meant hereby to make man a meer machine. For if Reaſon were capable of holding her peace at ſuch an aſſertion, Religion would certainly cry out. But this only is to be underſtood by it; that as the Nerves are, by the conſtruction of our bodies, made the neceſſary mediums of our pains and pleaſures; and as the hinges on which the moſt of human actions turn, are the purſuing of what we wiſh, and avoiding what we dread; it cannot be denied, but that our actions muſt be biaſſed by the probable conſequences of them, which we paint to ourſelves: And yet more ſo, if perchance we have taſted of the bitter pill, and can quote experience in our favour. Thus can I conceive

a man fired with an honeſt, or (if you pleaſe) even an enthuſiaſtic love for his country, without daring to burn with *Scævola*, or bleed with *Regulus*. As I can (on the other hand) that the exquiſite torments, deviſed in ſome *Chriſtian* countries, ſhould ſometimes not be able even to extort confeſſion. But as I cannot allow human nature to ſupport itſelf under exquiſite torments, without internal aids which the world cannot give; ſo can I ſcarce conceive this to have been the caſe with thoſe enthuſiaſtic *Romans*, who courted ſuch deliberate deaths; and I muſt abſolutely refuſe it to horrid Regicides, in every age, who muſt ever ſtain the annals of any country.

It will eaſily be collected from hence, that I ſuſpect there muſt be a ſtrength, and ability to bear bodily torture, before a man can attempt the character, or arrive at the reward of a ſuffering *Hero;* and that many Heathens have probably been indebted for their reputation in this kind of conflict, to ſome natural, or acquired inſenſibility of the *Nerves*.

Nay, invention has been called in, to give artificial fortitude, where (even corrupted) nature could not keep the field. I mean on thoſe ſhocking, and barbarous occaſions, when loud, and noiſy inſtruments were forced to be employed, to drown the piercing ſhrieks of innocent children, thrown to fry in agonies, to the honor of the Devil.

There are, doubtleſs, many good and upright men in the world; and in a degree beyond what a meer heathen could ever have conceived. And yet who (with all theſe ſuperior advantages) would not venture to promiſe for themſelves what the Poet (as ſuch) has beautifully done:

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Nay, whom Storms, and Thunder, and ſimilar alarms, do too often, as it were *conſtitutionally* affright.

But

But be it remembered, that theſe reflections, are not meant to extend to thoſe ſacred Characters, that braved every Danger, and felt every Torture, that the rage of Perſecution could invent. Theſe had ſupernatural aſſiſtances to carry them through this, their fiery trial: And therefore no arguments can be drawn from thence to invalidate the force of the preſent reaſoning.

But to come yet nearer to the ſubject of this Enquiry. The Nerves, like the Fibres, and other Solids, are capable of being improved in (what I may call) their fortitude; and of being degraded from that height of firmneſs they were formed to poſſeſs.

If the Nerves of the Female are delicate, weak, and eaſily put into hurries; yet by moderate exerciſe, and many prudent aids, they may be brought to ſhare, even the fatigues of men. And on the other hand, Man by diſhoneſt ſloth, and diſreputable indulgence, may enervate himſelf even to the weakneſs of a child. That the ſtrength of Nerves is variable in the ſame man, at different times, needs no better proof, than the different force of reſolution he is capable of exerting, when under the influence of a chearful flow of ſpirits, or a ſtupid inſenſibility and ſtagnation of mind.

The pallid conſumer of midnight oil, though his mind be ſtored with the choiceſt precepts of philoſopy, and enriched with the experience of ages, yet finds himſelf apt to ſtart, and tremble at a ſudden noiſe. And the hurry of imagination, and ſolemn ſtillneſs of night, has conjured up many more Spectres than that in *Brutus*'s tent. Debauchery, and exceſs even in weak liquors, can ſhatter this neceſſary part of our ſyſtem, to a degree that will imitate, and even anticipate, the tremulous unſteadineſs of age.

But there is another ſource of evils, in which our Nerves ſeem to be officiouſly buſy, which bring on us very ſenſible troubles, and are thought ſcarce poſſible to be removed. And theſe are the *Antipathies*, and abhorrences of our nature. Some harſh, grating

grating ſounds, throw us into diſorders which Reaſon cannot correct; and ſome ſenſations ſeem ſo conſtitutionally repugnant to our quiet, that we ſuffer, without (as it would ſeem) even attempting to contend. Something however might ſurely be tried, to obviate this misfortune; (for ſuch it is in a greater, or leſs degree to moſt) and that by uſing every external art to fortify our Nerves, as Temperance, Bathing, and Exerciſe; and by avoiding every kind of folly, that tends to relax their Vigor. Beſides which, let us try, whether here, as in moſt other caſes, familiarity will not breed contempt; a contempt of that plague, which is ſuch, not in its own nature, but in our unhappy miſapprehenſions. It is not perhaps the *Spider*, or the *Cat*, which we fear on their own account; but that we have formed an imaginary ſtate of ſuffering, and horror, as the neceſſary conſequence of ſuch creatures touching us. Could we once be perſuaded to let them approach us, with reſolution, we ſhould ſoon come to touch them without pain. At leaſt it is a very notorious fact, that nervous averſions are the moſt frequent, in perſons of the livelieſt imagination.

It ſeems therefore no unneceſſary piece of advice upon the whole, but applicable enough to the preſent Subject, that as we ſhould not often venture, in a moral view, to the utmoſt bounds of lawful pleaſure; ſo in a medical one, we ſhould not give the utmoſt ſcope to the powers of pleaſing ſenſation. If the nerves of the palate be too intenſely, as well as frequently incited to miniſter to the gratification of luxurious appetite, what can we expect will be at laſt the conſequence, but diſappointment in reliſhing the higheſt ſeaſoned food? The abuſe of odoriferous ſcents, and exquiſite perfumes, are found very prejudicial to ſome conſtitutions, and particularly to the functions of the Brain. And to ſuch who have impaired their ſcent by ſuch refinements, it is in vain to talk of the cheap and natural fragrancies, of blooming meads and new mown hay.

But

But the greateſt variety in the ſtructure of this part of our frame, is perhaps with relation to the effect of ſound. If by muſic be meant that Sound, which pleaſes the ear, and charms the ſoul, we may include almoſt all mankind in the muſical claſs. Even the *Warwhoop* of Indians, and the funereal ululation of one part of the world, is melody to ſome ears; to which the dying ſtrains of a thrilling Italian would probably be an intolerable pain. As Philoſophers and Legiſlators viewed this ſcience in different lights, they applauded, or condemned it accordingly. Some baniſhed it as corrupting the morals; others modified it, as regulating the paſſions of the ſubject. The uſe of it in war, is certainly productive of good conſequences, by exciting to martial ardor, whether that was originally the deſign of it, or not. Upon the whole, taking it in the extenſive ſenſe of pleaſing ſound, or cadence, muſic is the greateſt bleſſing of mankind, becauſe the moſt univerſal. The feathered race, the whiſtling winds, the pleaſing declaimer, the chearful artiſan, the ſpecific ſounds of all vocal creation, cannot but furniſh out at all times, and to all men, a proportion of this indulgence. And perhaps this enjoyed in moderation by attuning the paſſions, and calming any little tendency to irregularity in the blood, may be the moſt wholeſome indulgence that man can partake of here below.

Of the Temperaments, and Ages of Man. Of the Force of Habits; and ſuppoſed Decay of all Nature.

I Proceed now to ſome other difficulties, which muſt be removed, before we can reſcue man out of the hands of all thoſe tyrants, to whoſe power, *Opinion* ſo readily gives him up. And the firſt is, the prevailing force of *Temperament;* the *Sanguine*, the *Choleric*, the *Frigid*, and the *Melancholic*. Now Authors have laid down rules for the actions, and diſpoſitions of men under theſe ſuppoſed influences, not only differing from each other, but ſuch as do not invariably agree with the experience of the world: Not unlike to the *Spleen* being made the ſeat of *Mirth*, by the Ancients; the nurſery of ſerious *Sullenneſs* by the Moderns. And indeed there has always been a labor of affectation, in drawing compariſons between what (probably) have no juſt or neceſſary ſimilitude, the *Humors* of the body, (as they are called,) and *Elements* of the material world. For even ſuppoſing the *Melancholy* man *earthy*, and therefore *ſtable* in all his reſolves; the *Choleric* man poſſeſſing *fire*, which may be ſmothered for a time, but not extinguiſhed; the *Frigid* man to be a reſervoir of *watery, cold affections;* how can the *blood* and *air* be brought into any rational ſimilitude? and yet under the dominion of theſe elementary influences is the free agency of man to operate, according to theſe philoſophers. But they go farther yet, and not only ſuppoſe theſe humors thus inherent in the man, but that they look out, and proclaim themſelves externally, in the features, the form, and the color of the Body. And I ſuppoſe that Providence itſelf, would hardly have been allowed capable, by theſe men, of putting, or preſerving an amiable Soul, in the *Zoilus* of a *Martial*, or the *Therſites* of a

Homer. And yet it is almoſt an eſtabliſhed truth, (at leaſt it is a benevolent error,) that, in general, the misfortunes and defects of the body, are amply recompenſed by the ſuperiority of the mind. But to give up even all this; and to allow the *Phyſiognomiſts* to be men of ſenſe and penetration, even thus there ariſes no fatal impulſe from hence; at leaſt if we will believe the judgment, and truſt to the example of a *Socrates*. And as this method of judging of men, has a tendency to the moſt illiberal of failings, prejudice; and to the moſt inexcuſable of prejudices, thoſe formed haſtily, and at firſt ſight, it cannot be too much diſcountenanced by all ranks of men.

Next to the *Temperaments*, we are attacked with the *Ages* of Man, with the indiſputable variety of *Youth*, *Manhood*, and *Old Age*, for *Infancy* may fairly be left out of the queſtion. But ſhall we give, without diſtinction, folly, and almoſt madneſs, to Youth; prudence, rare as the phœnix, to Manhood; and a churliſh froſt of mind, as well as of body, to Old Age? we ſhould in this caſe determine, with neither ſenſe, nor judgment, againſt the ſuggeſtions of candor, and the unerring voice of truth. Let the two extremes, as we may call them, of Youth and Age, be allowed their accuſtomed propenſities. Let Youth be warm with hope, and eagerly expect beyond the poſſibility of full ſatisfaction. 'Tis the error commonly of an unreflecting mind; not the tyranny of an untameable body. Let Age be waſpiſh, diſcontented and ſevere; 'tis generally the fruit of an unfair compariſon between the preſent, and the paſt. It forgets all the long continued, and repeated bleſſings it has enjoyed, in a protracted, and proſperous length of days, to reflect on, and envy thoſe indulgences, which are calculated for younger breaſts. At leaſt, eager expectation, and over-bearing ſelfiſhneſs, with many other unbecoming follies, are confined to no particular ſeaſon of life; but found as well in thoſe whoſe blood creeps in lazy mood, as where it riots in briſk and lively flow. It cannot be denied, but that there is a difference in the texture of both

Solids

Solids and Fluids, in Youth, and Age; in the morning bloom, or ſolemn evening of life. But either their influence over man is inconſiderable, or may be brought into ſubjection by wiſdom, and goodneſs. At leaſt, the world has known, and I truſt ever will know, many young men made more amiable by blending prudence with vivacity; and many old ones truly venerable by mixing chearfulneſs with wiſdom.

Some attention is due on occaſion of this enquiry, to the prevalent influence of *Cuſtom*, and which is ſo exceedingly great, as to be allowed the force of a ſecond nature. This, as it diſplays itſelf in the ſtrength of evil habits, the fruit of the irregular diſpoſitions of the heart, none I ſuppoſe are inconſiderate enough to go about to defend. As the miſchief here is not only ſeen by many, but uſually felt by all; by all at leaſt, who are within the reach of their extenſive and baneful influence. But the excuſe for this will moſt probably be laid on the body, that frail part of us, that has now perhaps been indulged (though doubtleſs for wonderful good reaſons at firſt) to ſuch a degree as has warped it beyond a poſſibility of being brought right; and attempts of which kind, ſo far from regulating the manners, would (it is generally taken for granted) deſtroy the man.

Now acknowledging, what is inconteſtibly true, that the obligations of cuſtom are moſt fatally binding, and the fetters of habit, perhaps the heavieſt we can wear, yet ſhall we therefore ſubmit tamely to the yoke, and not rather the more vigorouſly labor till we have ſhook it off? I ſpeak of thoſe habits, and cuſtoms of the body, which draw along with them the faculties, and diſpoſitions of the mind. For as to thoſe habitual indulgences of a lighter ſort, while they amuſe without diſguſt, and entertain without detriment, they are at leaſt innocent, if not in ſome degree uſeful. But there are certainly many of a fatal tendency.

There are perchance who arrive not to move, nay too often alas, not to think (at leaſt to any purpoſe) till repeated draughts have rouzed and wound up, as it were, the faculties of their

ſoul. Whoſe trembling limbs owe their momentary firmneſs, to the deceitful aids, which liquor ſupplies. And can we ſafely ſay to ſuch unhappy victims of error, that they are mad if they purſue their courſe? Might they not with ſome ſhew of reaſon reply, that if they did not purſue it, they ſhould come to be mad indeed? But to reſcue even ſuch, if not too far gone, from a worſe than *Egyptian* bondage, let them try whether their fibres, nerves, and ſtrength, may not yet be ſaved, by very gradually diminiſhing, what contributes to their ruin. For thus the ſubtraction, like the addition, by being gradual, becomes ſcarce ſenſible: Since *Habit*, like a complex mathematical ſcheme, flowed originally from a point; which inſenſibly became a line, which unfortunately became a curve, which finally became a difficulty not eaſily to be unravelled.

To any other (and there will always be many importunate ſuitors at the gate of *Senſe*) let us ſtill find a cauſe for delay; and what better excuſe for not receiving ſuch dangerous gueſts, than urgent buſineſs; that is conſtant, and uſeful employment. The ſtory of *Penelope*, whether fiction or not, affords us a very beautiful leſſon; that we ſhould prudently diſſemble, and artfully deal with thoſe enemies, whom we dare not attack in open combat. The body both can, and moſt inevitably will, be won over to the intereſts of the enemy, unleſs by ſome fineſſe, ſome unexpected ſtratagem, we carry it to the ſtandard which Reaſon ſets up, or ſave it under the pointed cannon of rational employment.

Another head of enquiry on this occaſion ariſes from a ſtrange and (with many) a favourite ſuppoſition, that the *World*, and all *Creation*, grows *old* and *infirm*; and if ſo, it is no wonder that the ſtrength and vigor of man's body ſhould come in for its ſhare of this decay. And indeed great and uncommon pains have been laid out upon this hypotheſis, which, if true, would not affect the argument, but which may eaſily be ſhewn to be falſe. For in the firſt caſe, let us ſuppoſe, for a while, that the frame of the

early

early inhabitants of the world, was greatly different from that of the preſent. The race of giants is certainly extinct, and the age of man is indiſputably curtailed. Be it ſo: But will it follow from theſe, or ſimilar obſervations, that ſuch a ſtructure of the bodies of thoſe ancient inhabitants of the earth, was a defence to their ſacred tenant, the ſoul? That the imaginary purity of its elements, and beautiful harmony of its texture, never interfered with the functions of religion, or attempted to throw a cloud over the emanations of reaſon? This we certainly know, that *Adam* fell; and we may well believe that *He* had as pure a Soul, in as fair a Body, as any meer man ever poſſeſſed. Yet he knew what a defection from innocence meant; and experienced ſome (at leaſt) of the frailties of his poſterity. Even murder, the firſt, and fouleſt of crimes, was committed by one of his immediate deſcendants. Here then ſeems to be no room for the *Soul's* Apology, as if the *Body*, which its Maker had given it for a *Companion*, had *beguiled* it, and therefore it had *ſinned*. And in fact, not only bodies of the pureſt texture on earth, have been united to ſinning Souls; but ſuperior Beings, unembodied Spirits, even *glorious Angels* fell.

But in the ſecond place, to what ſtrange abſurdities does not the opinion tend, which ſuppoſes this continued degradation of Body to be real? The argument, if it proves any thing, proves too much; and thus is deſtructive of the conſequences it is brought to favor. The conſtant deviation of man, and his virtue on this plan, from the earlieſt ages, to the preſent time, muſt have arrived to ſuch a degree of infirmity of body, and impurity of ſoul, as would long ſince have rendered the world, a habitation only fit for devils, or diabolic minds in human ſhape.

But it is well known, that this opinion, however diligently urged, has been both reſolutely attacked, and as ſucceſsfully refuted. Philoſophers might at firſt be inclined to give it countenance, as it afforded much matter for elegant ſpeculation.

And

And ſome few perhaps might have haſtily adopted it, in conſequence of, but a partial view of things; an examination of but a few links, in the prodigious chain of nature. But whoever *planted*, or whatever *watered*, it was the *Corruption* of mankind, that gave it *increaſe*, that it might catch hold of its *twigs*, when it feared to *ſink* into condemnation: Or that it might be *hid* behind its *leaves*, when the voice of *Conſcience* called to it, to appear *naked*.

Of Education, and Faſhion.

A Very conſiderable preſervative againſt both bodily, and mental Ills, is, without doubt, a *good Education*. But education, like honor, has a very vague ſignification at this time of day; and like it too in another ſenſe, muſt be relative to the ſubject to which it is applied. And if (as indeed we muſt) we call in *Faſhion* to aſſiſt in ſettling the definition, how very whimſical and variable will the import of the expreſſion be?

Education in the abſtract, means but feeding the body, while in the other extreme of definition, it extends to forming the mind. And yet very ſeldom perhaps is the body fed, or the mind formed, with that degree of prudence, which has a tendency to give health to the one, or happineſs to the other. And then the fault in general will be ſure to be thrown on ſome fatal propenſity in our conſtitutional frame.

But into what ſtrange deviations from deſigned perfection, may not our bodies be brought, when faſhion has unlimited authority to mould, to turn, and twiſt them at her will?——The prudent *Gardener*, keeps off, or invites the Sun, as he thinks moſt conducive to bring his plants to perfection.——The tender bloſſoms, which are to be followed by much pleaſant fruit, are the objects of his conſtant and unwearied care.——The *Huſbandman* ſees with concern (what ſtill he cannot any way prevent) that drought or moiſture which will endanger his crop. But unthinking *Man*, in higher ſtations, dares ſubmit the greater hopes, the hopes of his poſterity, to influences more fatal than any Seaſon, to viciſſitudes more changeable than any Climate.

For whatever be the form, or how tender ſoever the texture of the moſt amiable part of the creation, the fair Sex; yet who can overlook, in an enquiry of this nature, that degree of expoſure,

which

which an attention to their health, ſhould, in many of them, neceſſarily preclude? For to go more or leſs *naked*, more or leſs decently covered, depends not, in our days, on the ſtate of ſeaſons, or periods of age; but on the *undiſtinguiſhing* edicts of faſhion.

From the ſame unhappy ſource ſprung the cuſtom of binding that part of the body, which nature, by diſcontinning the incloſure of the ribs, ſeems to have evidently pointed out, as deſigned for perfect freedom.

If we look into the terrors and apprehenſions of this Sex, how many (too often) and unneceſſary do they ſeem? Proceeding it may be from judging erroneouſly of what is really becoming; or the effect of an education, for which they deſerve perhaps to be pitied. Let it be this, or whatever elſe you pleaſe, ſo that it be not miſtaken for the conſequence of ſuch a frame of body, that it is impoſſible for it not to be conſtantly, *trembling* moſt *exceedingly*.

Yet equally great would the error be on the other hand, if that ſex which was formed to pleaſe by natural ſoftneſs, and to charm by native elegance, was to be, by rude and rough education, hardened, as it were, into man. This would be a change in every ſenſe to their detriment; not only in the eſtimation of the world, but in the article of their own health and well being.

But theſe are not the only inconveniencies to be pointed out, in the enquiry we have undertaken. For to what, but to the prevalence of being led by cuſtom, rather than by reaſon, ſhall we attribute that want of attention to the earlier part of life, when human nature is almoſt blindly, and indiſcriminately ſubmitted to one invariable rule of management? The puny offspring of the ſons of debauchery, as well as the ſtout productions of the unenervated peaſant, muſt alike, if faſhion leads, tread with naked feet, the cold, the wet, or rugged path. And if by theſe, or any (yet to be invented) errors an unhappy ſtate of body, ſhall be for ever entailed on ſuch innocent ſufferers, how can

we

we with propriety blame the author of mercies; the benevolent Deſigner of Man's happineſs?

To lay down then one general rule for rational education; let it ever be made relative to the ſex, the ſituation, the temper, and profeſſion of the party. And let us vary our method of building up human nature, in proportion to the height, it may be expected to arrive at; and the ſituation in which it is likely to be placed. Thus would many painful conflicts of mind be ſpared; and many dangerous propenſities of body, avoided.

If the Soldier and the Plowman require to be ſteeled and hardened; the Gentleman, however, and the Scholar, need not be aſhamed of *Senſibility*. Let thoſe who from their employment muſt face danger, and frequently encounter difficulties, be well acquainted with the nature, and appearances of both. But thoſe who are never likely to come into this ſituation, may well be ſpared the painful impreſſion on their minds; need not be made to ſtruggle with fancied terrors, and to fight the windmills of imagination.

As far as conſtitutional proneneſs is really apparent, let it by all means be kept under; at no rate encouraged, or inflamed. And this attempt, if ſet on foot in the ductile age, when pliant nature almoſt bends to *Inſtruction's* hand, will be found a matter of no great difficulty. The carrying the eye of attention, in more advanced ſtates, to ſcenes and proſpects widely differing from what the mind would brood upon within, has been often practiſed with ſucceſs. A tendency to amorous ſoftneſs, and *Sybaritic* luxury, may not improbably be overcome by the ſeverer purſuits of mathematical inveſtigations: While too thoughtful a mind, and one of too ſerious a turn, muſt walk abroad over ſmiling nature, and expatiate among the brighteſt ſcenes of laughing creation.

If

If *Nature* in the material world, has provided every poiſon with its proper antidote, (which ſeems probable, and agreeable to the goodneſs of Providence) we cannot think the more important health of the mind has been leſs attended to; much leſs entirely neglected. So far otherwiſe, that there is ample proviſion made, to obviate every inconvenience that Man can reaſonably complain of. But ſome men, alas! are too indolent to *ſeek;* and ſome even too abandoned to *deſire* a Cure.

Of the Paſſions.

WHAT has not been ſaid on the ſubject of the *Paſſions*, by authors of almoſt every denomination? *ſeverely* by the Moraliſt: *fancifully* by the Declaimer; *elegantly* by the Man of Senſe, and polite literature. But ſhall I venture to ſuſpect, that in general, more amuſement than improvement has ſprung from theſe their labors? Shall I be allowed to hint, that the *cynic* frown of ſome moral teachers, has terrified from the attention due to their good deſign; and the too *metaphorical* imagery of others, impoſed *flowers* for *fruit* on *undiſtinguiſhing* readers?

The *Heart*, like the ſhop of *Vulcan*, has been ſuppoſed the *Forge* of the human paſſions. The *Blood*, the *glowing flame* that was neceſſary to the operation; and I know not what tenſeneſs, or other mode of ſtructure in the fibres, the *hammers* that were to compleat the work.

Or if it is more neceſſary to raiſe a *Storm*, the *blood* can even *hiſs* and *ferment;* the *Solids vibrate* with unremitting fury; *Palinurus* be daſhed from the *helm;* and man's frail *Bark* be driven on the pointed rocks of *ruin*.

Or on the contrary, let us ſee Man becalmed, when his *milky* blood flows delicately through his *ſilken* veins. His Solids, like *Cleopatra's ſilver oars*, ſtriking gently on the *placid* ſtream.—Or laſtly, ſhall *Man* be a chemical elaboratory, where ſorrow is *diſtilling;* towering thoughts *ſublimating;* patience *evaporating;* and hope *precipitating?*

Have not theſe alluſive deſcriptions a tendency to ſtrengthen the errors we are ſtriving to remove? Do they not ſeem to make it as impoſſible for man to reſiſt the force of his paſſions, as for the leafy grove to withſtand the boiſterous violence of *Æolus;* or the trembling earth to ſubdue, and conquer the *undermining* flames of an *Ætna?*

However that may be, to eradicate the Paſſions is the attempt of folly; but to bring them under proper regulation, is the triumph of wiſdom, and wiſdom of the trueſt ſort; which inclines us to the paths of duty, in order to put us into the poſſeſſion of happineſs; and in which undertaking, if the Body does not co-operate, it may at leaſt be prevented from hindering the work.

Providence, like an indulgent parent, has not only endued us with an appetite to the purſuit of happineſs, but has laid the ſcene of it within our reach; nay, planted it within our breaſts. But we muſt not give ſo important, and ſacred an appellation, to the being maſters of thoſe gaudy trifles, or unneceſſary incumberances, for which ſome men toil, to the deſtruction of their health; and even ſtrive to the detriment of their reputation. For in this purſuit, every *nerve* muſt be ſtrained; and the *blood* be put into, and kept in conſtant agitation: And if the bodily powers ſink under ſuch a load, they fail but as every other power does, when exerted beyond its natural abilities.

Would men object any thing to the purpoſe here, they ſhould advance, that many are ſo unfortunately framed, that they cannot help being *avaricious, ambitious*, or *cruel*. They ſhould inſiſt that *Alexander* was *impelled* to *run* about the world: And that it was *Nature* made him burſt in tears, when there was nothing left to conquer.—That *Nero*, who ſhed ſuch torrents of his ſubjects' blood, and and refined on every ſpecies of cruelty, was *conſtitutionally* hurried on, by inſuperable neceſſity, to look with compoſure, and even ſmile with rapture, at ſcenes of barbarity, which nature ſhrinks to name. And yet, this *ſame Nero* could once (as we are told) when a ſentence of condemnation was brought to him to ſign, "*pathetically* lament, *that ever he had been* "*taught to write*." So true is it, that our evil habits are uſually acquired, not born with us; and our little tendencies, if they become formidable, the work of our own hands.

What

What is there then in the nature, or ſtructure of Man, as ſuch, that is incompatible with ſerenity of Soul; inconſiſtent with ſuch a compoſure of mind, as to render him neither inſenſible to pleaſure, nor too impatient of pain; ſuffering neither this to depreſs, or that to elate him, beyond what his own reaſon can approve? How can the body tyrannically fix the force of evil, in oppoſition to the influence of that well-tempered mind, which reduces great evils to leſſer ones, and ſmall ones to none at all? which, ſuperior to the blandiſhments of flattery, makes a man intimately acquainted with himſelf, and proof againſt the attacks of malice; courteous, and affable to all about him? which gives a laſting reliſh to every enjoyment; exalts the moſt trifling circumſtance into amuſement; and confirms his ſatisfactions, by ſtamping them with the approbation of *reaſon?*

It is true, if we view men at certain times, when turbulent with rage, and fired with frenzy; glowing with revenge, or ſickening with envy; ſwelling with falſe hope, or turning pale with diſappointment; we ſhall ſee the body in *agitations* indeed. But it is then apparently trembling under the *iron rod*, with which the imperial tyrant, *Paſſion* governs. Though at length perhaps, by too long cuſtom, it becomes ſo tame and helpleſs, as to yield its obedience at the fainteſt call. And then indeed it muſt be allowed to operate fatally, and influence too effectually the actions of the man.

To lay down rules for the regulation of the mind, or to give a chart to point the quickſands which intercept us in our voyage to Content, may not be thought perhaps to fall properly within my plan. However that may be, it ſeems ſo very intimately connected with the Subject, that I cannot entirely diſmiſs it, without a few obſervations on that head.

Now, without examining with the ingenious Madam *Dacier*, whether all the paſſions are reducible to *Love* and *Envy;* or with *Horace*, whether "*Nil admirari*," be a remedy for every mental diſeaſe; I would recommend as an Antidote to the poiſon of diſquiet,

diſquiet, which lurks moſt probably at the root of every turbulent paſſion, the prudent ſubmitting of ourſelves, to what may be called, if properly underſtood, *Neceſſity*. By which is not meant ſuch an oppoſition to our wills, as is unſurmountable by human power (for then there is no room to contend) but ſuch a firm conjunction of unfavorable circumſtances, as to overcome, or even oppoſe, would be productive of greater evils to ourſelves, and the ſyſtem to which we are allied, than a patient acquieſcence under them: Where a victory would border nearly on the ruins of a defeat. In this inſtance copying the ſubtlety of *Mahomet*, who determined, with great prudence, to go to that mountain, which he knew, in the nature of things, could never come to *him;* and by this lucky expedient, at once palliated his diſappointment, and obviated his diſgrace.

But however the wiſdom of ſuch a ſtep, may be granted by ſome, many doubtleſs will object to the great difficulty which attends it. Let the following method therefore be laid down as conducive to enable us to overcome the ſeeming reluctance of our nature, to the hard terms propoſed.

As in the natural world we diſtinguiſh the heavenly bodies into their real, and apparent magnitudes, ſo in the moral world, let us diſtinguiſh between the real, and apparent magnitudes of thoſe objects, which have a tendency to throw our frames into confuſion. There is a moral good, and evil, inſeparably attached to the nature of things; and relative to ourſelves, and the ſyſtem of which we make a part. But this, when viewed through a deceitful medium, will appear to be greater, or nearer than it really is. What illuſive phantoms of greatneſs did not *Alexander* view, through the magnifying glaſs of *Ambition?* And the deſtroyer of the *Temple* of *Diana*, through the falſe one of *Fame?*

The method then propoſed, is to aim at viewing every thing, in a fair, and favorable light, or at leaſt to cheat ourſelves (if

cheat

cheat ourſelves we muſt) into a comfortable, and happy ſituation. The well known ſtory of *Procruſtes* may be improved to this purpoſe. Every thing was ſoon made ſubſervient to the meaſure of his will. The redundancy of unhappy victims ~~were~~ lopped off from ſome; while additional torture extended others. What was his iron bed, ſhould metaphorically be our downy couch: that is, by ſubmitting our wills to the rule and ſquare, of what is, with reſpect to us, in the place of unavoidable neceſſity, we ſhould purchaſe laſting peace, and pleaſure. We contentedly ſuffer the change of the ſeaſons, becauſe we prudently provide againſt their influence; and what a thick coat is againſt the cold of *December Snow*, a reſolute mind ſhould be againſt the nipping froſts of *Adverſity*.

In a word,—are we diſappointed in our moſt eager and earneſt expectations? Let us ceaſe to hope for what we cannot obtain, and learn to ſeek what is within our reach. Do we pant and toil after a flying fortune? Is not Content ſitting at our door? Are our arms too ſhort to encompaſs the globe? The waiſt of competency perhaps may come within our graſp. Thus may we ever elude the bitter draught of diſappointment, and carry about with us an Antidote to its intoxicating poiſon. So wiſely did the *Stoics* judge, that they have left this remarkable character of their *ſumme Sapiens*, " that he can never be *diſappointed*, " becauſe whatever he ſees *neceſſary* for him, he makes it his " *Choice*."

How unſatisfactory the attainment often proves, of what we ſo eagerly admire, the experience of multitudes can teſtify. If *Power* be the Idol we worſhip, 'tis a dangerous poſſeſſion: If *Learning*, a conditional advantage: If *Riches*, an uncertain good. *Sejanus* loſt his life; *Galileo* his liberty; and *Crœſus* was near loſing *both*. To be too anxious therefore in the purſuit of theſe, is ſomething more than *Folly*. Suppoſe indeed the world ſhould condeſcend to value us, in proportion to ſuch accidental

appendages,

appendages, we have little reaſon to be proud of their good opinion, who praiſe, and condemn with ſo little diſcretion. And one thing at leaſt we ſhould do well to remember, that every degree of pre-eminence we have over our fellow creatures, may be compared to a *ſhining* light, which neceſſarily places the faults and failings of its owner in a more *conſpicuous* point of view.

CONCLUSION.

UPON the whole then, and to look back on the ſcenes we have paſſed, in this little journey over the body of Man.—What have we found in thoſe three capital parts of our compoſition, the *Blood*, the *Fibres*, and the *Nerves*, which can juſtly be deemed the artificers of our *Miſery;* or the unavoidable corrupters of our *Innocence?* Have we not on the contrary ſeen the aſſertion verified, "*that God hath made man upright; but they* "*have ſought out many inventions.*" Have we not ſeen that he often yields himſelf a willing captive to the dominion of favorite paſſions? That he knowingly ſupplies his enemy with ſtrength and ammunition, to be employed againſt himſelf? And that he firſt diſmiſſes his *Guards*, and then complains of inability to ward off *danger?* Or if by more prudent conduct, and ſerious reflection, he keeps clear of ſuch a ſhameful overthrow; yet does he not ſuffer the force of *Example*, of *Cuſtom*, or of *Faſhion*, to miſlead him into great inconvenience? So that if we will confeſs the truth, we ſhall be forced to own, that we bring on ourſelves much the greateſt part of thoſe miſchiefs we are ſo fond of attributing to the influence of our *Bodies*.

A *hereditary*, *weak*, and *crazy* conſtitution, incapable of much benefit from Reaſon and Regimen, would be the ſtrongeſt objection that could be brought. But even that will almoſt vaniſh by conſidering, that 'tis the lot of but very few, compared with all creation; and that even ſuch by the aſſiſtance of *Temperance* and *Religion*, have ſtruggled with, and almoſt conquered theſe great infirmities: Not with a *Stoic Apathy*, denying *pain;* but with a *Chriſtian Fortitude*, refuſing to *murmur*.

DETERMINATIO MEDICA.

UTRUM

PERUTILIS SIT IN SALUTEM VIVENTIUM,

APERTIO CADAVERUM MORBO EXTINCTORUM.

DETERMINATIONEM quæ proxime ſequitur, ex Cathedra propoſuiſſe decreveram, ſed prohibuit adverſa Valetudo.—Sub hac forma igitur Lectori benevolo exponere liceat quæ de ſecandis Cadaveribus morbo extinctis, ſentio, ſemperque ſentii.

Commoda, quæ a Cadaverum morbo extinctorum ſectione derivantur, cum ratione et Cautela ſunt inveſtiganda. Nam qui omnem in Medicina Hypotheſin reſpuunt, vel qui ſingulas, quæ fere *quotidianæ* jam *emergunt*, ſtatim amplectuntur, æque mihi peccare videntur. Media potius tenenda via eſt, ne in *Scyllam* improvidus incidat, qui cupit vitare *Charybdim*.

Faxit D. O. M. ut in Academia ſemper floreat ſana, et ſalutifera Medicina. Quod ſi in hunc finem labores noſtri, jam per triginta annos in Prælectionibus Anatomicis impenſi, aliquid contuliſſe viderentur, eſt quod ſerio, ſemperque lætemur.

Sed utcunque hæc fuerint, votum ſemper erit " Dum Spiritus hos regit Artus," ut ob ſanam doctrinam, mores incorruptos, et Literarum purum et illibatum ſplendorem, *prima vel inter celeberrimas Orbis Terrarum Athenas emineat*,

ACADEMIA CANTABRIGIENSIS.

QUÆSTIO MEDICA.

Perutilis in Salutem Viventium, eſt Apertio Cadaverum Morbo extinctorum.

NEMINEM adeo in Medicina hoſpitem eſſe crediderim, cui non conſtiterit, Corpus humanum non ſolum ſumma ſapientia, ſed ea quoque ſolertia, miroque Artificio conflatum, ut vel captum noſtrum ſuperet: Ubi non ſolum in totius generis ſalutem, ſed in cujuſque individui quoque, conſpirant omnia. Hinc miræ in corpore varietates, quas cum omnino comprehendere difficile, penitus ignorare, funeſtum. Hinc Corporis paginam oportet, qui Medicinam colunt:

Nocturna verſare manu, verſare diurna.

Sed ſi hæc facienda in ſanis corporibus, quanto potiori jure in morbo extinctis? Ubi plurimum a naturali ſtatu multæ partes, interdum, tantum non omnes deſciverint: Ubi in nihilum fere redactæ ſint aliæ: Aut in unum coaluerint, quæ certo intervallo a ſe diſtare debent; aut in Thoracem ſint protruſæ, quibus a Natura Sedes in Abdomine deſtinata eſt. Nimius eſſem, ſi omnia mala ſic partibus inducta, ſingulatim recenſere vellem; Patentior eſt Campus, quam ut intra limites mihi conceſſos, totum percurrere liceat.

In tam caliginoſa rerum nocte, unde Lucem certiorem, quam ex Sectione Anatomica derivare licet? Audiamus in hanc rem *Harvæum* noſtrum, " Sicut (inquit) ſanorum et boni habitus " Corporum Diſſectio, plurimum ad Philoſophiam et rectam

" Phyſiologiam

" Phyſiologiam facit; ita corporum morboſorum et cachectico-
" rum inſpectio, ad *Pathologiam philoſophicam.* Neque quiſquam
" facile crederet, quantum in morbis, præſertim chronicis,
" *Interiora pervertantur*, et quanta partium internarum monſtra
" in morbis gignantur. Auſim dicere unius Diſſectionem et
" Apertionem Tabidi, aut morbo aliquo antiquo vel venenato,
" confecti corporis ad medicinam plus attuliſſe commodi, quam
" decem corporum ſtrangulatorum." Hæc *Harveius.*

Ab eo autem Sectiones hujuſmodi inſtitutas vellem, qui probe intellexerit, quæ ſit forma, qui ſitus vel nexus cujuſque viſceris in ſano; et quod forſan rarius, cui vel ex ſua, vel ex aliorum experientia perſpectum ſit quas mutationes partium internarum, ſuſtinere valent viventium Corpora nullo ſubſequente malo. Ut verbo dicam, eam Sectionem vellem, quam nobis tradidit in ſummum totius humani generis emolumentum, Doctiſſimus apud Italos *Morgagnius*, in opere ſuo nunquam ſatis laudando, *de Cauſis et Sedibus Morborum.*

Non quod debita laude fraudari vellem qui ſtrenue in eadem palæſtra quoque deſudavit, *Theophilum Bonetum* cujus eo magis improbus Labor, quoniam (ut ipſe conqueritur) viam ingreſſus ſit ſine Duce, devio nec prius trito calli inſiſtens: Qui in unum collegit quicquid ex eviſceratis Cadaveribus, in uſum viventium tradidere Auctores; abditas quam plurimorum morborum cauſas in apricum proferentes, et, quo vitam humanam productiorem redderet, perpetuo in iis locis occupati, in quibus,

Luctus ubique, Pavor, et Plurima Mortis Imago.

Operi tam difficili nonnullos irrepſiſſe errores, quis jure mirabitur, quos in ſuo libro ſupra citato, et notavit et correxit *Morgagnius.*

Commoda quæ ex inſpectis defunctorum penetralibus oriuntur, non ſunt unius Generis. Dantur inter Morbos nonnulli, qui obſcurum nimis ſui indicium produnt, quam ut inde certa eorum natura definiri poſſit. Arcta adeo eſt vicinitas nonnul-

lorum

lorum in Corpore Viſcerum, ut difficile ſit Ægrotanti certam ejus deſignare Sedem. Quanta Mala quotidie in Ventriculum rejici vidimus quorum Origo poſt Mortem, in Pancreate, Duodeno, Hepate, Liene, vel et in Omento detecta fuit—nec

——————— Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.

" Non enim eſt mortale quod optant" hi Viri, ut nihil ſit in corpore nobis non intellectum, vel pathema quod ſubigere nequit Medicina. Satis eſt, quod ab exercitatis in corporum ſectionibus deteguntur plures Morborum Sedes, quam quod ſolummodo ex Ægrotantium querelis, vel ſuſpicari licuiſſet.

Mors quæ fere nunquam non acerba, quanto fit acerbior, quum uno quaſi ictu hominem proſternit: Calamitatis tam improviſæ cauſas quam miras detexit Anatomica Sectio. Nota eſt Hiſtoria Principis noſtri *Sereniſſimi Georgii Secundi,* cujus ruptus Cordis Ventriculus, purpureum evomuit laticem. Quod et aliis nonnunquam accidiſſe notum eſt. Quam multas in Cerebro Apoplexiæ cauſas ex Cadaveribus detexit *Wepferus.* Mortem improviſam a rupto Liene, Diaphragmate, Ventriculo detexit in omni Seculo Anatomica Inveſtigatio. In nobili Belgico *Barone de Waſſenaar Boerhaavii* Amico ruptus Oeſophagus ubi Ventriculo inſeritur, prohibuit quo in ſubſidium miſere ejulantis, vel medicamenta vel cibaria ulterius porrigerentur. Morbus certe inſanabilis, ſed novum hoc inauditum Miſeriæ Genus, ſalutare et Prophylacticum præbuit conſilium; ſcilicet, ne nimis aquæ onere Ventriculum gravaremus, dum emeſin excitare animus eſt. Sub acuto enim adeo Angulo, cum Oeſophago jungitur Ventriculus ut diſtentis ejus ad ſummum parietibus, præcludatur per Oeſophagum ad Fauces Reditus; unde in vomendo, Contractio in parietes Ventriculi niſu adeo valido agat, ut funeſta hujus Viſceris ruptura, vix vitari poſſit. Ita ſaltem periit nobilis ille Baro qui ad Emeſin provocandam, ob moleſtam nauſeam, profuſos et repetitos hauſtus indeſinenter flagitavit.

Unum

Unum alterum Morbi rarioris exemplum afferre ſufficiat, de Puero nempe biennio, qui poſt Tuſſim, Dyſpnœam et multas Pulmonum laborantium notas, in febrem hecticam incidit: Tumido Abdomine reliquum corporis ad ſummum Maraſmi gradum emarcuit. Paracenteſi inſtituta, loco Seri, erupit Chyli lactes centis copia, ad plurimas Libras: Brevi fato ceſſit Æger: in cujus Cadavere Pulmones ſaniſſimi ſunt inventi; ſed in poſtica parte prope Tracheam, glandulæ numeroſæ, ſcirrhoſæ ſe in conſpectum dedere, quæ ductum Thoracicum adeo premebant, ut inde Chyli, in *Venam Cavam* trajectus, omnino eſſet prohibitus; unde Vaſa Lactea ultra tonum diſtenta, rupturam paſſa ſunt, hinc Chyloſus Succus, Vitæ Suſtentaculum, Abdominis neceſſario impleverat Cavitatem.

Relictis vero quæ rariora occurrunt Exemplis, ad quotidianos magis morbos nos convertamus, et, ad examen revocemus, quas contra Utilitatem Apertionis Cadaverum, Objectiones attulerint Adverſarii.

Et primo contendunt, difficile eſſe non decipi quoad ſedem et cauſam Morborum, quoniam nonnullæ mutationes in Corporibus fiunt in actu fere moriendi; nonnullæ vel, et poſt mortem. Aliæ, quæ non tam morbo, quam Medicamentis debentur: Denique aliæ, quæ non tam Cauſæ, quam effectus ſunt morborum. Sed in hos errores non facile incidunt, qui in hoc opere caute procedunt; qui in ſanorum ſectionibus ſatis ſunt verſati; qui non unum, vel alterum, ſed, qui perplura corpora morboſa ſecuerint; qui omnium in vivente Symptomatum, cum phænomenis in demortuo comparationem, rite inſtituere noverint. *Talis Profector*, non diu hærebit, quæ ſit vera morbi natura. " Si plura cadavera " inquit *Morgagnius*, poſt eundem morbum denatorum, inter " ſe comparentur; tunc, quod præter naturam in omnibus ſimili- " ter fuerit, id pro *cauſa* Morbi: Quod vero, in aliis aliter, id " pro Morbi *effectu* eſt habendum."

Sed urgent ulterius,—inutiles eſſe has Cadaverum Sectiones, quoniam inde non deteguntur Morborum abditiſſimæ, et Senſus eludentes

eludentes cauſæ; vel ſi fuerint detectæ, hi morbi nihilo minus ſanationem reſpuunt: quibus reſpondi ſolet; quod ſi Cauſæ morborum primariæ, ſenſus noſtros penitus eludant, quippe in occultis interdum conformationibus et nexibus particularum inviſibilium poſitæ; aut in motibus et viribus quæ eos nexus et motus afficiunt—non inde ſequi, quod *Effectus* quoque cauſarum illarum ſenſus fugiant: Cadunt enim in partes manifeſtas, ſuntque eæ ipſæ pravæ mutationes, evidentes multorum morborum *Cauſæ*.

Nec denique, ullo modo concedendum eſt, quod ſi nonnulli morbi ex ſua natura medelam neceſſario reſpuant, idcirco eorum cognitionem eſſe ſupervacaneam. Quid enim magis Hippocratis evexit celebritatem, quam felicia ejus plerunque in morbis difficilioribus præſagia? Neque nihil eſt, quod inde fere cognoſcere datur, ubi parcendum *Ægris*, ubi *Promiſſis*. Poſt tot devorata medicamentorum tædia, poſt tot in Spem Salutis perpeſſos dolores, quum Sagacitas medentis, morbum eſſe plane inſanabilem noverit, præſtat medicamenta non diutius porrigere, ne incaſſum trepidet officioſa Sedulitas, et multa intempeſtive agendo, non ſolum nihil agere videamur, ſed (apud indoctiores forſan) ne eos "*occidere videamur, quos ſervare non potuimus.*"

Sed nequid Medicinæ deſit honori, vel Anatomicarum Sectionum famæ, liceat poſtremo monere, ex hoc fonte derivari utiliſſimam illam Scientiam, quam in emolumentum languentium, exercent Medici: Nempe eos cruciatus minuere, eos dolores lenire, quos omnino ſuſtinere nequit Ægrotus, radicitus tollere, neſcit Medicina.

Quæ cum ita ſint, mecum dolete Academici, adeo adhuc ab hac Sectione fere abhorreſcere omnes. Nonne hæc nimia Animi mollities in publica peccat commoda? Quæ prohibet, quo morbi obſcurioris cauſas, vel mutationes vix ſuſpicandas, in Amicorum vel Cognatorum cadaveribus, ſcrutemur; et quæ interdum prohibet, quo ii, qui viventes nihil profuerint, nec proſint quidem mortui. Et ſi fas ſit quod ſentiam fari, vereor (ſumma

tamen habita erga eos qui Leges Angliæ condunt, reverentia) ne Lex quæ interfectorum Cadavera publice secanda tradit, huic praxi quasi Infamiæ notam inuri videatur, ut esset quasi turpe Spectaculum, et quædam post mortem Pœna.

Gratulandum igitur nobis est Academici quod in Nosocomio nostro conceditur hæc aperiendi Corpora licentia; nam ubi est felix ille Medicus, utcunque annis, aut luculentissima praxi clarus, cui non interdum dicere liceat " *Disce, docendus adhuc.*"

Ex præmissis igitur cum Respondente concludo, *Perutilem in Salutem viventium, esse, Apertionem Cadaverum Morbo defunctorum.*

Medicina

Medicina Politica:

OR

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

ART of PHYSIC,

AS

INSEPARABLY CONNECTED WITH THE

PROSPERITY of a STATE.

Medicina Politica:

OR

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

ART of PHYSIC, *&c.*

CHAP. I.

A General View of the Subject.

WE learn from authentic records of early hiſtory, that conſiderable honors, and very exemplary rewards, were conferred on the Profeſſors of medical ſcience. *Æſculapius*, *Hippocrates*, and many more, might be quoted in ſupport of the truth of this aſſertion. It would ſeem that they thought no recompenſe could be too great for thoſe, who ſaved a father, a child, a patriot, or a friend. If ſelf-love ſhould be ſaid to have had a principal hand in this grateful profuſion of reward, the obſervation is not without probability. But we likewiſe learn, and from authority of an equal date, that the Art itſelf was held in high eſtimation; as being the reſult of laborious and painful reſearches, for the benefit of human Nature.

Through a long ſucceſſion of Ages, the Profeſſion has undergone a diſagreeable variety of changes; influencing to a greater, or leſs degree, its eſtimation in the eyes of the public. For as ſtates and empires have their riſe and fall, as Rulers change and deviate

deviate from the principles of their predeceſſors; ſo at different periods have Phyſicians aroſe, who from ignorance, ſuperſtition, enthuſiaſm, or affectation, have brought confuſion, and diſcredit on the art of healing. Not that to bring back medicine to its original principles (however loud the name of *Hippocrates*, has deſervedly ſounded) would be, to reſtore it to real purity: For the experience of later ages, has learned to correct many errors, that obſcured the ancient theories; and extenſive navigation has introduced much more efficacious, and at the ſame time leſs dangerous medicines, into modern practice.

The diſcovery of the circulation, like that of the longitude, teaches us how to avoid the rocks, and quickſands on which the ancients ſo often ſplit. Too much diffidence on the one hand, and too much temerity on the other, were the two fatal extremes of the ancient phlebotomy. The capital Medicines even of later times, were many of them little leſs compounded, than the *Mithridate;* of which the very ingenious Author* of the *Antitheriaca* elegantly obſerves, "that it reſembles the numerous "undiſciplined forces of a barbarous King; made up of a diſſo-"nant crowd, collected from different countries, mighty in "appearance, but in reality an ineffective multitude, that only "hinder one another." A very ſtriking picture of ſuch farraginous Compoſitions, and applicable to many ſtill retained *abroad.*

Under theſe regulations, the Science in queſtion is allowed to be neceſſary, and uſually beneficial to mankind. But this general commendation of it, does not ſeem calculated, ſufficiently to defend it from the malevolent attacks of unreaſonable men. And indeed there has never been (as far as I know) a ſufficient enquiry made, how far the advantages of Medicine can reach; or (which is the ſame thing) what are all the poſſible bleſſings we derive

* Dr. Heberden.

derive from Health. Every one will be ready here to exclaim, That the value of health is perfectly underſtood; that the moſt ignorant have at ſome time or other experienced the loſs of it; that without it, life is ſcarce a bleſſing; and the good things of life without it, become inſipid. In this light it is acknowledged that Health is underſtood by all; and this, as far as it goes, is a fair repreſentation. But it is propoſed in the following ſheets to examine, whether we may not extend the influence of this ſalutary bleſſing, conſiderably farther; ſo as to make the well-being, proſperity, and ſtability of *Empires*, greatly dependent on the health of *Individuals:* and if this can be made out, then that Study muſt be deemed of the utmoſt importance, which thus influences (as it were) the Actions of a *Univerſe*. And its importance thus once eſtabliſhed, the ſubject will naturally lead us on to examine, what methods are likely to extend the benefit of *Phyſic*.

Now the witty and ſevere ſarcaſms that have been ſo frequently employed againſt the practice of Phyſic, cannot be brought to diſcountenance the preſent Enquiry. Were there indeed exiſting ſuch men, or nations, as never knew the feelings of pain, or diſeaſe; the introducing of medicines into ſuch conſtitutions, would undoubtedly introduce a ſeries of both; and the remedy be more properly the diſeaſe. But in what happy land ſuch Beings exiſt, as are ever exempt from the baleful viciſſitudes of Heat and Cold, Moiſture and Drought; from internal Paſſions and external Violence; from Errors of Judgement, and Exceſs of Indulgence, is incumbent on ſuch Scoffers to ſhew. Theſe Obſervations are calculated for the World *as it is;* not for a primæval *Paradiſe*, or a fictitious *Utopia*.

It will readily be granted me, and therefore need but curſorily be hinted, that health, and ſtrength, are as neceſſary to execute, as ſound reaſon, and ſober judgement to plan ſchemes for the benefit of the community. That the Spirit and robuſtneſs of individuals, are literally the Strength, as numbers are the Riches

of

a State. And that a mind pining under real, or but imaginary misfortunes, will ſcarce look abroad in domeſtic troubles, or lend a hand to ſave the national ſhip. And ſhould there be truth in obſervations like theſe, then every thing that promotes, or preſerves health; that procures ſtrength and robuſtneſs of Body; greatneſs and fortitude of Soul; that regulates the affections, and ſubdues the corruptions of our nature, muſt neceſſarily be the Object of national concern, and the Study that promotes it, a benefit to the *Public*.

There are ſuch various ways by which the manners, and conduct of Individuals, may be warped from their original rectitude, ſo as to introduce confuſion into a ſtate, that to purſue them all through their utmoſt extent, would be almoſt an endleſs undertaking; but we have this conſolation on our ſide, that ſuch a taſk is unneceſſary. If Evils can be traced from principles into action; a variety of combination of them, may eaſily be foreſeen, to give variety and vigor to their effects. The perſons on whom, the place where, and the time when, it acts, will uſually account for every kind of appearance it puts on. And in ſome ſuch comprehenſive form as this, it is imagined the propoſed Enquiry may be made.

But there is one general Obſervation neceſſary to be premiſed, as it affects every part of the Argument; namely, that it is inconſiſtent with the nature of Man, to be totally unintereſted in what paſſes in the world around him. A ſingle link diſcontinued at both ends, was never known in the *chain* of *nature*. Nor is the reaſon at all difficult to be aſſigned. Man is not *God*, a ſelf-exiſtent, independent being, without parts, or paſſions: Man therefore muſt be connected with his own rank of Beings; and they of conſequence with him; and then, how can it be aſſerted, with any degree of reaſon, that it is of no importance to others how, and in what manner, a Man behaves by himſelf, ſince others muſt be liable to the conſequence of his actions, though

though they are not perhaps witneſſes of the actions themſelves? And in this ſenſe an idle Man may be ſaid to do miſchief; and a recluſe, prove the efficient cauſe of a popular tumult.

But negative Virtues, if not productive of Evil, are as little calculated to be productive of good. It is not ſufficient, to diſcharge my duty to my neighbor, that I did not actually *direct* the Knife, which it was once in my power to have *wreſted* from the *Murtherer's* hand. The retirement of *Achilles* from the army of the *Greeks*, when wanted on the ſcene of Action, though it might ſooth his own reſentful diſpoſition, was prejudicial to the public cauſe. It is not therefore, nor ever can be, abſolutely inſignificant to the welfare of ſociety, what part an Individual is pleaſed to act.

The experience of all hiſtory may be brought to ſupport a ſimilar method of reaſoning. Thus we find the founders of Empires, and the moſt celebrated among the Lawgivers, laying down rules, and often very ſtrict ones, for the bodily, and mental advantages of thoſe, who were one day to be called to the management of the State; and providing the ſame precautionary regulations to ſecure the due obedience of the *Subject;* inſomuch as not to truſt the partial fondneſs of a parent, with the power of miſconducting the education of his Child.

It is admitted then (to bring our reaſoning nearer to the point in hand) that the health, and hardineſs of Individuals, is one deſirable circumſtance in a State. It is not neceſſary to enquire minutely into the efficient cauſes of *Courage.* We know it may be a tranſient quality, vaniſhing with the precarious circumſtance that gave it birth. It is eaſy to account for the change of that fellow's conduct, who fairly confeſſed it by ſaying,

Ibit eo quo vis qui Zonam perdidit——,

And we read of a ſingular, and perhaps ſingle inſtance, where bodily Sufferings were the parent of artificial fortitude, by inciting

inciting to deſpair; and where Cowardice ever after was the conſequence of a cure. But the aſſertion remains unſhaken by ſuch inſtances, while there are ſo many painful labors both in the Cabinet, and Field; and while it requires as well fortitude of Conſtitution, as vivacity of Thought, to plan judiciouſly, and execute ſucceſsfully the various ſchemes that are neceſſary in a ſtate.

CHAP. II.

Of Sobriety and Temperance.

PERHAPS *Sobriety* and *Temperance* may be deemed the Guardian Angels, that watch over the welfare of a State. But it may be thought as impoſſible to ſecure theſe Bleſſings, as for Men to be transformed into Angels on earth. And it may appear very abſurd to ſuppoſe, that *Medicine* is capable of contributing any thing more towards it, than by obviating the ill effects of an oppoſite practice. But Conſtitutions may be partially changed, or hardened againſt the inſidious attack. The properties of deſtructive liquors, may be greatly changed, and ſometimes even improved into ſalutary ones. What is ſaid of the fierceſt of the brute creation, by ſome of the writers on natural hiſtory, is indiſputably true of Medicines taken from the mineral kingdoms; namely, that the moſt virulent compoſitions among them, may be corrected into uſe, and even reduced to a ſtate of abſolute inſipidity. But there is a celebrated vegetable, an Indian Root, which when firſt extracted from the earth is full of deadly poiſon; of which, however, properly managed, the Inhabitants afterwards make all their bread. And the ſymptoms that uſually follow on the eating of certain noxious plants, are ſo exactly ſimilar to thoſe of intoxication, as to make it not improbable, that the ſame remedies might ſucceſsfully be employed for both. Medical cautions and precepts have been advanced, in order to obviate the miſchiefs of too plentiful Ingurgitation; but I think when they affect only the offending party, he ought to ſuffer them in all their painful conſequences. However I will give an Inſtance or two, relative to uſeful

cautions on this head, as a pledge for the poſſibility of more; and it ſhall be referred to private experience, whether they are deſtitute of foundation, namely, that Liquor acts in general, with a quicker inebriating force on blood when heated; whether that heat ariſes from the temperature of the air, the force of exerciſe, or the lively ſallies of noiſy mirth. And that the free uſe of ſuch liquors, have a contrary effect to what was deſigned, by diſordering, inſtead of raiſing the ſpirits depreſſed by *Grief*. An obſervation which is very much to be attended to on this occaſion: As many unfortunate perſons have both ruined their reputation, and health, and, even ſometimes, broke in on the happineſs of the public, by this inadequate method of ſeeking *eaſe*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Of Pity and Compaſſion.

PITY and *Compaſſion* will ſurely be allowed me, to be uſeful paſſions in the human breaſt. They throw a light of comfort on obſcure diſtreſs, and gild over the gloomy manſions of Sorrow. But how ſhall we obtain ſuch deſirable diſpoſitions; how plant them in the human heart? Not ſurely by Medicine, it will be ſaid, but by the authoritative voice of Religion; by the animating example of the Benevolent, by the experience of thoſe, who have taſted what it is, to be a father to the fatherleſs; a friend to the widow; a patron of the afflicted in their moſt aggravated ſufferings; and it may be thought that from powers ſo great as theſe, every deſirable degree of ſucceſs muſt follow. It muſt, it would follow, was Man but left to his natural biaſs. For I aſſert, becauſe I firmly believe, that the ſeeds of Pity and Compaſſion, have been deſignedly ſcattered thicker, than perhaps thoſe of any other pleaſing propenſity of the human heart. When Poets or Hiſtorians are repreſenting ſome unnatural behavior, which contradicts the eſtabliſhed maxims by which human nature ſhould in thoſe circumſtances have acted; how plainly do they inſinuate the truth in queſtion, by having recourſe to ſuch extraordinary expediencies to bring their Heroes off. Then it is, we hear of *Marpeſian Rocks*, *Hyrcanian Tygers*, and the bloody nipple of a *Nero's nurſe*. One of them has expreſly owned, and elegantly deſcribed, what uncorrupted nature ſhould be,

——————— *Moliſſima corda*
Humano generi dare ſe Natura fatetur
Quæ lacrymas dedit. Hæc noſtri pars optima ſenſus.

The

The aſſiſtance then that *Medicine* muſt give on this occaſion, is to deſtroy the acquired propenſities, that inflame to an oppoſite behavior: A behavior founded in pride or paſſion, ariſing, it may be, from reiterated fullneſs, provoking to peeviſhneſs, and not allowing a proper attention to human ſufferings; whether thoſe ſufferings ariſe from the calls of importunate hunger, or from the complicated miſeries that may overtake even the induſtrious poor, thoſe uſeful members of every ſtate, to whoſe labors we owe not only our houſes and cloathing, but, in ſome degree, alſo our *daily bread*. What medical treatment might here be neceſſary is apparent from the very nature of the Argument, and might be inforced by a higher authority, and from very awful conſiderations: But that to thoſe who reflect at all, it can never be neceſſary; and eſpecially in an age, when *Charity*, in its utmoſt extent, is the characteriſtic ornament of the *Britiſh* nation.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of Ambition, Pride, Cruelty, &c.

INNOCENCE, Content, and *Health,* are allowed to be the principal ſupports of human happineſs; as the contrary conditions are of human miſery. But they are not ſuch only in a ſingle, and abſtracted, but in an extenſive, and univerſal manner. For that the *Individual* ſhould feel comfort, from whatever can adminiſter to its own private ſatisfaction, and convenience, is agreeable to the ſtricteſt laws of nature; but may be conſidered in a higher light, may be placed in a fairer and more amiable view; as having in him ſomething ſo very active, ſomething of ſo generous and communicative a diſpoſition, that he ſeems to think it an abſolute debt he owes to others, to let them into a participation of *his* happineſs; and on the contrary, that he has a claim, if occaſion be, to call on others to partake of *his* ſorrows. And hence it is, that the ſatisfied, and contented mind, overflows and refreſhes all around it. The Neighborhood partakes of the pleaſing ſenſation, readily catching, and eagerly communicating the benevolent diſpoſition. While *Torture,* and *Anxiety* breed private *repinings;* and diſſatisfied *Murmurers,* public *diſcontent.*

Some irregular motions, ſome internal diſtemperature, working through the maſs of humors, and ſpreading itſelf on the Countenance of thoſe about him, gave birth to the jealouſy, and ſorce to the ſuſpicions, of (in general) a too *confident Cæſar.* For he exclaims—

Let

Let me have Men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed Men, and ſuch as ſleep o'nights.
Yon CASSIUS *hath a lean and hungry look,*
He thinks too much—ſuch Men are dangerous.

And in another place,

Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe.

Let a man brood *in private* over his fancied diſtreſſes, and weigh them in the partial balance of pride, and ſelf-ſufficiency, and there will be little more left, (after what he keeps to torment *himſelf* with) but a few remains of peeviſh paſſion, for his more immediate dependents. But let him tell, as he will be inclined, and ſpread abroad, as he will be apt enough to do, the private Hiſtory of his wrongs, and ſufferings; and he will by degrees obtain a degree of credit, beyond his warmeſt hopes; and kindle a flame perhaps too fierce, at laſt, for his ſincereſt endeavors to extinguiſh. And if this be (as ſure it is) no exaggerated picture of human infirmities, then may it be of more importance, than perhaps at firſt ſight was ſuſpected, to watch over whatever miſmanagement of ourſelves, or others, can invite or entertain the *malignant paſſions*.

But what force will theſe reflections not derive, from applying them to the *illuſtriouſly* (I had almoſt ſaid) the *reputably wicked?* For it is ſuſpected, that ſome of the moſt famous ſcourges of mankind, whether a *Xerxes*, an *Alexander*, or any other *Hero* of a ſimilar ſtamp, might have occaſionally been called off from their deſtructive Amuſements, by ſome judicious kind of medical treatment. If *Anger* is allowed to be a ſhort degree of madneſs, why ſhould it not be treated in a ſimilar manner? And what is *Ambition*, but a more protracted paroxyſm, of an extenſively miſchievous *Inſanity?* And perhaps to cure *Ambition* would be as public a benefit, as to find remedies for the greateſt tortures that afflict the Body: For if it is not allowed to be a

diſeaſe.

diſeaſe itſelf; it becomes the cauſe of very great ones to the ſubjects of its power.

But it is not meant by quoting a *Xerxes* or an *Alexander*, to limit ambition to gilded domes, or ſtately palaces. It were happy for the public, if the infection could be ſo confined. But it is apt to attack people of every rank, and by breaking in upon a regular, and neceſſary ſubordination, to be the parent of confuſion in *Societies*. It impoſes on itſelf, and others, under deceitful appearances, and by improper, and falſe appellations; for ſourneſs and ill-nature are but diſappointed ambition, at leaſt in the greater part of Mankind. Too good an opinion of ourſelves, and too indifferent a one of others, are the fruitful parents of this troubleſome affection: And could we reſtrain the reſtleſs blood, and calm the irregular ſallies of the Spirits, we might hope to expel ill-nature, peeviſhneſs, and diſcontent, from their reſidence in the human breaſt.

Some farther light may be thrown on the ſubject before us, by obſervations derived from the ſource of impartial Hiſtory; which warrants us to aſſert, that *bodily pains* have begun, and often fatally increaſed, ſome natural tendencies of a degenerate mind, to deeds of horror, and public confuſion. But take thoſe degenerate minds in their infant tendencies, and ſpare them, if it may be, this acquired malignity, and what benefits ſhall we ſay this attention has conferred on *them;* or what bleſſings ſhall we not ſay, it has, or may, perhaps, have derived on *Millions?* Examples, I am afraid, might be drawn from *Engliſh*, as well as *Roman* Hiſtory, in ſupport of ſuch melancholy truths. And from all which I am authorized to conclude, that a proper, and occaſional treatment, though but of one Individual, may, from the nature of circumſtances, prove the means of preventing ſuch unexpected and dreadful conſequences, as would ſeem improbable to any other experience, but that of a world like ours, loaded with the weight exorbitant offences, and filled with ſo many inſtances of unnatural *Cruelty*.

CHAP. V.

Of Suicide.

A Nation ſuffers by the ſucceſs of even its own victorious forces—for the ſword muſt *ſlay:* By the peaceable death of Subjects in their beds at home—for diſeaſes muſt *kill:* By the execution of the laws on malefactors——for crimes muſt be *puniſhed.* But there are a ſet of ſelf-deluded, unhappy mortals, who have found out a way, without any ſuch apparent neceſſity, to rob the State of a Subject; their dependants of a Patron; Religion of its honor; and their Creator of his undoubted right to diſpoſe of the workmanſhip of his own hands.

There is ſomething ſo complicated in the crime of the ſelf-murderer, that it would furniſh matter for a treatiſe by itſelf; or to ſpeak more properly, it has furniſhed matter for the tongues, and pens, of ſome of the ableſt, and beſt of Men: Yet I fear, without ſo good and deſirable an effect as muſt ſincerely be wiſhed for by all, but the unhappy deſigners of ſo black a crime.

We read of a Nation, who were unprovided with laws, for the puniſhment of thoſe who ſhould deſtroy a parent; and who alledged in excuſe when it was objected to them as a neglect, that they looked upon ſuch a crime, as *impoſſible.* With much greater reaſon might we, at this time, of day, in a kingdom bleſſed with plenty, under a Religion void of ſuperſtition, and a Government which makes the happineſs of each Individual its

its conſtant care, think that *ſelf-murder* could never take place. And the rather, becauſe in countries, where ſo many bleſſings do not center, the crime is ſo very rarely committed. And indeed we ourſelves prove, how amazing a fact we think it, by having almoſt laid it down as a general rule, to refer ſuch a behavior to the influence of *Lunacy*. Which whether we do properly or not, I will not ſtay to enquire; but avail myſelf of it, to the preſent purpoſe, by conſidering it as implying, that proper care might have been taken, and probably would have prevented things coming to ſuch a deſperate iſſue. For men are generally led by previous, and gentle ſteps, to crimes of an enormous dye. And if we chuſe to conſider the fact, as the conſequence of *Inſanity*, we ſhould do well in time to remove, whatever tends to bring on ſuch a melancholy diſpoſition. And in fact, whether it be from Pride, Diſappointment, or Deſpair, if no rational methods are uſed, to curb ſuch dangerous paſſions, the Blood and Spirits muſt ſink under the unremitting oppreſſion, and deſert the poſt, they might have maintained for the ſecurity of the Man.

If there are ſituations, and circumſtances, where the precept of the *Philoſopher* can do more than the preſcription of a *Phyſician*, by all means apply what help you may; but at all events the Body muſt be brought into better order, before the Mind is at liberty to purſue its natural biaſs; a biaſs ever tending to the defence of the Body; and abhorring a violent ſeparation from it. And this in ordinary circumſtances is often brought about, by ſuch a degree of exerciſe, and ſuch a choice of company, as haſtens the circulation into ſalutary briſkneſs; by ſuch inward applications, as tend to thin the viſcid blood, and reſolve obſtructions, and by every method that tends to make the Body a comfortable companion, and rational auxiliary to the Soul.

And

And this would in general operate as we could wiſh, on ſuch critical occaſions: Or at leaſt would contribute no inconſiderable ſhare toward the calling back a diſſatisfied, and deſponding mind, from venturing on the verge of that precipice of *horror*, from whence one ſtep farther plunges——into *Eternity's Abyſs*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Of Religion.

IT may poſſibly ſeem ſtrange, and at firſt ſight perhaps give offence, to have *Religion* introduced on this occaſion; eſpecially with a deſign of ſhewing, that it may be influenced by, and is in ſome degree dependant on, the power of *Medicine*. Is it not, may ſome haſty reader be apt to ſay, the acknowledged province of Religion, becauſe derived from Divine authority, to regulate by its own power the unruly paſſions; to ſubdue innate corruptions, and to bring the Body, and its offences, into proper ſubjection? And if ſo, is not the order of things here inverted; the cauſe miſtaken for the effect; if not occaſion given to draw a dangerous inference, that at this rate *Religion* may come to be proved the ſame with *Conſtitution?* To obviate ſuch unwarrantable, and undeſigned conſequences, and to render the propoſition not improbable, let it be remarked in the firſt place, that by Religion here, is not meant only the aſſent which the mind gives to divine truths; but the actual complying with whatever is commanded, and abſtaining from whatever is forbidden, eſpecially when it contradicts our warmeſt inclinations. And in what manner can ſuch a victory be ever obtained, if the Body is not at leaſt as tractable as the mind? But many Arguments may be brought to favor the aſſertion even in the firſt inſtance. Thus no reſolutions, however ſtrong, or reward, however conſiderable, could make that Man alert, or even keep himſelf awake, who had taken down a ſtrong opiate, inſtead of ſomething to recruit his Spirits; nor any Arguments of Religion make a Man, overpowered with drink, or inflamed with rage, to

be

be in an inſtant ſober, rational and calm; to liſten with attention, or to obey with alacrity, whatever was propoſed as the exact, and proper rule of his actions. Nothing leſs than a miraculous influence would here be neceſſary, which is entirely out of the queſtion. I am only hinting at the ordinary, and eſtabliſhed methods, by which truths are offered to the underſtanding; and by which mankind, in their impartial intervals, are readily brought to compliance. I ſay impartial intervals; inaſmuch as too great a portion of our active life, leans to a biaſs prejudicial to our true intereſt.

But I am warranted from the higheſt of all Authorities, no leſs than that of the ſacred Scriptures, to aſſert the neceſſity of a proper diſpoſition of the *Man*, to procure a ſerious belief, and conſcientious practice of the extenſive duties of the *Chriſtian*. I am aware of a ſolution of this, from a different power, the power of *Grace* in our Hearts. I ſuppoſe the meaning of this expreſſion univerſally underſtood; and I admit the awful truth in its utmoſt latitude. But this will rather confirm, than any way invalidate my reaſoning. For it is apparent, that the precepts "not to be full of wine wherein is exceſs;" "not to be angry "overmuch;" "to abſtain from fleſhly luſts," &c. can no other ways be underſtood of ſuch high importance, ſo fatal to Man's everlaſting welfare, but as they exclude, while indulged, the poſſibility of admitting ſerious, and ſalutary reflections; or if it were poſſible to admit them in ſuch moments of diſſipation, of improving them to the important purpoſes, for which they were graciouſly deſigned. And in either caſe, as far as the preſent reaſoning goes, Religion feels itſelf at a loſs, how to proceed for the ſafety of the Man.

But unfortunately it is not neceſſary to take up the ſubject in its moſt aggravated ſtate. For let Man be viewed in a much cooler, and more familiar path of life; and ſtill we ſhall have too much reaſon to ſuſpect, that his deviations from rectitude of ſentiment, and conduct, are no otherways the effect of want of

Religion,

Religion, than as he chuſes to keep himſelf in ſuch a conſtant diſſipation of pleaſure, ſuch a diſtraction of buſineſs, or ſuch a ſullenneſs of ſelf-intereſt, as utterly unqualifies him from liſtening to thoſe ſuggeſtions, which are ever at hand to direct him to his trueſt good. But principally diſqualified even in theſe inſtances, from a preter-natural, and noxious change introduced into the animal Oeconomy: Inaſmuch as abſtinence from unlawful indulgences; a withdrawing from the fatigue, and hurry of ſervile buſineſs; a bidding adieu to the ſordid ſlavery of an unbounded love of riches; ſets him at liberty to experience the exalted truths, and to ſhare the rapturous pleaſures of Virtue. And then ſuppoſe the Man once more to immerſe his powers in hurry and fatigue, and to give his Body to the exceſſes already mentioned; and he will experience the ſame ignorance of intellectual truths, and find the ſame inaptitude to purſue his real advantage.

The hardening of the *Heart* of *Pharaoh;* and making the *Heart* the ſeat of good and evil affections; the breakiug of the *Heart* with ſorrow, and the like, however they have a metaphorical meaning, will alſo admit of one, favorable to our preſent purpoſe. For man is a free agent, becauſe there is a capability in him of attending to the voice of truth, and of walking in the path of duty, and yet it is in his power, ſo to miſmanage himſelf, as to be incapable of doing either the one, or the other. The operations of the mind cannot be duly exerted, but in a proper conſtitution of bodily organs. In death, *not at all*; in ſome diſeaſes *imperfectly*; in the tumult of vicious affections, *improperly*. The chief and moſt important ſeat then of corporeal influence, exerting itſelf againſt the benevolent intentions of the Soul, muſt be the *Blood* with its fountain the *Heart*; and therefore it is not without reaſon made the ſource, or efficient cauſe, of many miſchiefs, the *Body* brings on the *mind*.

A Man may firmly believe all the truths of the Goſpel, acknowledge the propriety, as well as the obligation he is under,

to bear with inſults, to forgive injuries, to abſtain at all events from embruing his hands in blood; and yet let this Man be but raiſed to a proper degree of paſſion, and he will dare not only to curſe his *enemy*, but to ſtab his *friend*: and then in the interval of a very few minutes he ſhall ſee, acknowledge, and lament his *crime;* that is, when (as we properly expreſs it) the *heat* of his *paſſion* is over, and the *Man* (that is, his *blood*) is once more cool. Hence in proportion to the readineſs with which ſome conſtitutions are inclined to ſudden commotions of the blood beyond others, ariſes the propenſity to more frequent offences againſt decency and duty. And therefore I hope it is by this time made ſufficiently apparent that the keeping in due temper the fluids, and ſolids of the Body, whether by a prudent attention to the nature, and quantity of our nouriſhment; the times and degrees of our exerciſe; the conſtant, and ſuitable employment of the active powers of the mind; that this, I ſay, has a natural aptitude to lay us open to the conviction of religious truths, and to make us pliant to be directed in our behavior, by its laws. And then (to borrow the words of an admired Author) "to what a bleſſed harmony would it tune the world! What "order and peace would it introduce! There would then be no "oppreſſive Governors, or mutinous Subjects: no unnatural "Parents, or contumacious Children; no idle Shepherds, or "ſtraying Flocks: None of thoſe domeſtic jarrs which often "diſquiet, and ſometimes ſubvert families.—All would be calm "and ſerene, and give us in reality that *golden age*, of which "the Poets did but *dream*."

This may perhaps be thought too great a bleſſing, to ſpring from ſo inconſiderable a ſource, as the feeding on acorns; ſlaking the thirſt at a cryſtal ſpring; or any other inſtance of *primæval* abſtinence and *ruſtic* ſimplicity. Yet if Poets ſometimes feign, miſrepreſent, or laviſhly adorn their Subject, (and who doubts but that they often do all this) yet whence ſhall we derive the

received

received notion, of a more untainted age of manners; how account for the concurring alluſions of ſo many reputable writers, but from their drawing their moſt intereſting ſcenes from Nature herſelf, and handing down to us, what they had received from their Predeceſſors, as the repreſentation of the earlier purity of manners?

But if we cannot ſo readily give our aſſent to ſuch propoſitions, becauſe depending on uncertain teſtimony; we may truſt (I preſume) to the ſacred Records; where there are ſufficient tokens of plainneſs of diet, ſimplicity of ornament, and unaffectedneſs of conduct, beyond almoſt conception or compariſon. And from the ſame Records we learn (when other cuſtoms prevailed) that ſuitable conſequences were as invariably ſeen to ariſe, Rebellion, and every offenſive ſpecies of foul ingratitude, being the returns made to the kindneſs of an indulgent Providence; and fullneſs ever proving the parent of *diſcontent* and *Sin*.

Would it have been thus, if ſuch cauſes did not naturally tend to produce ſuch proportional effects? Would not one miracle more, have been ſuperadded to the repeated, and amazing number, which the favoured Nation experienced, to have kept it from ſuch groſs offence? But perhaps Providence ſaw fit to leave Man to the neceſſary conſequences of actions, the tendencies of which he was endued with ſenſe enough to diſcover, and which he knew it was in his own power to bring on, or avoid.

But the very ceremonies, and rites of *Religion* itſelf, ſeem in ſome countries to have been entirely modelled, by the propenſities, and diſpoſitions of the Inhabitants. The *Lupanaria* were certainly never inſtituted in honor of *Continence*; nor the combat of *Gladiators* to promote *Pity*. A large and fruitful crop of deteſtable vices would unavoidably ariſe from ſeeds, that were ſo diffuſively ſcattered, as were thoſe of unbounded *ſenſuality*,

ſenſuality, and brutal *ferocity*, in the capital of the *Roman Empire*. So that vicious propenſities, and wicked habits, may not only counteract the benign influence of *Religion*, but even ſometimes give it a total overthrow; and then transfer its name, and give the ſanction of its authority, to the moſt impure and deteſtable *Crimes*.

CON.

CONCLUSION.

BUT I haſten in the laſt place to a melancholy conſideration with reſpect to the ſubject of *Health:* Which is, that how great ſoever are its bleſſings to the *Individual*, or the *Public*, it ſtands expoſed not only to dangers which cannot be foreſeen; or foreſeen, could not be prevented: But to ſome that are foreſeen, felt, not prevented, but (what is more extraordinary) encouraged. The wiſdom and piety of the Legiſlature recommends the extirpation of *Immorality* as the beſt means to ſecure public, as well as private happineſs; this is the language of the Preſs, the Pulpit, and the Throne. If *Health* then may be deemed a bleſſing of ſo diffuſive a nature as to affect the *manners*, as well as the *proſperity* of a people, can we help lamenting that *injudicious books*, *miſtaken zeal*, and *pernicious patents* ſhould join their formidable forces to deſtroy ſo great a *Good?*

Ignorance, or *Knavery*, in this arduous profeſſion, is the *Herod* that murders ſuch troops of *Innocents* from two years old, and under, who might reaſonably have been preſumed (at leaſt a conſiderable part of them) to have been formed capable of reaching the proper period, when they might have been an ornament, or defence to their Country. But not only the promiſing bloſſoms, but the ripening fruit of merit, is doomed to fall by the ſame peſtilential blaſt. So that when the ſword of foreign diſcord is ſheathed by *Peace* abroad; the lives of *Engliſhmen*, are ſtill liable to be deſtroyed by *Poiſon*, at home.

With reſpect to *Books*—can it be ſuppoſed, that three or four preſcriptions, of different, and even oppoſite tendencies, and directed for the ſame diſeaſe, can have any better chance of being applied ſucceſsfully to the reſtoration of Health, than the *Atoms* of *Epicurus* to the conſtruction of a *World?*

But miſchief may be done, where the intent was good. I am afraid this is the caſe with ſome reverend and zealous oppoſers of a cuſtom which has all the arguments in favor of its perfect eſtabliſhment, that a rational theory, and a ſucceſsful practice can ſupply. And in a diſeaſe ſo generally fatal before this invention, as deſervedly to rank it among the ſevereſt ſcourges of Providence.

I know it is pleaded in defence of *patent Medicines*, that they were originally the preſcriptions of eminent practitioners in Phyſic. This perhaps may in part be true. But what will this avail in their defence? No prudent Phyſician preſcribes the ſame remedy to the ſame patient, even in the ſame diſeaſe, if circumſtances materially vary. And change of weather, conſtitution, and the very age of Man, are *conſtantly* introducing ſome *material* changes.

A deſignation of diſeaſes by *general appellations*, is another ſource of fatal errors. Of how extenſive a ſignification is the word *Fever?* From what different cauſes may it ariſe; with what various and even diſcording ſymptoms is it ſometimes attended; and yet how *compendiouſly* is it offered to be cured! A Colic is another of thoſe undiſtinguiſhing names that muſt ever impoſe on the *unwary;* and accordingly, we generally ſee it among the lower claſs of Mankind, particularly, nurſed with every thing *comfortable* and *cordial;* till by adding ſufficient fuel to the internal flame, the Diſeaſe and the Patient are *conſumed* together. In ſhort, what can be expected, but horrid devaſtation of *Lives*, where one remedy is conſtantly, and confidently applied for diſorders, differing in every circumſtance, but a *miſapplied* reſemblance of *Names*.

There is indeed a ſet of worthy, and ingenious members of the *Faculty*, who do every thing in their power to ſtand in the breach, and to defend the lives of their Countrymen from ſuch dangerous attacks: Who employ the Authority with which they are inveſted as a *College*, in vindicating the genuine honor of

Phyſic,

Phyſic, and preventing the practice of it from being entruſted in deſperate, or deſigning hands. But the evils here complained of, are perhaps of too complicated a nature for their power alone to prevent. And indeed ſhould the Public at any time be leſs careful of Life, and Health, than of ſuch imaginary advantages, as, without Health, it would be incapable of taſting, there would be no room to hope for a proper reformation, till it aroſe from ſuch a ſenſe of neceſſity, ſuch a painful experience, as it is earneſtly wiſhed ſuch hints as theſe may in ſome meaſure prevent.

Without entering into a thorough examination of what might probably increaſe the powers and extend the utility of the art of healing, I ſhall finiſh what I have farther to ſay on this head, at preſent, with a ſingle, but an important Obſervation.

I take it for an indiſputable fact, that without a knowledge of the ſtructure of the Body, every attempt to keep it in Health, to repair its decays, or reſtore it to its priſtine vigor, muſt prove unſucceſsful. And *Medicine*, in ſuch circumſtances, would fall into as great diſgrace as even a *Moliere*, or a *Montaigne* could wiſh. Unſupported by facts, and unenlightened by experience, what could it forbid, foretel, or promiſe on rational, or ſatisfactory grounds? It would then be indeed as conjectural and deluſive, as its warmeſt oppoſers have aſſerted. But if opportunities are not given under the ſanction of Law, for a ſufficient number of Subjects to be diſſected by the numerous Students of Phyſic in this Kingdom, they muſt be obtained at all events. And if methods have ſometimes been uſed, that offend the decorum due to the dead, or the dignity of the laws of the land, it muſt have ariſen from ſuch cauſes, as might well deſerve the ſerious attention of the Legiſlature. Whether the Bodies of all Malefactors *indiſcriminately*, might not after execution be conſigned to ſuch uſes, as well as the Bodies of Murderers, muſt be left to higher powers to determine. Thoſe of the laſt ſort being generally confined to the reſpective neighborhood in which they

ſuffer,

ſuffer, makes them not extenſively uſeful; beſides that it is to be hoped that the number of ſuch wretches, will always be comparatively ſmall. Add to this, that the *natural* appearance and diſpoſition of parts, is as neceſſary to be known, as the changes of them introduced by *Diſeaſe;* and if this can be learnt from ſuch as die in *Hoſpitals;* the former will be plainer in thoſe who ſuffer at the *Tree.*

Upon the whole——Whoever would be happy himſelf, or contribute to happineſs in others, muſt guard againſt ſuch attacks upon, and innovations of, his *conſtitution,* as tend to introduce diſquieting and irregular appetites in himſelf, and to extend them (by a kind of unavoidable communication) to the diſturbance of his *Country,* his *Neighbor,* or his *Friend.*

MORAL

MORAL AND MEDICAL

DIALOGUES.

MORAL AND MEDICAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

SOPHRONIUS, HORTENSIUS, CLEANTHES, and PHILALETHES.

SOPHRONIUS.

WELCOME, my friends, to this pleaſant retirement; where ſheltered from the buſtle and impertinence of public life, we ſteal a few hours for the enjoyment of chearful converſation.

CLEANTHES.

Indulgences of this kind, ſeem as neceſſary as a calm after a ſtorm; that the powers of nature may have time to recruit, and become equal to the buſy ſcenes in which mortality is ſo often engaged.

PHILALETHES.

There are other advantages likewiſe to be derived from theſe friendly meetings; ſuch as, the free diſcuſſion of topics, in which all men do not agree, and yet, in which all men, more or leſs, are materially concerned: For here the diſputant need not fear to offer the moſt trifling reaſon, becauſe his antagoniſt contradicts with candor, and calmly waits a reply.

HORTENSIUS.

I acknowledge that when this is the caſe, much benefit may ariſe from a ſet of ſenſible people meeting together, to diſcourſe on uſeful topics.——But do all companies meet and part on ſuch friendly terms?

PHILALETHES.

I am afraid not. Truth itſelf may be defended with too much acrimony; and ſelf-love may impoſe ſhadows for realities on the mind. And even though reaſon herſelf be of the party, it ſometimes happens that clamor and poſitiveneſs are too loud to ſuffer *her ſtill ſmall voice* to be heard.

SOPHRONIUS.

For which reaſon, in theſe meetings, we obſerve the following rule: That each, in his turn, ſhall propoſe a ſubject of which he happens to be fond; and of which, therefore, there is the more probability he has made himſelf maſter; and then every one is at liberty to offer his objections; or to paſs over, and become an auxiliary to the diſputant of the day.

HORTENSIUS.

Very fair and equitable; and though my youth prevents my preſuming to inſtruct others, it renders me a fitter object of improvement myſelf.

PHILALETHES.

Though your modeſty may reſtrain you from beginning a debate, yet your good ſenſe qualifies you for, and, if I am not miſtaken, your vivacity will inſenſibly draw you into, mixing your ſentiments with ours.

HOR-

HORTENSIUS.

So it proceeds not from an impertinent forwardneſs, I am content to take my chance; however undeſerving of the compliment you are pleaſed to pay me.

SOPHRONIUS.

If I remember right, it is with CLEANTHES to begin.

CLEANTHES.

An ingenious writer has obſerved, that when the mind has been long engaged in a particular train of thought, it is difficult for it to diſengage itſelf, ſo as to paſs readily to another. I offer this as an apology for my venturing again on a ſubject, to which I have more than once already beſpoke your attention, when I endeavored to ſhew, that the ſtructure of the body did not neceſſarily influence the morals of the man: Nay, I went a ſtep farther, and ſuppoſed, that a judicious management of the body might eventually become the happineſs of kingdoms as well as of individuals; thus ſowing, as it were, the ſeeds of characters, on medicated ground.

Few, I believe, diſpute the power of conſtitution to determine propenſities, or that from thence many ſalutary or hurtful actions flow: But that ſuch propenſities are greatly dependant on the body, very much in our power, and therefore to be ſought for and regulated, at their fountain head, will not, I am afraid, be ſo eaſily allowed me; but if a conqueſt can be gained at any rate over the unruly paſſions, I am content; let the methods employed be what they may.

PHILALETHES.

Proceed then, CLEANTHES, to examine the ſubject which you ſeem to hint has ſome connection with your former enquiries.

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

Give me leave then, PHILALETHES, to ſuſpect, that the ſufferings of human nature are not fairly ſtated, when we make them the almoſt unavoidable conſequence of the body's ſtructure: There is, I know not how, an unfortunate bias which carries us to the leſs eligible ſide of things. We are in general more prone to cenſure than to commend, to repine and murmur, than to be pleaſed.——It is taken for granted that we have, or think we have, reaſon to countenance this conduct; and it is of this, I take the liberty to doubt.

PHILALETHES.

You enquire therefore, whether Man with his preſent ſtructure is, upon the whole, as happy as Providence deſigned him. The enquiry is entertaining.

CLEANTHES.

Say rather important, PHILALETHES; for on the right underſtanding of this point, depends, I conceive, the eſſential welfare of rational beings; for who will offer the incenſe of praiſe and thankſgiving to the benevolent Creator, who looks upon his body as the prolific parent of continued and unavoidable wretchedneſs; and to whoſe influence and dominion, he ſuppoſes ſubject, the order or irregularity of his paſſions, and the exertion of powers, for which he is one day to account? Can content in theory, or philanthropy in practice be reaſonably expected, where reflection is taught to dwell on ſo much connate miſery? and will not human nature be apt to leap the bounds of duty, and try to make itſelf amends for ſuch years of ſuffering, by ſome hours of diſſipation, or ſome minutes of guilty pleaſure? Can we ſee men ſo frequently bewildered in theſe errors, and not lend a friendly hand to guide them? Can we refuſe to diſperſe the clouds that thus benight their underſtanding, when by ſhewing them reaſon

to

to be content with their condition, we might lead them perhaps by degrees, to be wiſer in their choice.

HORTENSIUS.

I ſhall fulfil PHILALETHES' prophecy. I cannot help interrupting CLEANTHES, to obſerve, that all antiquity and daily experience, give a very different account of this matter.

CLEANTHES.

I acknowledge, that the condition of human nature has never been much the ſubject of panegyric; but on the contrary, the uniform and repeated occaſion of much melancholy diſcuſſion in all ages. Paſſages are laid hold of, and quotations produced, without attending to any connection of argument, or propriety of inference. It is much eaſier to join in general declamation, eſpecially on popular topics, than to examine, in order to diſprove; eſpecially if there be any thing of conſiderable deference due to the authority produced on ſuch occaſions. We ſcarce care to examine whether any favorable interpretation can be put on paſſages of this ſort in Scripture. Man's troubles, compared with the ſparks that fly upward, or with the ſands upon the ſea ſhore, are formidable repreſentations againſt us—That ſober and reflecting men, ſecluding themſelves from the tumult of life, on purpoſe to give themſelves up to the ſtudy of wiſdom, and hence ſtiled Philoſophers, that theſe too in their retirement ſhould ſtill draw the ſame gloomy picture of human miſery, is a corroborating evidence in the affair: And can we wonder that the opinion thus handed down and enforced, ſhould become a part of our moral Creed?

HORTENSIUS.

But ſuppoſing we ſtrain the texts of Scripture too far, and that Poets and Philoſophers rather indulge a paſſion for flowery deſcription, than really deſcribe the ſtate of nature, may we not

truſt

truſt the evidence of our own ſenſes; and does not our own experience juſtify the aſſertion, of man being born to trouble? I hardly think you mean to contradict ſo evident a propoſition.

CLEANTHES.

You ſay true: But I mean to reſtrain and qualify it, by examining the intrinſic weight of ſome of the evils complained of; endeavoring to diminiſh their force and number, and, when poſſible, to change their nature.

SOPHRONIUS.

But ſurely, CLEANTHES, you have treated the Philoſophers a little ſeverely.—The *Stoics* at leaſt are ready to range on your ſide—for if there be no ſuch thing as pain, the ſufferings of the body will almoſt vaniſh entirely.

CLEANTHES.

Objections ſtarted for the ſake of keeping up the ſpirit of a debate, are allowable; for I am very ſure my friend is not ſerious in the obſervation.—The pride of Philoſophy was indiſputably the principle and ſupport of the *Stoics* apathy.——If *Poſidonius* affected to triumph over pain, it was before an illuſtrious witneſs, and when his lectures gave him the pleaſing hope of immortal fame.—" Pain, thou mayeſt torment me, but I will " never acknowledge thee to be an evil," is a ſpeech above the abilities of the moſt chriſtian reſignation; and therefore never could be the real voice of Philoſophy, and eſpecially of that kind of it, falſly ſo called.

PHILALETHES.

It has been ſuſpected, and perhaps with juſtice, that the firſt founders of philoſophic ſects among the ancients, were more reaſonable both in principles and practice, than their enthuſiaſtic ſucceſſors: Thus their indolence, by degrees came to be miſtaken for

for voluptuouſneſs, their reſolution for apathy, and their modeſt deſire of being rightly informed, is now exaggerated into univerſal doubting.

CLEANTHES.

Take it in any light you will, it is not material to my preſent purpoſe. The Chriſtian Hero, and the Pagan Senſualiſt, imbibing their doctrines from far different ſchools, muſt differ as remarkably in ſentiment and behavior:——But as all were not Pagan Senſualiſts formerly, neither are all Chriſtian Heroes now——therefore the argument ſtands thus——that unaſſiſted human nature, ſurrounded by temptations, and obnoxious to ſuffering, will probably try to lay the fault, and throw the load of infamy, on ſecond cauſes, indiſpoſed or averſe to examine, to what height of content or comfort mankind may arrive, even in this preſent ſtate of unfavorable circumſtances.

PHILALETHES.

Willing as I am to believe that every thing is ordered for the beſt, with reſpect to all the creation, yet to us who ſee ſo little at once, of the large comprehenſive ſcheme of Providence, and of which ſome parts never can be ſeen by us at all; difficulties relating to ourſelves muſt frequently occur. But leaving all abſtruſe ſpeculation, proceed to defend the cauſe you have undertaken, in what manner you think beſt. We ſhall hear you patiently, and be convinced if we can.

HORTENSIUS.

I wiſh CLEANTHES would indulge us with a definition of health, as of a ſtate which ſeems eſſential to that happy condition to which he has undertaken to prove mankind may arrive. To judge by common appearances, ſhe is but a ſtranger gueſt, and rarely viſits the habitations of men.

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

Your requeſt is not only reaſonable but neceſſary, as upon the right underſtanding of what is meant by health, will depend much of what I have to offer.

SOPHRONIUS.

You have hampered CLEANTHES in aſking for a definition.

CLEANTHES.

I confeſs I am not fond of them. I do not (except in a few caſes) think them the moſt uſeful handmaids to ſcience. In the inſtance before us, we are rather told what health is not. than what it is: Or if poſitively defined, 'tis like a grammar rule, true, but with numberleſs exceptions.

SOPHRONIUS.

How would you determine then what is health?

CLEANTHES.

By a certain experience, of which all men are judges, better than by any words, or form of deſcription.

SOPHRONIUS.

But you think the deſire of it, is very natural and commendable, Cleanthes?

CLEANTHES.

Health, SOPHRONIUS, could it really exiſt adequate to the idea formed of it, would promiſe the faireſt, as it would approach the neareſt to the ſummit of earthly happineſs: And no attempt can be more prudent, no labor more profitable, than what is employed to invite and detain this valuable gueſt. I know not what ſelf-enjoyment, what diffuſive benevolence, what exalted efforts of goodneſs, what fervors of piety might not ſpring from,

and,

and flouriſh in ſuch a temperature of body, joined to a religious diſpoſition of ſoul.—But this ſtate is ſomewhat rare.

PHILALETHES.

Nor ſurely can this ſeem ſtrange, CLEANTHES, when we conſider the neceſſary conditions to conſtitute it; ſuch as that neither in the ſolids, nor in the fluids, nor in the motion of the fluids through the ſolids, muſt there be the leaſt defect or irregularity, though we are placed among ſo many enemies to this our peaceful ſtructure, as the elements, the ſeaſons, the paſſions, the temptations, and the thouſand accidents and dangers in life: So that as he is the beſt man in a moral light, who has the feweſt faults; he is the healthieſt in a medical one, who has the feweſt complaints.

CLEANTHES.

And for this reaſon GALEN argues very ſenſibly, when he ſays, " *Non abſoluta ipſa eſt nec indiviſibilis ſimul quæ eſt, et dicitur* " *Sanitas: verum etiam quæ ab hac deficit, modo uſibus noſtris non* " *ſit inepta;*" and in another place, " *perfecte ſanus nemo dici* " *poteſt, ſed ſani dicuntur, qui nulla parte dolent, et qui ad vitæ* " *munera haudquaquam ſunt impediti.*"

SOPHRONIUS.

Nay ſome will tell us that health conſiſts rather in the abſence of pain than in the perception of pleaſure—that there is nothing poſitive in it; that we feel it not while we have it, and know it only by its oppoſite ſtate: And that therefore this ſo much celebrated bleſſing of health, proves at laſt a chimæra, and eludes our reſearch.

CLEANTHES.

Senſeleſs declamation on the wretchedneſs of our nature, however meant as an arraignment of Providence, is in fact a Satire on ourſelves. But let us erect, for a while, a temple to the

goddeſs *Salus*, and ſee in what unaccountable ways, men ſolicit her favor——Some approach her with all the rigor and auſterity of ſelf-denial, and an anxious contradiction of their moſt innocent inclinations—others aſſault her temple with bacchanalian jollity, and fancy themſelves able to take the goddeſs by ſtorm——while a third kind of men doubt of, and diſpute her exiſtence, neither courting her favor, nor fearing her frowns. And yet after all, there is in every one of us that power, to a certain degree, which we thus fooliſhly invoke, or raſhly deſpiſe; a certain conſtitutional arrangement of parts, which by reciprocal aptitudes form the whole of corporeal man; and which kept in order, give room for the ſoul to promote ſuch tranquil or pleaſurable ſenſations, as conſtitute that ſtate, which we generally mean by health, in contradiſtinction to diſeaſe; or a certain condition of the human body, exempt from ſickneſs and pain.

HORTENSIUS.

But I am not yet convinced, that Providence has left it ſo much in our power to avoid this evil as you ſeem to inſinuate.——If this can be proved, you will have removed a great difficulty, I confeſs.

CLEANTHES.

And why not? Conſider only, and ſeriouſly reflect on the never-failing mercies of the great Author of our nature. The fall of man was ſcarce compleated by the wicked artifices of the Devil, than an amazing remedy was found for ſo aſtoniſhing a loſs: And it cannot be doubted, but that in wrath there was mercy extended to the bodies, as well as to the ſouls of men? It does not appear from the ſacred records, that there was any thing at that time ſo abſolutely miſerable entailed on the human race, as to warrant general murmurs, or peeviſh diſcontent; much leſs invectives againſt Providence in this reſpect. The Patriarchs and their deſcendants were liable indeed to death as

we

we are; but they lived to a great age, in uncommon vigor, and (as far as we can collect) with little interruption of health.

PHILALETHES.

But we find their longevity decreasing, in every succession after the flood, and fewer marks of that vigor, the more removed men became from their first parent.

CLEANTHES.

True, PHILALETHES, and therefore, after this period, we find the painful situation of mankind accounted (I had almost said apologized) for, by that tender Being, whose mercies are over all his works——But if bodily sufferings should at any time be found necessary, and useful preparatives to introduce a change finally and eternally beneficial to the creature, how can we doubt but that the darker clouds of bodily suffering, have yet some streams of light to gild the solemn scene?—It is, I trust, only the fate of the finally condemned, to suffer unceasing torture—a fever, which knows no remission; a thirst, no abatement; agonies without support, or horrors without end.—But this is a consideration that more properly belongs to another branch of this enquiry.

HORTENSIUS.

But I cannot see how this wretched earth, these jarring elements, this diminished vigor, can conduce to any thing like happiness, when compared with those earlier scenes of bliss.—Nor can I, by casting my eyes abroad, see those symptoms of satisfaction, which your argument aims to prove, is yet the lot of man.

CLEANTHES.

A wrong manner of taking the measure of human happiness, has given rise to a multiplicity of errors, and perhaps to none more frequently than to that, we are now considering.

HORTENSIUS.

Do you ſuppoſe that an earthly Paradiſe, would not ſtill be ſuch to the preſent race, as it was to ADAM?

CLEANTHES.

I do indeed——I believe that were ſuch a happy ſpot ſtill exiſting, and man not prohibited from taking poſſeſſion, it would not furniſh him with ſuch rapturous ſenſations in his preſent ſtate, as it did our firſt parents, before the fall.

PHILALETHES.

From ſome alteration in ourſelves, perhaps.

CLEANTHES.

Undoubtedly——Sin and diſeaſe have introduced viſible changes into the nature of the human œconomy. We know by experience that ſome ſounds are now too pleaſing, ſome ſcents too powerful for our nature to bear without uneaſineſs; and that the brightneſs of faded creation, is even yet ſufficiently great, to oblige us to view it with a prudent caution.

SOPHRONIUS.

Nor would our inclinations and purſuits probably agree with the nature of the primæval paradiſe.

CLEANTHES.

I was juſt going to aſſert as much.——What would become of modern health without exerciſe? Yet what could prompt to labor, in a land luxuriantly plentiful, and ſpontaneouſly pouring forth unmeaſurable profuſion? If eaſe, or indolence; if a conſtant ſucceſſion of pleaſurable ſenſations were adapted to the nature of the firſt man in a ſtate of innocence, it is certain far other comforts are become the lot of his fallen deſcendants; but comforts there are ſtill; and ſufficient to make the preſent world, though

though inferior in bliſs to the garden of Eden, neither a melancholy vale of ever-flowing tears; nor a deſert gloomy as the ſhadow of death.

SOPHRONIUS.

If we are not careful in our explanation of certain paſſages on this ſubject, we ſhall form notions of our nature very diſſonant from facts. If we underſtand that ſaying in too literal a ſenſe, that God has made men little lower than the angels, we ſhall be apt to exalt his character too high; but if we cloath him with that mortality which is his undoubted birth-right, we ſhall find him allied to many ſorrows, and intimately acquainted with many griefs.

CLEANTHES.

Your diſtinction is very proper—I would only beg leave to add, that there ſeem to be certain degrees of perfection in the human frame, adapted to the ſenſations it is deſigned at different times to ſhare—The moſt conſummate, diveſts it of all terreſtrial incumbrances, and gives it a celeſtial nature—The compleateſt below this was probably that of ADAM, co-operating at firſt with the perfection of every thing about him—His poſterity, it is confeſſed, are caſt in a more imperfect mould, but ſtill capable of comforts in a higher degree, and more in number, than we are grateful enough to own, or prudent enough to ſecure. But we may talk of this ſome other time, the ſhades of evening admoniſh me to retire.

SOPHRONIUS.

CLEANTHES, you have obliged us much, but at the ſame time ſo raiſed our expectations of what is yet to come, that we muſt intreat your return to us again, and that we may have your company to-morrow.

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

I will do myſelf then the pleaſure of waiting on you again, but will not diſturb you too early.

SOPHRONIUS.

There is no great danger that you will; for few leave their bed at this time of year ſooner than myſelf. I value an hour in the morning, as an ingenious Writer expreſſes it, as much as the libertine does one at midnight, and find in it the ſame beauties which he ſo elegantly deſcribes.

CLEANTHES.

Farewell then my friends.

ALL.

We are yours, CLEANTHES.

DIALOGUE II.

SOPHRONIUS, HORTENSIUS, CLEANTHES, and PHILALETHES.

SOPHRONIUS.

NOW that we are once more aſſembled, and have refreſhed ourſelves with a temperate repaſt, we ſhall be glad if CLEANTHES will reſume the ſubject, where he left it yeſterday.

PHILALETHES.

I think, SOPHRONIUS, the ſubſtance of CLEANTHES' laſt obſervation amounted to this: That a relative fitneſs between our natures, and the objects of ſenſe, is the true foundation of that pleaſant or tolerable ſituation of man, which conſtitutes health or happineſs; and that an unlucky diſproportion in this matter, or abſolute oppoſition to this fitneſs, creates moſt of the diſturbances and miſeries of which we complain.

CLEANTHES.

You take my meaning very right——and this poſition will lead us to conſider our ſtructure on a more extenſive plan, than we are commonly accuſtomed to do; we are apt to determine haſtily, and in a contracted manner, on a ſubject of conſiderable latitude: When we reaſon on the mind or diſpoſition, we proceed by a fairer rule; we agree almoſt unanimouſly, that it is impoſſible to determine, what muſt neceſſarily be pleaſing or diſpleaſing to another.—But when we come to diſcourſe of the body, and its functions, we draw a very little circle around it, within whoſe ſcanty limits we place the ſeat of all enjoyment, while all beyond

is

is diſappointment, diſcontent, and ſuffering.—We know where the ſhoe pinches, better than thoſe who wear it; and are almoſt ready to ſay, it ought to pinch, whether it does or no.—Not ſo, the wiſeſt, as well as the kindeſt of Beings; He has formed men in ſo amazing, ſo advantageous a manner, that each ſex, with their variety, temperature, ſtructure and diſpoſition, cannot but meet with ſomething relatively agreable, in almoſt every condition of exiſtence; whence country and climate, employment, ſituation and events, are all, at different times, and under certain circumſtances, reconcileable with human happineſs.

HORTENSIUS.

But how does this appear?

CLEANTHES.

Take one inſtance, HORTENSIUS, in which this truth appears ſo very plain, that inſtead of denying it, we lend it all the aſſiſtance we can; even borrowing in its favor, the ornaments of rhetoric and harmony of numbers; and this in an inſtance where (if ever) we ſhould leaſt of all expect to be thus employed.

PHILALETHES.

I almoſt gueſs what you are going to ſay: but proceed.

CLEANTHES.

I mean in the accompliſhment of that awful threatning at the fall of ADAM; "that he, and his poſterity, ſhould earn their bread "with the ſweat of their brow;" and yet what ſavory meals, what ſatisfaction and pleaſure, does not, or may not flow, from this very ſituation of life? And therefore flow——not from an abſolute neceſſity in general of bodily fatigue to happineſs, but from the ſuitableneſs of its nature to the robuſt make, and untutored ſtrength of thouſands. If however, the clown ſhould be perſuaded out of his happineſs, by holding up to him a flattering portrait

portrait of refin'd enjoyments, let him try the change, and be as happy as idleneſs and ſoft amuſement can make him: when being incapable of acquiring new ſenſations, and out of the reach of his natural ones, he will own himſelf formed for a rougher taſk; and that a life of labor is to him a life of ſweets.

HORTENSIUS.

What a pity it is your clown is not qualified to lament in numbers——

——pol me occidiſtis amici
Non ſervaſtis——cui ſic extorta voluptas.

CLEANTHES.

Be as jocular as you will, HORTENSIUS, but you cannot deny the fact. The greateſt obſtacle in this, as in other caſes, to the attainment of truth, is prejudice, whether of liking or diſtaſte, and very hard to be removed. It has been prettily obſerved, that people will hunt, as it were, for reaſons to confirm firſt impreſſions, in compliment to their own ſagacity; nor is it every mind that has the ingenuity to confeſs itſelf miſtaken every time it finds itſelf wrong.——And ſo much for our clown.

HORTENSIUS.

I muſt confeſs you have made him a very rational being, and capable to inſtruct his betters. But go on, if you pleaſe, to remove thoſe many difficulties which ſeem to oppoſe your paſſage.

CLEANTHES.

Upon a ſimilar plan of reaſoning, I go on to ſuppoſe, that we judge very improperly, when we conſign over to inevitable miſery, and a wretched prolongation of life, all ſuch as live by occupations that appear diſagreeable to us; that we know to be

hazardous and ſometimes fatal. For is it ſtrictly true, that a given occupation, as ſuch, ſhall prove certainly detrimental to all who undertake it; and that even to a certain point and degree? I am confident I am authoriſed to ſay, it is not; and to aſſert, that the diſpoſition of men towards the vaſt variety of employments of every kind, depends on a particular frame of mind, and force of conſtitution, in conſequence of which they neither dread, or experience the miſeries which the ſtander-by is apt to fix as their inevitable lot.—And hence, not only with content, but with indiſputable marks of mirth, do the poor enter on undertakings of the moſt alarming nature, to the eye, and apprehenſion of the public.

SOPHRONIUS.

There ſeems a good deal of probability in what you ſay, CLEANTHES, and indeed what would become of the world if it were otherwiſe? There would then be an immenſe number of human beings daily delivered over to certain perdition of health, and miſerable ſenſations, who from their own private ſituation, and that of human affairs, muſt unavoidably enter the liſts with theſe formidable antagoniſts, or be obliged to want neceſſaries themſelves, and to diſtreſs the public.

CLEANTHES.

And yet neither the one nor the other of theſe, is (in my opinion) abſolutely neceſſary. The indigent may purſue moſt occupations, with little or leſs detriment than the rich can wallow in luxury, and exceſs of riot—and the apparent inconveniences that are ſometimes attendant on poverty, are equalled, if not exceeded by thoſe, that ſpring from the abuſe of riches.

PHILALETHES.

But you do not pretend to deny, that certain trades and employments have in themſelves a natural tendency to impair health; or that they really do ſo on ſome occaſions?

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

Certainly not—Many have undoubtedly fallen a ſacrifice to the unhealthy ſituation in which they were placed—but this is no more a certain proof of the abſolute fatality of an employment, than it would be of the unavoidable conſequence of a tempeſt, that one ſheep or horſe ſhould periſh, when hundreds eſcape; or that ten trees ſhould be blaſted out of a crowded wood.

SOPHRONIUS.

There are more reaſons probably aſſignable in favor of your argument, CLEANTHES, than the general one you hinted at juſt now.

CLEANTHES.

Thoſe I have, are at your ſervice—Such as, that among this claſs of men, either natural ſtrength of conſtitution, the advantage of uſe and habit, or ſome prudential cuſtoms known to, and practiſed by artificers in their reſpective ſituations, do carry the greater part of them with ſafety through their danger.

SOPHRONIUS.

If the king of Pontus could ſo familiariſe his conſtitution to poiſon, that no application of that kind could ever kill him, why may not artificers accuſtom themſelves to deal with danger, and to handle deadly things, yet eſcape unhurt?

CLEANTHES.

Beſides all which, a very conſiderable portion of thoſe who are obliged to labor hard for food, are uſually addicted to ſuch exceſs in the article of liquor, as almoſt exculpates their calling from having any ſhare in their miſery; and would have made them an eaſy prey to diſeaſe and ſuffering, had their lot been caſt in a much more promiſing ground.

PHILALETHES.

And may we not add another cauſe, the real diſtreſſes of the deſerving poor, whether from modeſty, misfortune, or the difficulty of procuring the neceſſaries of life, owing to a real or pretended ſcarcity? In which caſe we may comprehend how labor of any kind meerly as ſuch, may become detrimental to health, and too great a burden for ſo much wretchedneſs to bear. And can we wonder that nature in ſuch a ſinking ſituation (eſpecially uninſtructed by education, and unaſſiſted by religion) ſhould graſp at any twig of momentary relief, or catch at the temporary ſupport of liquor, when it cannot obtain the more durable refreſhment of food?

CLEANTHES.

Indeed I am willing to make great allowances for the Irregularities of which the poor are apt to be guilty on theſe occaſions, yet too often I fear they are to blame. But to finiſh this part of my argument, as very different means will ſometimes bring men into very ſimilar diſtreſſes, it is impoſſible for opinion alone to determine, what degree of health would have fallen to any perſon's ſhare in this or that particular trade or ſituation of life—At leaſt it is certain, that there is ſcarce a diſtemper to which the laboring world is deem'd peculiarly ſubject, which is not, at one time or other, the lot of the higher ranks of life.

HORTENSIUS.

Pardon me, CLEANTHES, if I raiſe another difficulty. While I was purſuing my ſtudies in the Univerſity, I dipped into an Author, of whom I know not whether he pleaſed me more with the elegance of his ſtile, and variety of his learning, or terrified me, with the dreadful picture of the ſufferings of tradeſmen.

CLEANTHES.

The book you mean is *Ramazzini de Morbis Artificum.* The ingenious

ingenious author, ſtruck with the diſorders with which he ſaw mankind afflicted, ſet himſelf to enquire what ſhare of them could be imputed to the nature of the trade and employment of each reſpective artificer.—And hence the diſeaſes thus appropriated to tradeſmen have been thought as unavoidable, as the inheritance of a gout or ſome other diſorder, derived from parents, without a poſſibility of cutting off the miſerable entail.

HORTENSIUS.

But are his accounts then exaggerated, and can the long catalogue be fairly reduced to a more comfortable ſize?

CLEANTHES.

Indeed I think ſo, and to tell you the truth, I have ſometimes amuſed myſelf with ſtriking off ſome ſuperfluous accuſations: but indeed, he is on my ſide of the queſtion as far as he gives rules, and preſcribes medicines, to prevent, or remove theſe inconveniences; and this he does very frequently.

SOPHRONIUS.

I wiſh we could have a ſpecimen of what you have objected to this Author.

HORTENSIUS.

I think CLEANTHES will let the firſt chapter paſs.—The digging in the mines is ſo notoriouſly dreadful, as to be inflicted only as a puniſhment for the moſt outrageous offences —He can ſtrike off nothing there.

CLEANTHES.

What, not the *Viruli?* the little demons and ſpectres, which run about, and terrify the workmen, and can be caſt out only by faſting and prayer, as KIRCHER informs us—an employment to which neither the place nor the people ſeem very well adapted.

adapted. The ſlaps they are ſaid to receive from theſe demons, and which are uſually followed by death in a day or two, are probably occaſioned by ſome peſtilential blaſt—the little footſteps they leave behind them, like thoſe of children of two years old; their large hats and goggle eyes, I leave to be accounted for, by the powers of imagination; eſpecially in a place, where the vapors may diſturb the brain perhaps, and impair the ſight.

HORTENSIUS.

But RAMAZZINI argues in a different manner, with reſpect to their ſight, which he ſays is ſtrengthened by looking on braſs, agreeable to a quotation from PLUTARCH, as explained by MACROBIUS; and mentions in ſupport of it a Collyrium found in the works of CELSUS, in which *Squama Æris* is an ingredient; and hence accounts for HOMER's uſing the expreſſion of νωροπα χαλχον.

CLEANTHES.

I have always conſidered the epithet in a different ſenſe, and that the Poet deſigned by it to repreſent ſuch a high poliſh of *Agamemnon's* armor, as ſhould dazzle the eyes of the beholders. —And the epithet in this ſenſe, is literally applicable to a few inſtances, where perſons have been cruelly deprived of their ſight, by having their eyes expoſed to the ſurface of highly poliſhed braſs, rendered burning, as well as ſhining, by the beams of a bright ſun.

SOPHRONIUS.

But did RAMAZZINI himſelf believe in theſe ſpectres?

CLEANTHES.

At firſt he doubted, but at laſt his credulity ſeems to have got the better, for he thus expreſſes himſelf, " *A perito metallurgo*

" *Hannoverenſi*

" *Hannoverenſi accepi, fabuloſum non eſſe, ut putabam, id quod* " *de hujuſmodi dæmunculis in fodinis ſtabulantibus tradunt;*" and then adds, that the Hanoverians had given theſe little devils a name in their own language.

HORTENSIUS.

But I think the devils ſhould be rather employed in encouraging men to dig for metals, the *opes irritamenta malorum*, than in blaſting their labor.

CLEANTHES.

You are at liberty to comment upon it as you pleaſe, and you may even doubt with reſpect to braſs, how it happens, that being a creature of art, it ſhould have any ſubterraneous dwelling at all.

HORTENSIUS.

I have been told by ingenious men, that the word in ſtrictneſs ſhould be rendered copper—but at any rate, I ſuppoſe, you do not mean to exculpate theſe horrid caverns, from impairing the health, or ſhortening the lives of men?

CLEANTHES.

By no means, nor to contradict RAMAZZINI univerſally: but by appealing to the great improvement in natural knowledge ſince his time, and to the more certain diſcovery of the properties of various bodies, to deduce, that much leſs inconvenience follows from many trades now, than did in his days. —The putrid air of ſhips, hoſpitals and crowded jails have doubtleſs made dreadful havock formerly; but ſince the introduction of ventilators, this no longer makes a neceſſary part of the ſufferings of ſailors, priſoners, or patients ſo confined.

PHI-

PHILALETHES.

But ſurely, CLEANTHES, there are trades which can have nothing brought in their favor, meerly as trades?

CLEANTHES.

Fix on one if you pleaſe.

PHILALETHES.

What think you of a Painter, or grinder of colors?

HORTENSIUS.

RAMAZZINI himſelf gives up this point you know, and obſerves, that painters in general are very ſhort lived.

CLEANTHES.

The materials employed by painters are of a noxious nature, if conſtantly admitted by the noſe and mouth. RAMAZZINI obſerves of portrait painters, that they are generally unhealthy, and very often ſhort lived.——So far as this obſervation holds true, it may better be imputed to their ſedentary life, and ſtertch of thought and invention, than meerly to the ſmell of their colors. But if we look into their hiſtory, we ſhall find that many of them were intemperate followers of mirth, and engaged very deep in debauchery——and on the other hand, we have names of a capital rank among them, who have been inſtances of health and longevity—PERRUGIN who had the honor to inſtruct RAPHAEL, reached his ſeventy-ninth year—CARLO MARATT his eighty-ninth year—one died upwards of eighty, without ever having known a day's illneſs——TINTORETTI died at eighty-four—and the celebrated TITIAN lived to the hundredth year of his age, and then died of a no leſs fatal diſorder than the plague; and yet is ſaid to have diſcovered a genius, and exerciſed himſelf in painting ſo early as the ninth

year

year of his age—FERNELIUS' inſtance of a painter, who ſucked his bruſh, is entirely out of the queſtion.

SOPHRONIUS.

As well as inſtances of workmen in a glaſs-houſe drinking large draughts of cold water, or reapers ſweating in the heat of ſummer, and intemperately pouring down ſmall beer.

CLEANTHES.

Theſe points are certainly to be attended to, in a critical eſtimate of human ſufferings; and I think my general poſition is pretty well eſtabliſhed; and that RAMAZZINI may be ſuppoſed to have been a little miſtaken in other articles, as well as in thoſe already treated of.

HORTENSIUS.

I will interrupt you but this once; and it ſhall be with obſerving, that the purſuit of knowledge, and the compounding of medicines, are both placed by this Author in the ſame black catalogue.—Men of learning and ſtudy, have taken up, it ſeems, an unwholeſome employment; and the preparers of medicine, and diſpenſers of health, are but themſelves devoted victims to pain and diſeaſe. Who then can be ſafe?

CLEANTHES.

Thoſe who do not confine themſelves too long to one ſpot or ſubject; but mix occaſionally with amuſing company, and exerciſe themſelves in a convenient manner.—Then will ſtudy be ſo far from haſtening the decline of nature, that it will longer keep the powers of the body in a ſtate of placid pleaſure, by uniting them more ſtrictly to the ſenſible workings of the mind.

Nor will the compounders of medicine receive any other detriment, than what imprudence in blending powerful drugs, or conſtitutional antipathy to many ſcents, may chance to

occaſion. In ſhort, there ſeems to be little wanting here but rules, and ſome care to obſerve them; and theſe are wanting on many occaſions in human life; and in ſome employments, from which, I believe, you would not wiſh to be wholly excuſed. What think you of the occupation of eating? More calamities, I will venture to ſay, ariſe from our irregularity in the diſcharge of this univerſal and yet very dangerous duty, than belong of neceſſity to any, or all the trades, which, with the diſeaſes in their train, make ſo dreadful an appearance in RAMAZZINI. But it is impoſſible to give you all my obſervations on this Author at this time.

SOPHRONIUS.

Nor is it neceſſary——as much as belongs to the general argument is ſufficient. If I miſtake not, you ſubmit your opinion to be judged of, rather than lay down principles, to which you demand aſſent.——You can have no motive for attempting to reconcile men to their lot, but the pleaſure of making more men happy; and therefore if ever a free enquiry is particularly commendable, it is when public utility is all the end propoſed.

But you were ſaying, that the higher ranks of life were generally ſubject to as many diſtempers as the laboring poor. Now they are ſo far from boaſting an exemption from ſuffering, that they readily join in the general accuſation, of the body being an ill ſupport to the generous undertakings, and extenſively uſeful plans, in which their influence and importance naturally engage them.

CLEANTHES.

Natural indeed is the attempt of the ſenſible and noble ſubject, to lend every aſſiſtance, and exert every power he is poſſeſſed of, for the ſervice of his country, and for the comfort and glory of his king. And when the peaſant disbelieves, and the ſatyriſt exclaims againſt, the poſſibility of men being diſpoſed to

ſo

ſo arduous a taſk, it will be eaſy for thoſe who reaſon upon the plan of relative fitneſs to underſtand, how men of noble birth and exalted ſentiment, cannot but enjoy every opportunity of advancing the public welfare, and from a warmth of true zeal, bear any fatigues relative to the glorious cauſe in which they engage. Nor has it been peculiar to ancient hiſtory to furniſh characters, in which accidental or conſtitutional infirmity was no bar to the exertion of ſuch mental powers and active endeavors as the critical ſtate of affairs more particularly claimed.—Nay farther, it has been known, that ſudden and important occaſions for great and deſperate efforts, have rouſed the infeebled powers, and reſtored the baniſhed abilities of men, born, and qualified for the execution of the moſt important truſts.—An effort this as ill ſuited to thoſe of ſordid rank or education, as would be the peaſants toil and drudgery to the ſenators of the land.

SOPHRONIUS.

I ſuppoſe CLEANTHES means to ſhew, that while the great and powerful are liable to the ſame accidents and ſufferings with others, a greatneſs of ſpirit, and eager deſire, carries them occaſionally through greater difficulties, than could be otherwiſe ſuſtained; and that a ſteady reſolution, and perſevering ſpirit, may bear up againſt misfortunes, which would cruſh and conquer leſs elevated minds.

CLEANTHES.

Yes, SOPHRONIUS; and therefore that we ought not to be ſo very apprehenſive of the dangers, and ſo fond of deſcribing the wretchedneſs of an elevated rank and ſtation. As if providence had confined the poſſibilities of happineſs to particular ſpots, and not ſcattered it over all creation: or had beſtowed it on ſilent and retired natures, and with-held it from the more active and uſeful part of mankind.—In ſhort, that no employment,

meerly as ſuch, ſhould be the object of our cenſure, till we have thoroughly weighed all the arguments on the favorable ſide. But HORTENSIUS looks grave.

HORTENSIUS.

I was thinking of that melancholy picture of human nature, given us by the ROMAN SATYRIST, where each man is diſcontented with his own employment, and envies that of his neighbor.—To what ſhall we impute this, CLEANTHES?

CLEANTHES.

We bring on ourſelves a great part of thoſe evils, which we are ſo fond of lamenting, by a miſtaken choice of employment or profeſſion of life, no ways adapted to any powers we poſſeſs, or inclinations we experience; and thus while we are ever acting againſt natural bias, we become, of conſequence, reſtleſs and unhappy. Among thoſe who ſeek ſubſiſtence or immortal fame, by engaging in the dangers and fatigues of a military life; how many have been known whoſe delicate frames were never deſigned for ſuch rough and boiſterous encounters, ſome of whom were entered on the liſt of warriors, almoſt with rattles in their hands? It requires ſtrength of conſtitution, and fortitude of mind, to brave the extremes of climate, to croſs inhoſpitable deſerts,—and face undauntedly all the horrors of war.—The noiſy fame and extenſive reputation of a Demoſthenes and a Cicero, have determined many to the toil and labors of the bar, whoſe lungs and bodily vigor, were not a match for ſuch fatigues. We deſtine our children, as it were from the womb, to certain employments, without conſulting either heaven, or common ſenſe in the choice. —It may be ſaid, we conſult convenience; and a very proper judge too, provided we lay the whole of our caſe before it, and conſider the happy, as well as the ſplendid condition, in which we are aiming to place the object of our tender regard.

So-

SOPHRONIUS.

The freedom of our nature ſeems to require, that we ſhould be left in a great meaſure to ourſelves on ſome occaſions; of which number is the kind of employment or profeſſion we chuſe for life. But then doubtleſs we ſhould watch every poſſible indication, that can diſcover in ourſelves or others, which way real genius tends.

CLEANTHES.

And yet what is more common than to derive an almoſt inſuperable bias from the accidental circumſtances of birth, connexion or example? If example has ſo prevalent a force, as to make us ſtem the ſtream of natural propenſities, and ſeductive pleaſures, can we wonder that in leſſer inſtances, and of a leſs important nature, it ſhould govern almoſt with a nod? Yet example, I am perſuaded, has been often ſufficient, to give an early determination to youth, to tread the ſelf ſame paths, of whatever kind, which their parents, or particular friends did before them. And thus inclination, miſtaken for ability, has led them into ſcenes of life, for which they were never deſigned, by diſpoſition of mind, or texture of body. But by whatever means we arrive at ſo much diſcontent, the conſequence is almoſt always the ſame; that we are ready to lay the fault on our own particular ſituation; and to think that a different employment or ſtation, would have ſuited us better, and rendered us a great deal happier—Yet where (to purſue a little the poet's plan) is the mighty difference between the ſoldier's camp, and the ſailor's cabin? Both callings are expoſed to frequent dangers, and to horrible diſtreſs; and the ſtarting of a plank may as effectually put an end to the mariner's, as a bullet, to the ſoldier's troubles; ſuppoſing this was the only circumſtance to be attended to, on the occaſion.—The interruption of reſt and peace, is more the fate of crouded cities, than of rural ſcenes, and calm retirements: but ſolitude may

at

at ſome times be more painful than crowds; and hurry is better calculated for ſome diſpoſitions, than indolence and eaſe.

SOPHRONIUS.

You will allow however, that the number of the happy, is comparatively few.

CLEANTHES.

I am afraid ſo; though the poſſibility of attaining happineſs is generally admitted; and the eager purſuit of it, evident beyond a doubt. For wherever there remains a ſituation untried for the purpoſe, that will appear to be the one, from which our happineſs is to ſpring.—But how much better would it be to bring back the ſearch for it nearer home, than thus to hunt for it in obſcure, aud unknown paths; by reviewing our particular bent and diſpoſition, and endeavoring to ſeek things fitting and convenient to it; by attending to our favorite inclinations, not only in their earlieſt dawn, but as they grow up, and keep pace with the improvement of our reaſon.—Let us attend likewiſe to conſequences; and though we do not always ſee a neceſſary connexion, between ſuch an action, and ſuch a ſuffering; yet, inaſmuch as we have often experienced it, let us ever ſuſpect them as combining againſt our peace. Another cauſe which often involves us in great inconveniences, is that amazing propenſity in moſt men to *imitation*. *To live like ourſelves*, is a ſenſible phraſe, as meaning a life adapted to our circumſtances and diſpoſition; but the faſhionable folly now *is to live like others*, for which we enter on purſuits, quite abſurd in their nature, and as unſucceſsful in their event. Thoſe ſteps which have led another to fortunate preferment, may be impoſſible for me to tread with ſafety; and that ſtorm of life which only makes another ſick, may ſend my poor ſhattered bark to the bottom. Our diſpoſition, not our rank and ſituation in life, ſhould determine the nature of our principal purſuits, and mode of living; and thus the field or the cloſet, expenſive taſte or regular ſobriety, are all compatible with, and may

may occaſionally make a part of public, as well as private characters.

SOPHRONIUS.

You might have added, CLEANTHES, that whenever we act in oppoſition to our natural inclinations, in relation to things indifferent in themſelves, we muſt be conſtantly wretched and uneaſy. When we go out of *ourſelves* (as it were to occupy *another*) we neceſſarily become ſtrangers at home—whereas every thing deſireable, and that can give us true content, muſt be relative to feelings there: to feelings of our *own*, peculiarly, and complexionally ſuch. TULLY, that great maſter of reaſoning, as well as of eloquence, gives us advice to the ſame purpoſe. "*Omnino ſi quidquam eſt decorum, nihil eſt profecto magis, quam æquabilitas univerſæ vitæ, tum ſingularum actionum; quam autem conſervare non poſſis, ſi* ALIORUM NATURAM IMITANS, OMITTAS TUAM.—But for the preſent we will drop this ſubject, and reſume it again in another place, as I am deſired to introduce you to ſpend the remainder of the day, with our worthy neighbor ARISTUS, who would very willingly be admitted a ſharer in theſe our friendly debates—it is about the time I promiſed to be with him.—

ALL.

We ſhall willingly attend you thither.—

End of the Second Dialogue.

DIA-

DIALOGUE III.

CLEANTHES, HORTENSIUS, SOPHRONIUS, PHILALETHES, and ARISTUS.

ARISTUS.

I Think myſelf peculiarly happy, in having this agreeable company at my table; and am not without hopes that they will honor it with ſome ſuch converſation, as I know they frequently hold together. I doubt not but it would prove as uſeful as what we have tranſmitted to us of that kind, from the philoſophers of *Greece* and *Rome*.

HORTENSIUS.

Had you been preſent, ARISTUS, at the entertainment of yeſterday, and this morning, you might well have fancied yourſelf at the table of ſome ſuch antiquated ſages. For CLEANTHES has been employed in varniſhing over all the cracks and imperfections of our nature, and endeavoring to perſuade us, that whatever we complain of in this world, is either not worth complaining of, or what we might eaſily avoid if we pleaſed.—I have been taught to lay a great deal to the charge of human frailty, and am not willing to be robbed of ſo eaſy a defence.—And yet I cannot help owning there is more truth in ſome things which he aſſerts, than I formerly even ſo much as ſuſpected.

SOPHRONIUS.

Want of conſideration, HORTENSIUS, is the permanent cloud that obſtructs the rays of truth.—Your youth deſerves pardon, and your ingenuous confeſſion, praiſe.—But I am miſtaken if

CLE-

CLEANTHES has not more artillery to play off, before he quits the field.

ARISTUS.

I hope I ſhall be preſent at the engagement.

HORTENSIUS.

Why not? CLEANTHES is no Rhodian leaper. He is ready to perform on any ground.

ARISTUS.

Let us then repair to that arched bower, where neither heat nor noiſe are likely to diſturb us.—Give me leave to lead the way. The fruit and wine ſhall follow us.

CLEANTHES.

I will not decline a taſk ſo obligingly impoſed upon me, though I doubt not but many preſent are better qualified for it than myſelf.

HORTENSIUS.

I promiſe you I am not of the number; and I even tremble for your ſucceſs.

CLEANTHES.

I am obliged to your friendly fears; but leſt they ſhould miſlead ARISTUS, I think it neceſſary in a ſummary way to explain the nature of my undertaking to him. I happen, ARISTUS, to be wonderfully diſpoſed to fancy, that all things are ſo contrived, as that we generally have it in our power to make them ſubſervient to our intereſt——We are unavoidably affected with every thing around us; this is granted. But it appears to me, that we might avoid many unhappy influences, under which we daily ſuffer, by a due obſervance of certain

rules in our own power: and that many of the evils which occaſion ſuch frequent complaints, may be robbed of their more malignant quality, and rendered harmleſs, when they cannot be made palatable.——I repeat it, (for it cannot ſink too deep into our minds) that relative fitneſs is the whole of human happineſs, whether applied to mind or body; and I have aſſerted that in moſt caſes, there is ſo little attention paid to it, that from hence, more than from any unfavorable circumſtances in our nature, much of human ſuffering flows. Is there any thing in this ſo very paradoxical, any thing repugnant to reaſon or experience?

SOPHRONIUS.

I acknowledge the truth of much of what you have ſaid; but ſome difficulties ſtill remain. For inſtance, I have remarked many, who though they ſeemed pleaſed, and made the beſt of events for a part of their lives, yet ſeldom could keep their temper or good humor to the end. And this in people, who fancied they were taking the very ſteps you recommend, of adopting things agreeable to their taſte.

CLEANTHES.

This diſappointment is eaſily accounted for. There are ſuch changes introduced by the hand of time, both of mind and body, that the ſame thing cannot always pleaſe: And not unuſually very diſtant taſtes and even oppoſite inclinations are ſeen to follow in ſucceſſion. Hence thoſe ſalutary cautions of not tying ourſelves to unrelaxing rules of conduct, when the ſatisfaction reſulting from them no longer exiſts. The things remain the ſame; it is we that alter——*Non ſum qualis eram*, may be applied by every mortal; and with reſpect almoſt to every amuſement.——There is a decency, there is a propriety, I am ſure there is a pleaſure, in always acting conformably to the dictates of reaſon. But if age (for inſtance) will affect the levity,

and

and join in the giddy ſchemes of ſuch, whoſe powers and paſſions are of a higher form, what can be expected but diſappointment? What ought to follow but deriſion? Nor will youth reap any comfort from affected formality, or from diſguiſing itſelf in the garb of ſoberer years.—In nothing more, perhaps, is this abſurdity ſeen, than in the levelling tyranny of faſhion, where tottering age muſt face the ſame inclement ſkies, and as lightly clad, as the ſprightly glow of buxom youth. What wonder then, if man anticipates, or doubles the infirmities to which he is naturally heir? The diſpoſition will determine our real feelings in ſpite of all our tricks; as our conſtitution will the pain or pleaſure of our purſuits.—

ARISTUS.

Yet, alas! this tyranny is extended to the table as well as to the toilet; and we muſt eat and drink, not only what we do not like, but even what we do not know.

CLEANTHES.

'Tis very true; and yet independant of whim and caprice, there is a real change of palate, as well as of the powers of digeſtion, at different periods of our lives.

ARISTUS.

I have occaſionally converſed with medical gentlemen, who were of opinion, that this alteration of taſte and appetite, was an inſtance of the perpetual care of Providence for our welfare.

HORTENSIUS.

Thoſe gentlemen you ſpeak of, are pleaſed to call wine the *Lac Senum*. But I find nothing repugnant to my conſtitution, even at preſent, in good *Burgundy* and *Champaign*, though my follies and flights denote me *young*.

PHILALETHES.

The juice of the grape in moderation, ſuits all ages above infancy, and perhaps diſagrees with few conſtitutions.——— But the remark of CLEANTHES, remains notwithſtanding unrefuted. If the powers of digeſtion, and the condition of our fluids vary, as they certainly do, at different periods of our lives, ſo doubtleſs ſhould our diet; and to ſay that we have no natural propenſity to guide us to a judicious choice, would be to allow the brutes to have more foreſight than ourſelves.

SOPHRONIUS.

But do we not on the other hand, PHILALETHES, frequently ſee people fond of what is particularly noxious to their conſtitution? What is dame NATURE's deſign here?

PHILALETHES.

The very circumſtance of being denied, greatly enhances the value of what we covet, and makes us proportionally more eager after it; and then the mind rather than the body is to be called to an examination; but it may be accounted for even on the principle of conſtitution: Inaſmuch as we can never eagerly deſire, what always gives us pain; and the things which now for a while diſagree, having formerly given us pleaſure, we naturally hope to recover that ſtate again, and feel internal longings to make the experiment. And in general, with ſucceſs. Antipathies born with us, and unintelligible abhorrences, as they are rare, ſo they need not be introduced into this account.

HORTENSIUS.

But upon this principle of Nature being man's internal prompter to whatever is peculiarly proper, how can we account for the univerſal abhorrence we all entertain for medicine? Should not this DEA CONSERVATRIX impel us on to our good, and make us

us pant for the medicated bowl, whether crowned with wormwood, or roſes?

PHILALETHES.

I do not in the firſt place allow there is an univerſal abhorrence in our nature to phyſic; for uſe, or ſome other cauſe makes it palatable to many; nay, we introduce one of the moſt fetid drugs into ſauce, and even into ſnuff.——But when otherways, it is ſufficient to ſay, that nature is not idle where our health is concerned.——She receives and retains the moſt nauſeous compoſitions, when inſtrumental to the grand object, health.——She foreſees probable ſufferings in the way, and willingly embraces them, as neceſſary to ſucceſs.——The greateſt generals have not been aſhamed to confeſs ſome little tremor at the onſet to battles in which they have come off conquerors.——And martyrs have not always viewed the ſtake without tranſitory terror. For I ſpeak not of nature as of a compulſive force, but as of an impelling and generally prevailing principle.

But it is time to reſtore the oar to CLEANTHES' hand, though from his ſilence I preſume we have not ſteered much out of the way.

CLEANTHES.

No——but to uſe your own metaphor, you have not crowded all the ſail you might; you have paſſed over that very ſalutary ſagacity of nature, which in illneſs ſo particularly diſpoſes us to covet things beneficial, and to loath things detrimental. Of this kind is our great averſion to fleſh in every ſhape during a putrid ſtate of our juices, and our eagerneſs for every thing acid.

HORTENSIUS.

By your leave then, either *Nature* or her handmaids were miſtaken, in a violent fever I lately had.——For my nature called aloud for water and ſmall beer, and I well remember they were both denied me.

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

It was yourſelf only that was miſtaken.—*Nature* called aloud, and properly, for ſmall diluting liquors; it was HORTENSIUS called for cold water and ſmall beer.

ARISTUS.

I believe CLEANTHES is pretty right.—Not but there are inſtances of very ſucceſsful temerities to be met with in the chronicles of the ſick.

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps they only appear ſuch to us, from our ignorance of what nature is deſigning.

HORTENSIUS.

I muſt not aſk CLEANTHES for a definition, it ſeems; but I may, perhaps, for an explanation, of what is meant by the word NATURE, in medicine.

CLEANTHES.

It is a power with which the human body is endued, reſulting from the union and harmony of its parts, and their intimate communication with the ſeat of ſenſe, the brain, of raiſing ſuch commotions within itſelf, as have an immediate tendency to remove obſtructions, throw off what is hurtful, and change or check the courſe of various fluids. Some perſonify as it were this power, and give it the name of ANIMA, enthroning it in the mind, whence it darts its providential eyes into every part of our frame, to prevent diſeaſes, and ward off danger: but if we conſider all the artifices attributed to this imaginary being, we ſhall find her ſometimes over-acting her part, and ſometimes miſtaking it. Which errors are eaſily accounted for, if we make the word Nature ſtand for matter and motion, as blended in the ſtructure of the body. In this ſenſe I underſtand the Φυσις of HIPPOCRATES and the ancients, the NATURA of SYDENHAM and the moderns.

ARISTUS.

ARISTUS.

You allow therefore that nature is ſometimes miſtaken in her operations, and ſtands in need of correction.

CLEANTHES.

Very frequently; and yet theſe errors have been aſcribed to a providential interpoſition of the ANIMA. Take an inſtance: Violent reachings uſually attend a ſharp fit of the ſtone or gravel. This is ſaid to be a contrivance of this tutelary being, to drive the ſtone along the paſſage to the bladder, whereas it is more likely to retard its progreſs, and certain to impair the ſtrength.

SOPHRONIUS.

What is NATURE doing then all this time?

CLEANTHES.

Nothing—ſhe is overpowered, and wants aſſiſtance. The reachings are the conſequence of a general irritation begun by the aſperities or ſize of the concretion, and communicated to the nerves of the ſtomach——till theſe and all the parts are more compoſed, there is little chance of expelling the enemy.

HORTENSIUS.

By your leave, let us change the diſcourſe. I ſhall grow whimſical if I hear too much of theſe things.

CLEANTHES.

With all my heart: Though I forget where we were.

ARISTUS.

I'll help you on—an obſervation occurs to me, from your reflection on the change of diſpoſition, being dependant on that of years, which ſeems to make a little againſt your very comprehenſive ſcheme of happineſs. It is this——that there ſeems

to

to be no ſeaſon or period of life which a reaſonable man would dare to fix on, might he have his choice of remaining in it, during his reſidence on earth.—For indeed where could he fix? He would hardly prefer the helpleſs ſtate of infancy; and yet infants have their joys it is certain; but they leave not ſufficient traces on the memory, to be afterwads deſcribed. Much of the apparent ſuffering, the ſobs and ſorrows of this age, ariſe from the improper conduct of thoſe about us, as well as many that are really ſuch. But it cannot be ſuppoſed, that man, after having known the uſe of reaſon, ſhould fix on an exiſtence where he has ſo few powers at command.

The life and fire of youth, would ſeem more ſtrongly to recommend itſelf, but that unfortunately this age is not without alloy. The fire often burns too furious for our own ſafety, and not unfrequently endangers that of the public; ſo that the parties themſelves have acknowledged the unſatisfactorineſs of their purſuits, and have experienced the approach even of autumn with pleaſure, tired with the dangerous ſurfeit of a youthful ſummer.

HORTENSIUS.

You have ſaid enough on that head.—Pray haſten to the next ſtate.

ARISTUS.

A ſtate, which is doubtleſs the beſt calculated for the true enjoyment of life; but in which we act perhaps more injudiciouſly than might be expected.

The latter end and dregs of life, are ſo frequently held out to us in an unfavorable manner, as almoſt to eſtabliſh a neceſſity of ſuppoſing bodily infirmity and mental perverſeneſs, the unavoidable concomitants of age. But though this is not quite a fair repreſentation of the matter, yet there is too much truth in it,

it, to allow the leaſt probability of this being the ſituation, to which we ſhould give the preference.

HORTENSIUS.

Unleſs, when Nature ſends new teeth, furniſhes freſh crops of hair, and beats off each hovering infirmity, as a careful mother would do the flies that were about to ſettle on her ſleeping babe.

CLEANTHES.

You can ridicule this age I ſee, HORTENSIUS, without bluſhing; but theſe are *Raræ Aves*, not to be brought into precedents. —The proper reply to what ARISTUS has offered I take to be this:—That each ſtate in ſucceſſion has a reſerve of comforts for man, dependant on, and connected with each other.—Happineſs, like ſome proſpects, ariſing not from a ſingle view, but from comparing a wide expanſe together, where deſerts are oppoſed to fruitful vallies, rocks to plains; the terrors of the main, to the ſoothings of the rill; the ſolemnity of a ruin, to the enchanting melody of a grove.

And from thus arguing on the principles of variety and compariſon, as relative to human happineſs, a word or two might be offered in favor of ſickneſs and pain, if I was not afraid of ſurpriſing HORTENSIUS too much.

HORTENSIUS.

You cannot ſurpriſe me more than you have already done; you have opened a ſcene quite new to my imagination, and may (for the preſent at leaſt) tranſport me whither you will.—I have read, that health for want of change becomes diſeaſe: Nay, that there is a pleaſure in madneſs which none but madmen know; but I muſt confeſs theſe are pleaſures I am not eager to taſte.

CLEANTHES.

Theſe are very ſtrong expreſſions, it muſt be allowed; but that ſomething ſimilar to the firſt of theſe aſſertions is not entirely without foundation, is not perhaps ſo difficult to make appear.

HORTENSIUS.

To ſpeak in defence of ſickneſs, pain, and infirmity, ſeems to me, as ſtrange an attempt, as a panegyric on folly.

CLEANTHES.

It is propoſed only to ſtrip it of what does not eſſentially belong to it, and to ſet it in the faireſt light it will bear; when we may probably ſee reaſon, not only to ſuppreſs our murmurs, but to grow reconciled to our ſufferings; when we find that as pain often treads on the heels of pleaſure, ſo pleaſure not unfrequently follows pain.

The parching heat of a raging fever, excites ſuch eager deſires after cooling and plentiful drink, that gratified to its wiſh, it is productive of ſuch pleaſurable ſenſations, as experience alone, not deſcription, can comprehend. Even fancy ſometimes lends her tranſitory aid, by refreſhing the ſlumbers of the ſick with the idea of cooling ſtreams. Let a leſs degree of thirſt, the effect of heat and labor, but ſeize the weary traveller, and what boaſted nectar can exceed the ſweets of the moſt plain and obvious drinks?

To ſpread the languid limbs on eaſy beds, or give the tired eye to ſweet ſlumber, are abatements in the calculation, and muſt be ſubſtracted from the ſum total, of ſickly ſufferings; they become a kind of comparative enjoyment.—There are ſeveral delightful ſenſations, which we either experience not, or very faintly, in a ſtate of uninterrupted eaſe.—A ceſſation of pain is productive of ſuch exquiſite happineſs, that we can find no properer method of expreſſing it, than by comparing it to celeſtial bliſs. For as an exemption from pain is one of the ingredients

of

of happineſs above, ſo the removal of it, conſtitutes a heaven below.

HORTENSIUS.

You allow then that diſeaſe and ſuffering are the lot of man, but that ſome how or other, he will get the better of them at laſt, and ſo be happy. The little *Douceurs* you throw in, of ſoft beds, comfortable drinks, and the like, are unknown to all the lower claſs of men, and conſequently to the far greater part of the creation. There are numerous beings who feel the pains of ſickneſs, and the ſting of poverty together; where to their bodily trials are added, the more excruciating ſufferings of the mind; from a helpleſs family weeping around, and calling for that *daily bread*, which they are too young to expect at preſent from any, but their *father which is on earth*. Where can ſuch an object derive arguments of comfort to ſupport him under ſuch accumulated trials? Are not bodily ſufferings in ſuch circumſtances, indeed an intolerable load?

CLEANTHES.

From the feeling manner in which you paint theſe ſufferings, I am certain you have been uſed to relieve them; and if ſo, allow Providence has not entirely deſerted the poor man's cauſe.

HORTENSIUS.

I have, CLEANTHES,——and the firſt ſerious check I ever gave to my follies, was owing to the rapturous pleaſure I experienced on ſuch an occaſion. I found myſelf repaid with intereſt, the happineſs I beſtowed on others,——But what proportion does ſuch relief bear to the conſtant diſtreſſes of the poor?

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

You ſeem to forget, HORTENSIUS, that whatever virtues may have deſerted your native country, CHARITY ſtill continues to adorn it. There are numberleſs benevolent ſpirits who go about doing good, who by their counſel and example in different parts of this happy iſland, have raiſed, and ſupport charitable foundations, for the reception of the really poor, laboring under diſeaſes of whatever kind. This heavenly principle of compaſſion, almoſt keeps pace with the claims upon it, from the number of the wretched; and may this ſpirit never fail!

SOPHRONIUS.

It never can, CLEANTHES, in a nation, that has ſo often been merciful, even to its captive foes.

CLEANTHES.

But to return from this digreſſion. The benevolent Creator, has not been wanting in providing armor for all ranks of his creatures, againſt the aſſaults of ſo dreadful an enemy as *pain*.—It is acknowledged that our bodies are capable of feeling ſuch excruciating tortures, ſuch inexpreſſible agonies, as have made heathens deſert the ſtation appointed them by Providence, and raſhly put an end to their lives. The reſignation of the chriſtian, does not ſo far alter the man, as to diveſt him of his bodily feelings. And pain may continue till it gets the better of life, or (what is much worſe) till it gets the better of reaſon. But in this dreadful ſtate of things, we are provided with a remedy, a plant of which we may taſte and live: Whoſe juice has the power of obtunding the ſharpeſt ſufferings, and of giving (almoſt in a moment) inſenſibility and eaſe.

ARISTUS.

Did not SYLVIUS declare, that he could not have been preſent at ſome ſcenes he was called to, and muſt have given over

over the practice of phyſic, if ſuch a drug as Opium had not been diſcovered?

CLEANTHES.

He did; and with a degree of zeal that does honor to humanity. It is not only hard to endure, it is moſt affecting and ſhocking even to look on ſome of the conflicts which human nature undergoes: Yet for which immediate eaſe could not poſſibly be procured, but from medicines of this particular claſs.

PHILALETHES

I entirely agree with you in the fact. But I think you might add ſomething farther in defence of your cauſe. There is a power within us, whenceſoever derived, to which we commonly give the name of *Reſolution*.—But it has this effect, in general, that by exerting it, we ſuffer leſs than we ſhould do without it. That it is not imaginary, or entirely dependant on conſtitution, is evident from the perſons who are often ſeen to exert it.—And indeed we frequently do not know we poſſeſs it, till a diſagreeable occaſion, makes the happy diſcovery.

CLEANTHES.

I am very well convinced there are latent powers both of mind and body, that called forth in great extremities, are capable of blunting the keen edge of affliction and pain; and that no one in the calm ſeaſon of health and eaſe, can form any proper notion of what his behavior would be, under heavy trials. Be this aſſiſtance derived from ſupernatural aid, or inferior cauſes, it fights ſtill on the ſide of human nature.

SOPHRONIUS.

I have obſerved, that in proportion to the averſion with which medicines are ſwallowed, they become leſs ſerviceable, or more troubleſome

troubleſome in their operation; and I have read of perſons who have worked themſelves up to ſuch a degree of antipathy, that the very ſight and ſmell of phyſic, has brought on all the conſequences, that the compoſition taken down could poſſibly have done.

CLEANTHES.

This too has been obſerved by BOYLE and others. But to conclude the topic of ſick men's comforts, let me add, the return of taſte and appetite after conſtant loathings; of air and exerciſe, after tedious confinement; of the ſight and enjoyment of friends, aft r a ſtate of ſtupidity, or frenzy: theſe are ſo many inlets of new perceptions of pleaſure, to be ſet againſt the exceptionable parts of the ſcenes we have gone through; but of pleaſure, which owes its origin and force, to antecedent misfortunes. In a word, we enjoy bleſſings better, after having known the want of them: and we are apt to loſe the reliſh of them as ſuch, when they become the conſtant companions of our lives. And in this ſenſe probably it is, HORTENSIUS, that health, for want of change, was boldly ſtiled diſeaſe.

PHILALETHES.

But on this principle, ſhould not miſery, if terminating at laſt, be the moſt promiſing ſoil for producing a full and laſting crop of happineſs?

CLEANTHES.

I venture not to aſſert ſo much: but I am inclined to think, that a life unchequered by diſappointments, unagitated by deſires, and unruffled by misfortunes, would in the preſent ſtate of human nature be a very inſipid exiſtence: and that we have but little reaſon to complain of that regulation, which makes many hardſhips conducive to our trueſt intereſt, and crowns our very ſufferings with pleaſure.

HOR-

HORTENSIUS.

I muſt confeſs that the happineſs which can only be extracted from miſery, is not much to my palate.

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps not. But if I ſhould ſubſtitute the paſſions inſtead of the misfortunes of life, and prove that ſome of thoſe which are deemed ſo troubleſome, are very capable of being inſtrumental in the happineſs both of body and mind, what would you ſay to this, HORTENSIUS?

HORTENSIUS.

That you can change all you touch to gold. The LYDIAN KING however, as I remember, was no great gainer by the experiment. I know not what ſucceſs it may have in your hands.

CLEANTHES.

The paſſions, HORTENSIUS, were indiſputably given us for our preſent as well as future advantage. They require ſome kind of management, as what does not, that is capable of doing harm as well as good? A certain degree of wind carries the mariner briſkly, yet ſafely on: in the ſame manner a proper proportion of warmth in our temper, animates zeal and perſeverance in things commendable; while a ſtorm endangers or overſets the veſſel. 'Tis not the briſkneſs with which we ſail on the ſea of life, but our touching at improper ports, that ruins us.

ARISTUS.

This is no new doctrine with reſpect to the mental part of us: but I am at a loſs to know how you make a briſk exertion of the paſſions ſubſervient to the body's advantage? I thought health had conſiſted in keeping them very tame. You would not bring fire and faggot to put out a fever?

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

No—but to kindle one I might. You are to know that phyſicians in ſome caſes ſtand in great need of ſuch a commotion of blood, as is underſtood by that term, and yet cannot always obtain it. I am almoſt inclined to give you a pleaſant hiſtory of this ſort, on which I ſhould be glad of HORTENSIUS's remarks.

HORTENSIUS.

But if I don't underſtand the ſubject?

CLEANTHES.

We ſhall ſee that preſently.—A reporter of ſtrange events informs us, that the Emperor PALÆOLOGUS the ſecond of the name, was ſick, and kept his bed a twelve-month together, of a diſeaſe that his phyſicians could ſcarce find a name for, and much leſs medicines to cure; but when all deſpaired of his recovery, an *Old Woman* told the Empreſs, that if ſhe made it her buſineſs to vex and anger the Emperor to purpoſe, and would purſue that method continually, it would reſtore him to his former health. *That Sex* (ſays the ſcandalous hiſtorian,) *being generally provided with ſuch a remedy,* the Empreſs applied it immediately, and to that degree, as to ſuffer nothing to be done which he commanded; but ſo croſſed and vexed him in every thing, that the torment ſhe continually gave him, at length forced him into a ſweat, by which means the natural heat being ſtirred up, and augmented by ill uſage, it perfectly diſſipated and diſcharged the offending humors that occaſioned his ſickneſs, and the Emperor was perfectly recovered; ſurvived this diſtemper twenty years, and continued in health, till he was ſixty. What think you of this, HORTENSIUS?

HORTENSIUS.

That 'tis a hiſtory of the author's own invention, calculated only for the trite purpoſe of calumniating the fair ſex, who deſerve not ſuch ungenerous treatment.

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

I ſee you do underſtand the ſubject, becauſe you fire at a proper time and in a proper manner, in the ſex's defence.

HORTENSIUS.

I am afraid a little too late, to revenge myſelf on the author of your tale.

CLEANTHES.

Whatever becomes of the tale, the aſſertion is extremely true, that unaccountable cures have been performed, by the effects of fright, fear and fury, whether accidentally or deſignedly excited. —The Gout has not only been inſtantly removed by the paſſions of fear and ſurprize, but eradicated for life; and paralytic lameneſs and contractions, have been ſucceeded by freedom of motion, in conſequence of violent and outrageous paſſion; at leaſt, if we may give credit to hiſtories that are very well atteſted.

HORTENSIUS.

Why this is charming——Pain, Poverty, Labor, Sickneſs—— all trifles! PASSION, the *furor brevis* of former moraliſts, ſalutary and commendable!

CLEANTHES.

A comfortable inſtance at leaſt among many, that Providence is ever watching to bring good out of evil, for the more extenſive happineſs of the creation.

But view it in a medical light, and there is nothing in it contradictory to our beſt founded notions of the human ſtructure. Think only of the fluids driven back as it were from the circumference to the centre of the body, by a ſudden fright, and as inſtantly driven out again, by the neceſſity of as ſudden and impetuous a reſolution. What a ſhock muſt the body thus ſuſtain between ſuch contradictory motions? and what can be effected,

ſimilar to this, by the power of any known medicine? eſpecially if we conſider, that ſome things which might promiſe to bring about great revolutions in our ſyſtem, throw the ſtomach generally into ſuch diſorder, as to prevent the experiment from being brought to a concluſion: or elſe they are ſo weakened by the compaſs they are forced to take, as to arrive at the place of their deſtination with too little force to conquer, or even to attack the enemy.

ARISTUS.

Theſe inſtances, I preſume, are very rare, and therefore it would not be prudent to venture on the Gout, becauſe now and then a miracle is performed in its favor.

HORTENSIUS.

No, ARISTUS, nor on many purſuits which recommend themſelves to inconſiderate youth, by a promiſe of preſent ſatisfaction, and a poſſibility of no diſagreeable conſequences. But prudence does not flouriſh very remarkably in this ſoil.

But there is another thing which troubles me much. I feel a perpetual thirſt for variety, and experience a reſtleſſneſs in myſelf, and obſerve the ſame in others of my age. I wiſh this might be pardonable in the eyes of ſuch a Philoſopher as CLEANTHES, I can hardly expect more.

CLEANTHES.

Indeed, my lively friend, but you may.—It can be vindicated upon rational principles, deduced from the ſtructure of the body, which cannot remain long in the ſame ſtate and condition, without manifeſt inconveniencies.—Let us ſuppoſe a man, in order to avoid troubleſome fatigue, to ſit ſtill many days, and to enjoy life as he may fancy, by partaking of delicacies in which he delights. The higheſt happineſs his condition ſeems capable of, would be to fall aſleep—perchance that ſleep, unquiet,

quiet, and unrefreſhing—let him by way of trial, at ſome other time, purſue buſineſs or amuſement, till he is hungry and fatigued; and then let him tell us, which day's meal appeared to him the moſt ſavory, and from which ſleep, he derived the moſt refreſhment.

The wearineſs we complain of when we continue long in one poſture, even in ſitting ſtill, may ſeem a hardſhip upon our nature; and it ſounds like a paradox to aſſert, that reſt may be productive of uneaſineſs; yet nothing is more certain; and it is a wiſe and excellent proviſion for the welfare of man, by prompting him to frequent change of poſture, and urging him to ſuch degrees of motion, as are neceſſary to promote the circulation of his fluids, through the many crooked meanders in which they are deſtined to flow; and on the uninterrupted courſe of which, ſo much of health depends. And hence the reſtleſſneſs of children, and even their frequent crying, is attended with ſalutary effects.

HORTENSIUS.

I wiſh this had been known ſooner; for it was my lot, and I ſuppoſe it is that of moſt children, to be frequently chaſtiſed, for being, as it was called, naughty, whereas to fret and cry, it ſeems, is but a natural exerciſe.

SOPHRONIUS.

I am afraid HORTENSIUS will ſtrain your obſervation to patronize the unlucky tricks of ſchool boys; and perſuade himſelf, that activity in leaping fences to get at fruit, is only following the ſalutary dictates of nature, and that robbing orchards is eſſential to health.

CLEANTHES.

As he is paſt thoſe ſorts of temptation now, we will not enquire how he acquitted himſelf in that lively period—*Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.*

HORTENSIUS.

After ſo genteel a compliment, I can only object, with a view of real information. And therefore I ſhould be glad to know whether the ſatiety, and even tendency to loathing, which is apt to follow the conſtant uſe of any one ſort of diet, be likewiſe of the number of the ſalutary motions of nature.

CLEANTHES.

I am perſuaded myſelf that it is: Inaſmuch as all animal or vegetable food is conſiſtent with the health of very few: but from a proper mixture of the two, we obviate the effect of either being predominant. For however digeſtion ought to render the *ingeſta* exactly homogenous, it neither does nor can conſtantly accompliſh the point; owing perhaps to accidental weakneſs, or to ſome peculiarity of the parts, or fluids appointed for the purpoſe; or it may be, to our own intemperate uſe, and therefore, abuſe of things ſalutary in themſelves.

SOPHRONIUS.

It is well known that enquiries have been ſet on foot, and rules laid down, in what order to taſte the greateſt variety of diſhes, with the leaſt hazard of health.

PHILALETHES.

Nay you might as well have added the laſt refinement of beaſtly luxury in the *Romans*, who took care to make artificial vacancies, for the gluttonous reception of the expected treat.

CLEANTHES.

Without theſe faulty refinements, nature is well qualified to enjoy variety, both in food and phyſic. We can in general range over the whole creation, through the vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms, and freely take down, not only without hurt, but with benefit, food and phyſic of very oppoſite qualities; ſuch

ſuch as luſcious ſweets or corrugating acids; the natural heat of ſpices, and the artificial chill of ice.——And is not this a more welcome proſpect, for the welfare of the human body, than the ſcanty plan, and contracted allowance, of a handful of herbs? of food and phyſic only from the vegetable tribe?

ARISTUS.

I have heard that it is a favorite opinion with ſome authors, that we are conſtitutionally formed to feed on *Vegetables* only.

CLEANTHES.

This has been the opinion of ſome phyſicians, and particularly of Monſ. HECQUET. The argument thrown into an anatomical form, ſtands thus—Man, ſay the patrons of this doctrine, and all animals, who have blunt teeth, and long inteſtines, were deſigned originally to feed on vegetables only: while thoſe with ſharp teeth, and ſhort inteſtines, were framed to feed on fleſh; as blunt teeth are fitter for grinding, and long inteſtines for allowing the food when ground, to remain in the body a convenient time, to be fully digeſted, ſo as to have the finer parts taken up and conveyed into the blood; while ſharp teeth are much fitter for rending aſunder animal food, and ſhort inteſtines for hurrying that food out of the body, which in its nature is liable to ſpeedy putrefaction.

PHILALETHES.

The anatomical reaſoning may be very juſt, for any thing I know; and there ſeems to be ſomething ingenious in the theory; but ſtill I am afraid it is not agreeable to fact; for not to mention, that the beautiful variety of the animal, was coæval with that of the vegetable creation, we have the expreſs direction of God himſelf to the JEWS, under the MOSAIC diſpenſation, to abſtain from the fleſh of ſome animals, as unfit, and to chuſe that of others as very fit, and lawful to be eaten——a ſingular inſtance

inſtance ſurely, to give man a liberty to enjoy that kind of food, for which, according to this theory, he was not furniſhed with proper organs and receptacles by his Maker.

CLEANTHES.

There is no occaſion for deep enquiries on the ſubject. Experience has entirely ſettled the matter; for beſide that man's ſtomach is formed like that of other carnivorous animals, we find he can, and does digeſt all ſorts of fleſh; and to give a ſtill ſtronger proof of this diſpoſition in the human ſtomach, there are ſome barbarous nations, ſuch as the TARTARS and HOTTENTOTS, that actually eat fleſh raw and unprepared.

ARISTUS.

I muſt confeſs I had never yet conſidered this circumſtance, in any other light, than as an opportunity offered us, by our Creator, of indulging the pleaſures of the palate more extenſively than if confined to one kind of diet. And in that light it would have deſerved our acknowledgement; but more ſo, when profit is thus combined with pleaſure.

SOPHRONIUS.

And yet it would ſeem as if Providence had not yet done enough for us, by the uncommon pains we take to diverſify and prematurely force the productions of every ſeaſon, or to imitate them, and prolong them beyond their natural bounds.

CLEANTHES.

It does not ſeem reaſonable on a ſuppoſition which I think cannot be denied me; which is, that the products of the earth come forth and bloom at thoſe particular times, when the circumſtances of the ſeaſon render them moſt ſalutary to man.——In climates indeed where a fainter ſun fails to ripen juices to perfection, we cannot

cannot wonder at the calling in auxiliary heat; though beſides that the counterfeit is probably diſcoverable, I ſhould doubt whether ſuch places ſtood equally in need of ſuch productions.

SOPHRONIUS.

But in places where the Sun is ſufficiently powerful, we are told that impatient man ſtill interferes; and that the ſtalks of the *Frontiniac grape* are twiſted, in order to cut off the ſupply of cruder juices, and thus haſten the maturing of thoſe already formed.

PHILALETHES.

Nay authors go farther, and introduce a kind of vegetable adultery; (for in theſe very terms they ſpeak of it themſelves) which is a method of uniting the pips of lemons and oranges, ſo as to produce a tree compounded of the ſcent and flavor of each. This is ſaid to have been frequent at *Florence*.

CLEANTHES.

There ſeems to be no harm in exerciſing the wit and ingenuity of man on ſuch occaſions; what I am only concerned to defend is, that Providence has furniſhed every part of the known world with whatever is neceſſary for the life and comfort of his creatures; and that as he has greatly diverſified the influence of the elements in different parts of the globe, he has provided different kinds of food and phyſic, reſpectively ſuitable to each.

HORTENSIUS.

And every poiſon carries about with it it's own antidote.

CLEANTHES.

That I do not hold neceſſary to be believed. It is ſufficient that antidotes are to be had from other hands.

HOR-

HORTENSIUS.

What think you of "a hair from the ſame dog," CLEANTHES?

CLEANTHES.

As of an experiment, which it is probable HORTENSIUS has had the curioſity to make, and therefore knows very well, what to think of it himſelf.

ARISTUS.

But I know not how to reconcile to the opinion of every thing ſalutary growing in our own climate, the cuſtom of fetching ſo much of our phyſic from diſtant parts.

CLEANTHES.

You may underſtand it, if you pleaſe to conſider that at this time of day we import much of our food, as well as of our phyſic, from the ſame diſtant quarters. Such as ſpices, pickles, turtles, &c. and that univerſal favorite with all ranks of people, TEA. We only fetch the poiſon and the antidote from the ſame market.

ARISTUS.

I ſuſpect you do not think this liquor wholeſome.

CLEANTHES.

Pardon me—it may be innocently, and advantageouſly drank; but it was never deſigned to be the principal ſupport of the laboring poor; yet this abuſe of it is ſeen, or rather felt, in almoſt every cottage.

The argument however was only meant to ſhow, that while we are feeding on foreign diet, we may chance to experience diſeaſes, which foreign drugs are particularly qualified to cure.

ARIS-

ARISTUS.

But ſetting aſide this circumſtance, I cannot think that every thing is produced in our own country, that is neceſſary for the health and welfare of it's inhabitants.

PHILALETHES.

Nor can I—what *Succedanea* can we find at home, I would aſk, for *Bark*, *Rhubarb*, and ſimilar drugs? Or even if we had theſe plants, and yet our climate ſhould not be capable of bringing them to their deſtined perfection, would it not be the ſame thing as if we had them not?

SOPHRONIUS.

But after all, perhaps our being thus obliged to ſeek neceſſaries from other countries was providentially impoſed, to teach us univerſal benevolence, by making us dependant on our fellow-creatures of every place: Thus ſubduing the prejudices we are ſo apt to entertain, againſt people whoſe cuſtoms, or even complexions happen to differ from our own.

CLEANTHES.

This is no bad hint—but we have wandered far enough for the preſent. Let us make for port while we have light enough to guide us.—I have probably fatigued my audience as much as myſelf.

HORTENSIUS.

You have carried me, I muſt confeſs, into regions a little new to me, but in a manner, that has not been attended with the leaſt fatigue.

CLEANTHES.

I could expect no leſs than a compliment from the polite HORTENSIUS.

ARISTUS.

I believe HORTENSIUS has ſpoken the ſentiments of all this company—but we cannot for your own ſake urge you to proceed any farther now; yet as I ſhall be glad to hear all you have left to ſay on this argument, I will invite myſelf as SOPHRONIUS' gueſt to-morrow.

SOPHRONIUS.

A very acceptable one I aſſure you, and doubly welcome, becauſe you have prevented me in my deſign.

ALL.

Then farewel ARISTUS.

ARISTUS.

My worthy friends, farewel.

End of the Third Dialogue.

DIALOGUE IV.

SOPHRONIUS, HORTENSIUS, CLEANTHES, PHILALETHES, and ARISTUS.

SOPHRONIUS.

I Am glad to ſee my friends arrived in good time, as the clouds ſeem to threaten a ſtorm.——ARISTUS, you much oblige me by this viſit.

ARISTUS.

I know of no obligation I have laid you under, SOPHRONIUS, unleſs by giving you an opportunity of indulging your favorite paſſion, of making your friends happy.

SOPHRONIUS.

If the taſk of ſpeaking to-day reſted principally on me, I ſhould be greatly at a loſs how to anſwer. But I have no other merit than that of bringing my friends together, who will amply reward this trifling mark of my eſteem.

HORTENSIUS.

Very polite on both ſides, gentlemen; and if you think it ſufficient, ſuppoſe we call upon CLEANTHES, to reſume his taſk.

CLEANTHES.

A taſk indeed, HORTENSIUS, and ſuch a one as the Roman Orator himſelf ſeemed to dread——to ſpeak profeſſedly on an important ſubject, before judges liſtening with eager attention.

HORTENSIUS.

I believe, CLEANTHES, we ſhall ſome of us take the liberty of breaking in upon you, and relieve you by interruption. So take courage.

CLEANTHES.

Interruption is what I am about to recommend. For to what I have already ſaid of the conſtitutional powers of our body, to evade or conquer cuſtomary dangers, I muſt add, that our nature is ſeldom, (if ever) tied down to invariable rules, in applying the many comforts of life. The ſame perſon may at different times indulge in much variety, and act as if he were of a very different conſtitution. A change of place, of thought, purſuit, or amuſement, is capable of diverſifying our ſenſations: for while air, food, and exerciſe, have ſo great an influence over the bodies of men, as we feel they have, and theſe can be variouſly compounded both as to manner and degree, there cannot but reſult from hence a power to partake with impunity, if not with advantage, of the variety of enjoyments which nature offers us.

HORTENSIUS.

Why then does youth ſo often ſmart, for what gravity calls imtemperate purſuits? or how can any age tell exactly, when Nature is in ſuch wonderful good humor?

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps only from experience; which will very ſoon furniſh us with general rules to guide us ſucceſsfully in our purſuit. An experience to be attained by all, who will attend a little carefully to it.

PHILALETHES.

I ſuppoſe CLEANTHES means, that health does not depend on eating or drinking by weight and meaſure, in the ſtatic chair of

of SANCTORIUS; or on walking or riding over a particular ſpot of ground at certain hours.

CLEANTHES.

I mean rather more—that occaſionally we may tranſgreſs the moſt ſettled rules for our conduct in theſe matters, and find ourſelves benefited by it. And indeed without ſuch a privilege, ſociety would be confined to very hard conditions, and intimacies be formed, not on the plan of correſponding ſouls, but of ſympathizing nerves and bowels.

HORTENSIUS.

This doctrine, I ſuppoſe, is in favor of CATO, when fluſhed with wine, and of other grave characters, who ſeem, to common apprehenſions, to have ſometimes fallen into culpable exceſs.

CLEANTHES.

It is meant in favor of what Providence moſt undoubtedly deſigned, that man ſhould be capable of very extenſive comforts, notwithſtanding the frailty of his lapſed condition. This latitude however is calculated only for perſons in health: ſickneſs requires a ſtricter regimen, and an uncomfortable ſameneſs.

HORTENSIUS.

But the poets tell us, CLEANTHES, who, if not medical, were certainly moral doctors, that this freedom of ranging, this latitude of choice, is very unable to procure the comforts it pretends to, at leaſt for man as compounded of mind, as well as of body.

CLEANTHES.

The poets muſt pardon me if I ſubſcribe not to theſe tenets univerſally; they may perhaps be applicable to a diſordered mind,

mind, and a guilty conſcience—but affliction for the loſs of ſomething dear to us, or the gloomineſs of an accidental indiſpoſition, are certainly capable of alleviation from change of ſcenes, and of being removed by new, and entertaining objects.

There cannot be a more elegant and pictureſque deſcription, of the difficulty with which the mind attempts to ſhake off ſorrow, than the "*poſt equitem ſedet* ATRA CURA" of HORACE, thus emphatically tranſlated by COTTON,

And who does mount his horſe for this, will find,
He carries Black-brow'd Madam Care *behind.*

And yet this dark-complexioned gentlewoman will, in a medical ſenſe, find her hold, during a journey, become leſs and leſs firm; and by the rider's perſeverance, be forced at laſt to quit her ſeat.

In whatever manner the ſoul and body act together, it is certain that the latter is very differently affected in its conſtituent parts, and active powers, under different ranges of thought. The idea of pain and pleaſure, even of others, if heightened by imagination, becomes in ſome degree realized in ourſelves; and the ſolids and fluids ſympathize accordingly. The nature of our purſuits, and ſubjects of our meditation, give irreſiſtible laws to the animal œconomy; it is our buſineſs to vary them ſo judiciouſly, that ſomething like a harmonious diſpoſition may reſult from apparent diſcord.

PHILALETHES.

As upon the whole, ſtorms, and calms, heat and cold, light and darkneſs, jointly contribute to the ſafety of the Univerſe.

HORTENSIUS.

The diſpoſal of theſe events, is in the hands of an all-wiſe, as well as of an all-powerful being, and may doubtleſs be conducted for the good of the whole. But I cannot compliment

man,

man, with being maſter either of ſo much power, or prudence, as to raiſe or lay the ſtorm of paſſion, juſt as health requires, or to be always in the exact temper, on which this nice experiment is founded. This ſeems to be a refinement, beyond the poſſibility of a proof.

CLEANTHES.

It will always be a difficult undertaking to gain aſſent to a theory, which does not in general ſuit with experience; and it is more uſual to ſuppoſe, that becauſe things are ſo, they muſt be ſo *neceſſarily*. Whereas what we receive from nature, with reſpect to paſſion and inclination, is inconſiderable, to what is added by education and art. I know not whether there is in nature, a ſingle paſſion, or deſire, which it is not in our power to render ſo manageable, as that it ſhall never be very materially inconvenient to us. And on the other hand, I ſcarce know any man, be he ever ſo well eſteemed for prudence, who does not, at ſome time or other, ſuffer himſelf to be the ſlave of very unquiet deſires.

SOPHRONIUS.

I think I have ſomewhere ſeen the PASSIONS compared to the horſes of the *Sun*, requiring a very nice management of the reins, to prevent their flying out of the road. Will you be our APOLLO, and teach us how to drive ſafely?

HORTENSIUS,

Or rather how to prevent the chariot from running away with the horſes: for I think the *Body* is under CLEANTHES' direction now.

CLEANTHES.

The deſtination of the blood and humors muſt not be too long employed, in ſupporting any one ſcheme of inclination; but

but muſt be prudently called off, to flow in other directions, and be conducive in their turn, to ſerve a different purpoſe.—The too long, or repeated gratification of any deſire, ſeems to form and model our bodily powers to a degree of proneneſs, which, when we can no longer contradict, we call *Habit*; and the antecedent progreſſive ſteps, *Temper*. And yet theſe might be, in a great meaſure, what we would chuſe to have them; but the work muſt be undertaken early, and be dependant at firſt on the friendly care of others.

ARISTUS.

Conſidering therefore how nice the undertaking is, and to what hands it is generally entruſted, we cannot wonder at ſeeing it ſo often miſcarry.

CLEANTHES.

And yet for want of this, there grows inſenſibly ſuch a diſpoſition of body, as will prove a conſtant tempter to the repetition of follies, of which we ſhall often repent, and yet perhaps never be cured; for as I have already hinted, we may bring ourſelves at laſt to be moved with ſo ſlight a touch, that imagination will act as ſtrongly upon us as reality, and thus between viſible and inviſible enemies, we muſt ſtruggle deſperately, if we mean to conquer.

SOPHRONIUS.

How far do you think the body has greater or leſs influence than the mind, in determining us to particular actions?

CLEANTHES.

It is impoſſible to be certain of that—but it is eaſy to ſee, and we may fairly allow, that the content of the body is ſeldom left out, in calculations for the pleaſure and comfort of the mind.—In proportion therefore as we have made the

happineſs

happineſs of the body more neceſſary, it will urge its ſatisfactions with more warmth, and frequency; and by a fatal, but notorious diſpoſition, will encreaſe in its demands, the more we humor and indulge it.

HORTENSIUS.

That is, in other words, ſpare the rod and ſpoil the child. But is all this fairly deducible from your firſt favorite principle, —the ſtructure of the body?

CLEANTHES.

If I am not miſtaken, it is—ſince a certain degree of ſecretion, and deſtination of fluids, a certain tone and diſpoſition of ſolids, are the neceſſary attendants on the actions of the body, and affections of the mind: and in whatever manner, or in whatever part, they have been too frequently and habitually exerciſed, there will they incline with ſo forcible a propenſity ,as it will be ſcarce in the power of judgment and reaſon to withſtand; and the ſoberer mind, rouſed at length from its dream of happineſs, ſtrives, but alas too late, to reduce the body to that point of moderation, from which alone ſatisfaction flows.

Invite the drunkard to lay aſide the pernicious habit, of ſwallowing down continual and intemperate draughts, and he will fairly confeſs to you, it is too late to do it; and the anſwer may be literally true; for the trembling, ſick and giddy ſtate of ſuch a man, after abſtinence, is a diſeaſe which cannot be cured, but by a free return to the pleaſing and neceſſary poiſon.—He has altered the machine, and given it laws of his own; and by them he muſt now be content to ſtand or fall.

Nature, for the convenience of the human race, opens and ſhuts occaſional channels: but the end once anſwered, we ſhould not urge her to a dangerous continuance. How much we have it in our power to forward or check ſecretions, is notorious in many inſtances.—The woman, or the *Lady*, for there are ſtill a few

kind mothers of that claſs, would in vain attempt to loſe her milk, while continually handling and embracing her child. The fond idea would excite deſire, and encreaſe the ſecretion of that fluid, which ſhe means to check, ſo that a mutual ſeparation may in this caſe be ſaid, as well to wean the parent as the child.

It would not be deemed a rational ſtep, in order to avoid hunger, to expoſe the ſenſes to beautiful ſights, or ſavory ſteams of food; or, but in recollection, to act over again, the delicious ſcenes of the laſt banquet.

In ſhort, not to tire your attention, theſe are a few of the many inſtances that might be brought to ſhow, that the keeping the body in ſubjection is not only a neceſſary, but a poſſible taſk; and this upon principles, which, as they have a real foundation in our make and ſtructure, could not be omitted on this occaſion.

HORTENSIUS.

Give me leave to obſerve, that there is one inſtance of an attempt to keep the body in ſubjection, which is ſeldom attended with the deſired ſucceſs. I mean in the caſe of *Corpulency*; and yet ſurely this ſtate might ſeem, if any, to be ſubject to our controul.

CLEANTHES.

There are ſome conſtitutions, HORTENSIUS, ſo extreamly frugal, as to convert all the parts poſſible of their food into nouriſhment: and hence a foundation is laid for that increaſe of bulk, which becomes an imaginary, or a real burden.

HORTENSIUS.

But I am ſpeaking of perſons, who really do every thing in their power, to avoid this inconvenience: I mean, who try for the purpoſe both *Abſtinence* and *Exerciſe*.

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

By *Abſtinence* in this caſe, is uſually meant an imaginary ſubſtraction of the quantity of food, by eating perhaps but one meal in the day. Now if this ſhould be attended, as I am afraid it often is, by a great increaſe of appetite for that meal, the advantages of the practice will be very trifling, if indeed any at all.

HORTENSIUS.

But *Exerciſe* muſt ſurely waſte bulk—as is very well known to jockies.

CLEANTHES.

If you pleaſe, let us confine ourſelves to the exerciſe of gentlemen—It is ſuppoſed to obviate corpulency, as carrying off ſuperfluities by perſpiration—Now exerciſe is either moderate or violent. The former kind of it, as it keeps the body in health and vigor, proportionally encreaſes the appetite, and powers of digeſtion: and for violent exerciſe, I believe no perſon ever thought of taking it, but upon an empty ſtomach or a ſlight breakfaſt. And thoſe who are fond of a fox, or a ſtag chace, have no averſion after it to a plentiful meal of the moſt ſolid, uſually, and nouriſhing food. But this is not all: for in proportion to the expenſe of ſpirits during the ſport, and the neceſſary refreſhment after it, a ſweet and ſound ſleep takes poſſeſſion of the man, and thus greatly facilitates a due concoction of the aliment. Theſe circumſtances being neglected and left out of the computation of ſuch perſons' method of life, betrays them into that neceſſary ſurprize, that exerciſe will not keep down their fat.

PHILALETHES.

I have known another method tried by the fair ſex, the drinking of vinegar, in order to keep their perſons ſlender—a practice I have heard much condemned.

CLEANTHES.

And with great reaſon—and, by the by, this is another inſtance of our being the artificers of our own misfortunes, when to avoid being as we fancy inelegant, we run the hazard of being all our lives unhealthy.

HORTENSIUS.

But ſeriouſly, what is the proper and rational method whereby ſafely and conſcientiouſly to obviate a threatening, or reduce an actual corpulency?

CLEANTHES.

To introduce an expenſe in our conſtitution, whereby part of our food may be, as it were, ſquandered, and never placed to the account of nutrition, which may be done by certain kinds of diet. Beſides which, let the bed be hard, the ſleep ſhort, the meals moderate, and the diſhes few.

SOPHRONIUS.

It is eaſier perhaps to preſcribe methods for the health or convenience of the body, than to adviſe what is the likelieſt method to make it a profitable companion to the mind. I have ſeen many ways propoſed, and different regimen recommended, without that ſucceſs which was expected to follow; eſpecially in inſtances where *religious* motives were concerned.

HORTENSIUS.

You think perhaps that the voluntary ſufferings of the deluded BONZES have no great efficacy in a religious light, or many other ſimilar hardſhips, which the members of particular ſects are fond of undergoing?

SOPHRONIUS.

Much I think depends on what we underſtand by hardſhips in theſe caſes; As far as any ſeverity of treatment can anſwer a religious

religious end, I can ſee no objection to it. But I ſhall draw myſelf into an argument when I mean only to be liſtening to CLEANTHES—Will you have the goodneſs to proceed?

CLEANTHES.

It was in very good hands before, but if you inſiſt upon it, I will proceed. I agree with you entirely, that before we ought to practiſe what may be called auſterities, we ſhould be very certain of their producing the ends, for which they were deſigned. And perhaps this is not always the conſequence even of religious abſtinence.

PHILALETHES.

Your remark might be ſupported by experience; and has not entirely eſcaped very devout writers on the ſubject. But as this practice is not likely to extend its influence too far, we had better ſee what other errors in this affair are to be avoided: will CLEANTHES give us his opinion on this ſubject?

CLEANTHES.

Indeed I am not very willing to meddle in ſo nice a point. All I can ſay with propriety, and a benevolent wiſh of adviſing for the beſt, is, that whenever abſtinence or particular diet rather ſeeds, than famiſhes deſire, it does not ſeem to agree with the deſign of a religious inſtitution. And that therefore ſome forms of this ſort, might advantageouſly be diſpenſed with, by thoſe in whom this conſequence is found to follow.

HORTENSIUS.

The founders of religious ſects do not ſeem to have dreamt of your relative fitneſſes.

CLEANTHES.

Thoſe of meer human inſtitution, I fear, do not often anſwer their deſign; at leaſt we know that confinement does not always

make

make the *Nun* chaſte, or the *Fryar* holy,—and that ſcandalous indecencies are frequent in thoſe countries, where the uſe of wine is not permitted to inflame.

ARISTUS.

It is certain, I think, that we may uſe to our comfort, or abuſe to our coſt, almoſt ever y thing, or opportunity, that is put in our power; and that in general we are too apt to pervert the ends, and fruſtrate the deſigns of Providence in our favor.

CLEANTHES.

You grant me all I aſk—for I do not ſuppoſe that a life totally exempt from any degree of pain and ſuffering, was deſigned, or ever known to be the lot of mortal man. But if the repreſentation I have given of this matter be fair and juſt, we bring on ourſelves many of the troubles which we might avoid; many of theſe troubles are not what exaggeration makes them; and in proportion to the ſharpneſs of them, is the ſhortneſs of their duration. If after all, querulous men can find pleaſure in decrying human Nature, or ſceptical ones in doubting all that has been ſaid, they are at liberty to live on their own terms, and make the moſt of their own opinions.

HORTENSIUS.

A very fair latitude indeed, CLEANTHES, but a very neceſſary one. For after all you have ſaid, *Opinion* is the ſovereign power which regulates the greater part of the world. And *Health* itſelf is thought by ſome, not to be worth the purchaſing, at the price of ſo much pain, as denying an appetite.

SOPHRONIUS.

It would be a nice, but perhaps dangerous enquiry, how to balance exactly pain and pleaſure; nor indeed is it in our power to

to do it. For whatever ſatisfactions we endeavor to procure ourſelves, with a certainty of ſpeedy ſufferings being the conſequence, can never deſerve the name of pleaſure. And pleaſure and pain diſtributed to us eventually, and accidentally, is too complex to admit of ſuch an eſtimate.

PHILALETHES.

As you allow every one to follow their own opinion, I am inclined to believe that the good and evils of life, are more equally diſtributed among individuals than is uſually imagined: only as ſuffering makes the deepeſt impreſſion, ſo it is apt to make the loudeſt noiſe; while ſilent ſatisfaction glides on imperceptibly, a tranſparent unheeded ſtream.

HORTENSIUS.

I know one thing, PHILALETHES, that I ſhall leave this company with a kind of pain, I never knew before. But I muſt alſo acknowledge, that I have felt pleaſure of a new and unuſual kind: which moſt predominates I ſcarce can ſay. I ſeem however to have acquired new powers, which I long to employ; and if I ſhould come off conqueror in the conflicts of youth with danger, I will come, and lay my trophies at my inſtructor's feet.

PHILALETHES.

We all have obligations to CLEANTHES, for his obſervations; and every age, I preſume, may profit by them.

CLEANTHES.

If I have given my friends pleaſure, I am happy, and in this agreeable condition permit me to take my leave. Farewel to all this company.

ALL.

Farewel, CLEANTHES.

EXPLA-

EXPLANATORY REMARKS

ON THE

GREAT UTILITY

OF

HOSPITALS

FOR THE

SICK AND POOR.

BY A

GOVERNOR

OF

ADDENBROOKE's HOSPITAL.

SIR,

YOU may remember when I had the pleaſure of ſpending a day with you at your ſeat in ———*ſhire,* that the diſcourſe after dinner turned on the ſubject of Hoſpitals, as lately erected in many of the counties in England. The Company in general applauded ſuch undertakings; a few doubted whether they were always conducted in the moſt proper manner, while one perſon ventured to ſay, they did more harm than good. I perceived your humanity was hurt at this laſt inſinuation, and ſaw by the ſignificancy of your looks, that you wiſhed, as you knew how highly I approve ſuch inſtitutions, that I would have ſtood forth in their defence.

What I then declined doing in converſation, I am very willing to do by Letter. I had two reaſons for not entering on the ſubject at that time; one, becauſe I was not prepared to treat it fully; the other, becauſe a large company is very ſeldom an attentive one. You muſt often have obſerved, that in the unreſtrained freedom eſſential to ſocial debates, too many are apt to ſpeak at once; and thus bring objections faſter and in greater number, than the defendant has time to remove or comprehend; whereas ſeveral objections would ſucceſſively vaniſh before an uninterrupted explanation; and arguments are known to derive accumulated force, from relative and neceſſary connections.

It is poſſible, I believe, for minds to be ſo influenced by error, as to indulge ſpeculation to the excluſion of practical duties; it muſt have been from ſuch a principle, that any one ſhould have thought the life of a mutilated ſlave, not worth preſerving, or that we were under the dominion of ſuch a fatality, as rendered ſuccor to the ſick, needleſs.

It is not to ſuch as theſe I direct my thoughts, but to ſuch as, convinced of the utility and neceſſity of this branch of benevolence, wiſh only to ſee it exerciſed in the beſt manner poſſible, and as little injured as may be, by the imperfections of human management.

The chief and foundation ſtone of theſe benevolent ſtructures, is the relief of ſick and ſuffering poverty. Thus far all build alike; this is the undoubted aim of every contributor. And yet though this principle ſeems of a very ſimple kind, it becomes when reduced to practice more complicated than could be wiſhed; and hence it is that the rules and orders of moſt Infirmaries, can ſo ſeldom be entirely complied with. They generally exiſt previous to any trial, how far they may chance to be more or leſs beneficial to the main deſign; experience, and experience only, can properly teach us this. There is a variety of perplexed circumſtances in the caſe of many who petition for relief in Hoſpitals, which no rule can regulate, and a multiplicity of rules make worſe; while the relaxation of a rule, begins confuſion, and a temporary ſuſpenſion, compleats it.

The Rules and Orders of every Hoſpital are deſigned to operate in two points: For the benefit of the patient, and to preſerve the good order of the houſe; to ſtate what are the qualifications that render the ſick, proper objects of charity; and what conduct of theirs is neceſſary to give them a chance for relief. To which is added, and with great propriety, what kind of behavior is expected from them, in return.

I ſhall ſpeak to each of theſe articles, by which it will appear how difficult it is to confine them to uniform rules.

With reſpect to *Poverty*, I would have that always reſt upon the credit of the recommender, as it would be impoſſible to examine into it, during the time allotted for the admiſſion of patients; beſides that the ſtate which qualifies the petitioner to be favorably heard, does not entirely depend on his being in abſo-

lute

lute want. The poor wretch who has by ſevere labor accumulated a few pounds, may be very unable to ſupport himſelf and family, under a ſevere illneſs, without ruining his little hoard; and ſpending perhaps in a few weeks, what was the labor of years to acquire. Humanity ſeldoms errs, tho' judgement may.

But the nature of the diſtemper is a more difficult circumſtance. There is a certain fence between the pauper and this kind of Charity, which one knows not eaſily where to place. There will in moſt infirmaries be more candidates for relief, than money to accompliſh the good deſign; it is very proper therefore to lay it out, where there is the greateſt likelihood of ſucceſs, and to withold it from ſuch as ſeem incapable of benefit. On this principle is founded the regulation of *excepted caſes*. Some diſorders proclaim at firſt ſight the impoſſibility of a cure, and are therefore properly rejected; others are ſo far advanced, that we have little chance of removing them; yet it is not always ſafe to pronounce the diſorder in the laſt ſtage, and the patient in a dying condition; here the Phyſician holds the ſcale with a trembling hand, to ſee whether Pity or Juſtice ſhould preponderate. *Monſtra fiunt in Medicina*, is a well known and indiſputable axiom, and to ſay exactly when nature has done her all, and art can do no more, is in ſome caſes impoſſible. You ſee by this that my inclination tends to admit of almoſt hopeleſs caſes, in order for *trial*. How trifling does the objection of hazarding a little expence appear, when ſet in oppoſition to the attempt of ſaving life?

But ſuppoſing our hope of ſucceſs ſhould be too ſanguine, and the impoſſibility of giving any relief confirmed, and the patient during the experiment become too bad for removal; what is to be done then? I make no ſcruple to anſwer, the patient ought to die with us. I acknowledge that the primary intention of theſe charities is the reſtoration of health and eaſe, and that when the undertaking appears very unfavorable, we ſhould deliberate before we determine to receive the patient; but ſhould

we

we be accidentally obliged to let the patient die with us, I inſiſt we are *Charitable* ſtill. There are ſufferings at the cloſe of ſome lives, which humanity muſt ever wiſh to ſoften; and which theſe inſtitutions certainly do; nay the letting one ſingle life expire with us, may be the preſervation of many. The pauper would probably at home have expired (perhaps offenſively) in the ſame ſmall bed, with his wife and infant family; diſtemper might thus be propagated, for want of air and room, to a whole cottage, and ſeven periſh inſtead of one. We improve on humanity, while we prevent thoſe evils which we are not certain we could cure, and do as much good and at leſs expence, by obviating, as by removing complaints.

It is acknowledged on all hands, becauſe it is demonſtrable, that the expence of the in-patients is conſiderably encreaſed by the length of time they are obliged to ſtay in the houſe; but would the ſuperficial readers of our annual accounts, or the rigid advocates for unremitting œconomy, deign to viſit theſe ſcenes of ſuffering, they would acknowledge their money was not wantonly expended, and that the number of wretched ſufferers muſt occaſion a conſiderably larger diſburſement; ſtill however as far as may be, to reconcile œconomy with humanity, let it be ſeriouſly remembered, that would the paupers themſelves, or their friends or pariſh officers for them, ſend them for help at the beginning of ſores, hurts in the joints, &c. their cures would be compleated in a much ſhorter time, with infinitely leſs pain to themſelves, and proportionally leſs expence to us. If they come to us however in a far advanced ſtate of evil, in God's name let us ſpare no expence for their recovery. I had rather Addenbrooke's Hoſpital ſhould never be any larger than it is, than figure away in our account with twenty times the number of patients, and not do half the good.

To obviate however every objection of this kind as much as may be, and to keep clear of a tax which Infirmaries moderately endowed

endowed can ill ſupport, it is one of our rules, that Patients living at a great diſtance where we cannot examine them ourſelves, ſhould ſend by an Apothecary or Surgeon, the exact ſtate of their Caſe, that their coming may be prevented, if deemed unneceſſary or improper.

One of the Caſes generally refuſed admittance into Hoſpitals is that of Epileptic Fits, and with great propriety; as the ſight of them has been known to occaſion the ſame diſorder, in perſons not before afflicted with them. Indeed they are in many inſtances ſo unconquerable, that all attempts to relieve them are fruitleſs. But even to allow theſe objects every poſſible chance, they are conſtantly admitted on the liſt as out patients. It were however to be wiſhed that all objects of this kind could reſide in the ſame town in which the Infirmary is placed; as ſuch perſons being obliged to walk a conſiderable way, to or from an Hoſpital, may chance to fall, in going over narrow planks, walking by the ſide of ditches, &c.

The only poor to whom I think we ſhould deny, or but ſparingly afford our aſſiſtance, are the Veterans in iniquitous habits; not from any want of common humanity, or from a preſumptuous condemning of others, but becauſe we here ſtrive againſt the ſtream, we attempt impoſſibilities. The diſeaſe, as well as habit, is become incurable from a repetition of the ſame cauſes, which firſt produced it, and the conſtant continuance of which, feeds and inflames it. Habitual drunkenneſs is therefore the greateſt diſqualification of an object, that deſires relief in this way. And indeed the very few patients of this claſs, who have not entirely drowned their underſtandings, are ſenſible enough of the impropriety of their application, and acknowledge their expectation of relief to be very little; becauſe they own they have drank hard in *their time*, which generally means, as long as they were able.

Another ſpecies of diſeaſe, at leaſt in an advanced ſtate, is rejected, becauſe very troubleſome in its conſequences, and very

tedious

tedious in its cure, requiring ſometimes uncommon attendance, and uſually the lot of the very profligate. Our Hoſpital, as far as it can, endeavors to ſend out its patients more virtuous than it receives them; endeavoring to promote, as will hereafter be obſerved, every good diſpoſition by prayers, advice and books.

There is yet one kind of patients more, who muſt ever be deemed proper objects of our charity. I mean thoſe, who are taken ill during a conſtant reſidence here, in a diligent exerciſe of their employment, though barely ſufficient for the maintenance of themſelves, or family. To ſend theſe in a dangerous or languiſhing ſtate to ſuch Hoſpitals, as from their ſettlement they would have a claim to, would be often impoſſible, and always inhuman. And it ſhould be remembered that the benevolent Founder of our Hoſpital, meant it to be for any poor ſick perſon whatever, not limiting them to place or county; and whatever regulations have been obliged to be introduced of this kind, are entirely owing to the impoſſibility of fulfilling his wiſh, and the propriety of giving a preference, when neceſſary, to our town, county, and the iſle of Ely.

Having now finiſhed my obſervations on what ſeem the neceſſary qualifications to render patients proper objects for an Infirmary to relieve, it comes next in turn to conſider, by what methods the relief of each, can beſt be attempted.

As no Hoſpital can properly contain the numbers that every week ſollicit to be admitted, the ſick are on this account neceſſarily divided into *In* and *Out* Patients. This is unavoidable, and attention is therefore paid to the moſt immediate diſtreſs, and objects of this ſort preferred to be taken in. But it often happens that patients are not excluded for want of room, but becauſe they cannot find time to come in. The heads of families cannot alway s be ſpared from home. If a mother, ſhe is wanted to look after the children; if a father, he muſt try to work, however little, to maintain them. Whatever be the cauſe, the conſequence is clear, that out patients cannot have equal aſſiſtance, with

with thoſe within; and ſome inconveniences follow, and cannot be avoided both to themſelves, and the charity that aſſiſts them. Aſſiſtance can only be given to ſuch ſufferers, by obliging them to come to the Hoſpital for advice, and medicines. They muſt come for theſe upon a ſtated day of the week, whatever may chance to lengthen the intervals between their coming. If they come in bad weather, they encreaſe their complaints; if they wait too long for good, they are without medicines. It often happens that they come many miles, and almoſt always that they walk. Theſe circumſtances, it is to be feared, abate the efficacy of preſcriptions, and ſometimes entirely fruſtrate their deſign. Beſides which, the treatment cannot always be ſo well adapted to their complaint, as in the Houſe; ſome remedies require caution in the adminiſtring, and moſt find an auxiliary in proper diet, little of which I ſuppoſe is to be met with in poor cottages; nay the very form of the medicines participate in ſome meaſure of the inconvenience, and as the time of the year happens, ſuch as will keep longeſt muſt have the preference to others, that would exert their effect more ſpeedily or powerfully.

And here let me note a prevalent error among the ignorant part of mankind in general, and that is a notion that the firſt preſcription is always meant for the immediate eradication of the diſeaſe, and therefore if they find themſelves diſappointed in this, they give over and take no more. Whereas ſome caſes and conſtitution require a little previous preparation, to give medicines a chance of doing good, and perhaps to prevent them doing harm. Bleeding and ſome other evacuations, belong to this introductory claſs of relief. And I have ſometimes had reaſon to ſuſpect, that more harm has been done by thus unſeaſonably ſtopping ſhort, than would have followed from having done nothing at all.

I have dwelt the longer on this explanation, in order to account for the reaſon of the great number of Out Patients generally remaining on Hoſpital Books, as alſo for the tediouſneſs as well as

as additional expence of their cure, which probably would not in ſome inſtances have been greater in the houſe.

There is no ſtronger inſtance of the ſuperior advantage of being an *In*, to that of being an *Out Patient*, than what is taken from thoſe complaints which ariſe entirely from the want of proper warmth and nouriſhment, and which is often the fate of the country poor. I have ſeen ſome of theſe in vain attempted to be relieved at home, who, when they came into the houſe, ſcarce wanted any other preſcription, than a warm bed, and a full belly, and which often compleated their cure in a fortnight.

Nor let it be ſaid, that relief in theſe circumſtances is rather given to the pariſh than to the poor, for diſtempers are equally ſuch, whether brought on by poverty, or any other cauſe. Nay ſuch a ſufferer ſurely deſerves double compaſſion, who owes his ſufferings to a neglect he dares not complain of, and yet wants ſtrength of conſtitution to ſupport.

Pariſhes are often burthened with a numerous poor; and like the reſt of their fellow creatures, there are good and bad among them. It is not eaſy for officers to know the exact merit of each family; it is more likely that to ſave themſelves trouble, they will lay down one uniform mode of relief, without nicely diſtinguiſhing between them; to which the modeſt will ever ſubmit without reply, whatever fatal conſequences it brings upon their health.

On the other hand, there are ſome caſes which cannot bear the cloſe air of wards, but require the purer effluvia of hills and country, and theſe are of courſe, and with propriety, refuſed admittance within.

Thus much is ſufficient to explain the different methods of relieving patients. It remains in the laſt place to ſay ſomething of that behavior, which we expect from the paupers to their benefactors, the rules of which in ſome degree are not ſo convenient as could be wiſhed.

The

The *Out Patients* as well as *In*, are required, when cured, to attend the governors at the board, to return thanks for all favors received, when a little book of prayers or advice, is put into their hands, if they or any of their family can read; and they are enjoined to return God thanks the firſt convenient opportunity, at their reſpective places of worſhip, for their cure. Now the regular attendance of patients from great diſtances, while under cure, has been ſhewn to be in ſome inſtances ſcarce poſſible, and in many, what they do not like. In the preſent caſe it operates much ſtronger. Perſons of that education which is uſually the lot of the illiterate, are more ſtrongly actuated by a preſent ſenſe of pain, than by a ſenſe of gratitude when it is once paſt, eſpecially if attended with trouble to themſelves; indeed in bad weather it is not required of them: where it proceeds from an ungrateful temper, no alleviation ſhould be propoſed; but where it is particularly inconvenient to them on account of the diſtance, or other unfavorable circumſtances, I think it might in part be diſpenſed with, by their returning their thanks to the charity in the perſon of their phyſician, and being by him furniſhed with books and cuſtomary monitions; by which means too, their boxes, gallipots or phials, would be more punctually returned, than at preſent.

Theſe obſervations may appear trifling at firſt ſight, but are of ſome importance as connected with another rule, whoſe natural tendency operates to the diſadvantage of this unthinking claſs. It is always more deſirable to prevent faults, than to puniſh them; and an attempt at too much regularity, generally introduces confuſion. In proportion as you introduce allowances and admit exceptions, you get farther removed from, and inſenſibly deſtroy your firſt deſign. It were better to make laws, if poſſible, of a comprehenſive nature at firſt, that ſhould virtually include every power which we might in any caſe wiſh to exert, than ſuch as we muſt entirely run counter to, upon every unforeſeen event.

Now the reaſons of an unprofitable, or faulty attendance of the out patients being ſo numerous, as has been explained, it is difficult to know when to adopt the uſually preſcribed puniſhment, of diſmiſſing them for this fault, and rendering them incapable of the benefit of the Hoſpital *for ever*. This interdiction indeed is directed to be taken off, when they give a proper reaſon for their abſence. That reaſon however ſometimes does not come till months after the patient and his fault are forgotten, and 'tis often, very difficult to know, whether that reaſon be a true one. It might therefore perhaps be better to ſubſtitute in its place, the obliging perſons to get a freſh recommendation, who have forfeited the reaſonable advantages of the firſt. Their friends to whom they would apply in this caſe, would if they found them faulty reprimand them properly, or refuſe them; and if innocent, vindicate them much better than they can do themſelves.

It is very difficult to make the country poor underſtand the formalities, neceſſary for their admiſſion; they cannot comprehend what recommendation can be wanted to a Chriſtian Hoſpital, beſides the pain, the poverty, or ſores of the object; all beyond is unintelligible to them; ſuch as that there muſt be a written or printed recommendation, ſigned by a ſubſcriber, that ſubſcriber not three months in arrear, not having a patient at the ſame time in the houſe, nor having had more than a certain number, &c. They do not ſee how this tends to their immediate relief. And indeed the pathetic exclamation of " muſt I go back and die ?" accompanied with the haggard look of deſpair, may well get the better of the beſt planned ſchemes of prudent and provident regulations. But for this difficulty alſo I would ſuggeſt a remedy, that thoſe Subſcribers who live in other counties, or are never reſident within reach of the charity to recommend for themſelves, ſhould leave their recommendations in the hands of ſome friend, who would take care to uſe them only for the ſervice of proper objects, when their own recommendations, and thoſe of their neighbors, were exhauſted.

But

But it is time to releaſe you, for I have made theſe obſervations longer than I intended. I cannot however conclude without doing juſtice to the managers of our moſt excellent charity. They are ever attentive to do all the good they can with the money appropriated for that uſe: To do good where they can, with ſtrict œconomy, but at all events to do it. That uſeful charities may ever abound, and that all charities may be rendered as uſeful as poſſible, is the ſincere prayer of,

SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

* * * * *

MES-

MESSIAH.

MESSIAH,

A

SACRED POEM.

MESSIAH,

MESSIAH,

A

SACRED POEM.

TO thee, my God, my grateful voice I'll raiſe,
To bleſs thy goodneſs, and proclaim thy praiſe:
I'll join in rapt'rous notes of warmeſt love
The Hallelujahs of the Saints above:
For I have cauſe—Ye bleſſed Spirits ſay,
WHO deign'd to beam on Man, ſalvation's ray,
On Man accurs'd, a rebel to his God,
Unmov'd by mercy's ſmiles, unaw'd by terror's rod:
Say, for ye know how heaven's wide concave rang,
When your bright hoſts the Saviour's praiſes ſang;
As from his lips thoſe bleſſed accents flow'd,
" On me, my Father, lay man's guilty load,
" Let me thy utmoſt indignation prove,
" So man becomes the object of thy love."
And thou, O deign t'inſpire the ſacred lay,
And teach a Saviour's mercy to diſplay,
Bleſt Spirit, whoſe divine infuſions ſeal'd
The Truths eternal in his Word reveal'd:

 Inſpire

Inſpire the Muſe with ſacred zeal to trace
The plan myſterious of redeeming grace;
To point the ſteps the bleſſed JESUS trod,
And teach ungrateful Man to bleſs the ways of GOD.
IN NAZARETH, a town of mean report,
Where pomp and ſplendor never kept their court,
There liv'd an humble Maid to fame unknown,
Tho' her deſcent ſhe trac'd from Judah's throne;
Betroth'd of late, ſo Providence decreed,
To Joſeph, alſo ſprung from David's ſeed:
While yet apart each led a blameleſs life,
The plighted huſband, and the virgin wife,
One morn, as wrapt in holy thought profound
She mus'd, uncommon ſplendor ſhone around,
A form angelic to her ſight appears,
Gabriel, whoſe words thus diſſipate her fears;
" Bleſt Mary, hail! for GOD himſelf is thine,
" And thou, above thy ſex, ordain'd to ſhine:
" O highly favor'd! confidently raiſe
" Thy ſoul to rapture, and thy voice to praiſe:
" For know, from thee the Son of GOD ſhall ſpring,
" The PRINCE of PEACE, and Judah's promis'd King;
" Deſtin'd the throne of David to aſcend,
" Whoſe univerſal empire knows no end."
When Mary, long with admiration dumb,
" How can this bleſſing to a virgin come?"
To whom the angel—" By no common way,
" Will GOD this mercy to the world diſplay:
" The Holy Ghoſt ſhall ſhed creative power,
" And o'er thy womb prolific influence ſhower:

His

" His Name ordain'd before the world began;
" JESUS the SON of GOD, JESUS the FRIEND of MAN.
" Elizabeth, tho' barren call'd, will ſhare
" The pleaſing ſtruggles of a promis'd Heir;
" She feels the prelude of that happy day,
" Since twice three moons have trac'd their deſtin'd way.
" Nor wonder; ſince from weakneſs, GOD can raiſe,
" Proofs of unbounded pow'r, ſubjects of endleſs praiſe."
Mary no longer could her joy contain,
But ſpoke her rapture in this pious ſtrain:
" Behold the humble handmaid of the LORD;
" Be it to me according to his word!"
She ſaid; and Gabriel cleft the yielding air,
Leaving the maid to ſolitude and prayer.

THAT GOD is great, creation's works diſcloſe;
That GOD is true, the happy Virgin knows:
Yet much ſhe muſes on the wond'rous plan,
Of GOD incarnate for the ſake of man:
While Providence (whoſe wond'rous ways, in vain
Men ſeek by human wiſdom to explain,)
Decrees in more extenſive ſcenes to prove,
This act of boundleſs, unexampl'd love.
To David's city muſt this pair proceed,
For ſo the Roman edict had decreed;
Which bade, that to their city each repair
To prove their parentage, their houſe declare,
And bear a tax impos'd. From David's race
The happy Joſeph could his lineage trace.
Hence little Bethlehem thy honor'd name,
'Midſt Judah's thouſands claims unrivall'd fame.

But, when obedient to the hard command,
They reach, at length, the diſtant happy land,
No kind repoſe attends the wearied pair,
Neglect their lot, and poverty their ſhare.
For greater numbers would admittance gain,
Than Beth'lem's crouded inn can now contain.
Hence, when at length arriv'd the myſtic hour,
Deſtin'd to manifeſt Almighty pow'r,
The bleſſed Virgin in a ſtable knows
Amid ſurrounding herds a mother's throes;
Then ſoon perceives the wond'rous Son is giv'n;
And, in that rude retirement, bleſſes Heav'n.
Her grateful heart extatic praiſes pour'd,
She kiſs'd the Infant, but the God ador'd.
Great God! ſhall pride the regal ſtate invade,
When thou wert in the humble manger laid?
Great God! ſhall poverty diſtruſt thy care,
When ſuch diſtreſs encompaſs'd Heaven's Heir?
The myſtic birth which poverty conceals,
The watchful care of Providence reveals;
Reveals to ſhepherds while by night they keep
And guard from hungry wolves their tender ſheep:
Night ſudden ſhone beyond the blaze of day,
For light celeſtial beam'd a dazzling ray;
The trembling ſhepherds proſtrate, fear to riſe,
Nor dare to ſuch effulgence lift their eyes;
When lo! a heavenly meſſenger appears,
And ſoon theſe dulcet accents charm'd their ears.
" Fear not, ye mortals, henceforth ſons of heav'n,
" To you this day a bleſſed child is giv'n.

" Ariſe,

" Ariſe, and ſwift to Bethlehem repair;
" Behold the CHRIST, the LORD, an Infant there:
" Within the ſcanty manger ſee him laid,
" While peace and poverty ſurround his bed."
The Angel ſaid, while num'rous hoſts appear,
And with their Hallelujah's fill the air,
" To GOD on high be adoration paid
" Let peace on earth her fruitful bleſſings ſhed:
" Let hate and malice from the world remove;
" And man, by GOD's example, learn to LOVE."
Thus ſung the bleſſed choir, and ſinging ſoar'd,
The joyful ſhepherds wonder'd, and ador'd.
Then riſing ſtrait th' Angelic voice obey,
The Infant Saviour find, and homage pay;
Admire GOD's goodneſs, whom compaſſion mov'd,
At ſuch a price, to ſave the ſouls he lov'd;
And ſpread abroad, throughout Judea's land,
The gracious dealings of th' Almighty's hand.
WHEN eight days old, (ſo Moſes' rites ordain,)
CHRIST bore the myſtic circumciſion's pain;
And took the name of JESUS, as foretold,
When Gabriel did the holy birth unfold.
BUT not alone does Judah's land confine
Theſe bliſsful tidings of a birth divine;
Where orient ſuns emit their lucid ray,
And gild the mountain tops with early day,
A new-form'd ſtar its glorious influence ſheds,
And heav'nly brightneſs o'er Arabia ſpreads.
The Magi, ſkill'd each planet to declare,
Which proudly glitters in the liquid air,

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, this new inhabitant ſurvey,
Shining reſplendent in the face of day.
But GOD, who form'd the firmament on high,
And nam'd each ſpangling tenant of the ſky;
Reveals what eaſtern wiſdom had in vain
With painful muſings labor'd to explain:
Joyful they learn what bleſſings are decreed,
Prepar'd to follow as the ſtar ſhall lead,
To pay their homage in the calm retreat,
And lay their tribute at a Saviour's feet.
It led, where Salem's lofty city lay;
It ſtop'd, and with it ſtop'd the Sages' weary way.
Now rumor ſwift to Herod's ear conveys
Such tidings as his inmoſt ſoul amaze;
For rumor tells, that eaſtern ſages bring
Unqueſtion'd proofs of Judah's new-born King:
The thought ſtrikes terror through the tyrant's ſoul,
Unapt to bear reſtraint, or know controul:
But ſubtle arts ſupply their ſoothing aid,
And future ills to preſent peace perſuade.
He ſmooths his ruffled brow, and ſighing feigns
Much approbation of their pious pains;
Bids to proceed to Bethlehem, and bring
More certain tidings of this new-born King;
That he with them devoutly may adore
This Child of wonder, and this Prince of pow'r.
Diſmiſs'd, the Sages ſeek the bleſt abode,
Where anxious Mary tends the Infant GOD.
The faithful ſtar their deſtin'd journey leads,
And o'er the ſpot diſtinguiſh'd luſtre ſpreads:

Awful they enter, proſtrate they adore,
And full profuſion of their duty pour;
Sabean gums (as prophets had foretold,)
Sweet-ſcented incenſe, and reſplendent gold.
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother ſilent bleſt the ways
Which GOD ordain'd to ſpread the Infant's praiſe:
The Magi bend ſubmiſſive at his feet,
And, with reluctance, quit the bleſt retreat,
Reſolving at the early dawn of day,
To Herod's ears this wonder to convey.
When, in a dream, the will of GOD ordains,
They ſeek no more to viſit Salem's plains:
For Herod means to pour deſtruction's flood,
And deluge Judah with a ſea of blood.
Admoniſh'd thus, they chearfully obey,
And to their native country bend their way:
While Mary haſtes to Salem to repair,
To pay redemption's tribute for her Heir.
There, in the ſacred temple, offers doves,
Emblems of chaſte and unpolluted loves:
Old Simeon's breaſt the bleſſed JESUS fires,
He ſpeaks prophetic as the LORD inſpires;
The pious Anna joins her voice of praiſe,
While gath'ring crouds in admiration gaze.
WHO ſees the Lybian lion roar for food,
By hunger pinch'd, and ravenous for blood;
Beholds the rage of madneſs which poſſeſs'd
And fir'd the diſappointed Herod's breaſt.
A riſing Prince, whoſe heav'n-deſcended ſway,
Creation's utmoſt limits muſt obey:

Whoſe fame and pow'r extenſively muſt ſpread,
Hangs like a baleful meteor o'er his head.
(The bleſſed Saviour's age, till now conceal'd,
The unſuſpecting Magi had reveal'd;
The letter'd Sages of the Hebrew race
From ſacred records told the deſtin'd place.)
He views with horror now, each infant mild,
That ſports coeval with this dreaded child,
Each blooming innocent of Bethl'hem's coaſt,
Love's mutual pledge, and happy Judah's boaſt;
At length with impious madneſs gives the word,
Thro' Rama rages the inſatiate ſword;
The horrid deed diſtracted mothers view'd,
And claſp'd their tender infants dipp'd in blood:
Their dying ſhrieks affright th' aſtoniſh'd air,
And all was murder, horror, and deſpair.
But know, proud Tyrant, impotently great,
God's pow'r is boundleſs, and his will is fate;
If man could ſoar to reach the realms above,
Or could the mountain's firm foundations move,
Still God is there——for all creation lies,
Like a vaſt volume, open to his eyes.
Thy horrid purpoſe was to Joſeph known,
And man's Redeemer is to Egypt flown;
Far from the reach of malice ſtain'd with blood,
Egypt protects and cheriſhes the God;
There when dark night her awful gloom had ſpread,
And placid peace ſtood guardian at their bed;
Their active thoughts a watchful God informs,
That calms ſucceeded to Judea's ſtorms:

Commands

Commands to leave Egyptian lands, and bring
To Judah's borders Judah's deſtin'd King:
Joyful to Nazareth they bend their way,
And in its peaceful region fix their ſtay.
And now twelve ſuns had warm'd the fertile earth,
Since Beth'lem firſt proclaim'd this wond'rous birth;
By duty led, to Salem they repair,
And pay the tribute of accuſtom'd pray'r,
In dread remembrance of that ſolemn hour,
When Egypt's firſt-born felt avenging pow'r:
Throngs flock'd to celebrate thoſe ſacred days,
And all Jeruſalem was joy and praiſe.
This taſk perform'd, they meaſure back their way,
Nor ſtop their ſpeed, until the ſetting day:
But how ſhall weak deſcription paint their fear,
When looking round they ſaw no JESUS near?
Robb'd of the comfort of their bleſſed Child,
Eager through hope, and, through impatience, wild,
They haſten back to Salem's hallow'd ground,
If there, perchance, the Saviour may be found;
With care parental, anxiouſly enquire,
Where ſtrays the object of their ſouls' deſire?
What dwelling hides, what happy walls contain
The ſource of all their joy, but now of all their pain?
Now thrice the ſun had ſhot his orient ray,
And thrice night's gloom had veil'd the face of day;
When to the temple's ſacred courts they tend,
O'erwhelm'd with grief before their GOD to bend.
Here with a joy too great to be expreſs'd,
They find the child, and claſp him to their breaſt;

They find him plac'd, where ancient Rabbis hung
Attentive to the dictates of his tongue:
Truth, as he ſpake, with radiant brightneſs glow'd,
And wiſdom, more than human, mark'd the GOD.
At length the mother thus expreſs'd her care.
" Son, why forſake, and leave us to deſpair?"
" What? Wiſt ye not" (the gentle JESUS ſaid)
" My Father's buſineſs muſt not be delay'd?"
Then roſe, and follow'd, as his parents led,
The peaceful paths of NAZARETH to tread;
Where, ſever'd long from life's polluted ways,
Filial obedience mark'd his early days,
'Till time's ſtill courſe brought on the deſtin'd hour,
When Iſra'l ſhould behold his mighty pow'r.
THEN whilſt HIS MESSENGER the Baptiſt ſtood,
To waſh repentant converts in the flood,
Where Jordan rolls its ſacred tide along,
The guiltleſs JESUS came amid the throng:
The heav'n-taught Baptiſt knew his Saviour near,
And thus addreſs'd him, aw'd by holy fear.
" Why comeſt thou to me, who haſt no need
" Of cleanſing ſtreams?"——In ſcripture 'tis decreed,
JESUS replies, and plunges in the flood;
When lo! heav'n opens to declare its GOD;
The holy Spirit ſtrait deſcends, to ſhed
A radiant glory on his ſacred head;
Dove-like it ſat, and blaz'd celeſtial day,
While thus a voice like thunder burſt its way:
" THIS IS MY SON BELOV'D"——

Now

Now trials hard for human ſtrength to bear,
By GOD's decree, became the Saviour's ſhare.
Where dreary waſtes a gloom of horror pour'd;
Where wolves prowl'd fierce, and ſavage lions roar'd;
No verdant turf the longing eye to chear,
No path of man to ſpeak compaſſion near,
No roof to ſhelter from the noon-tide ray,
From night inclement, or tempeſtuous day:
In ſuch a ſcene, unpitied and alone
Behold the Saviour plac'd, GOD's only SON.
Proſtrate he falls, and to his Father prays,
His will to ſtrengthen, and his hopes to raiſe;
To grant him power, with firmneſs to ſuſtain,
A life of ſorrow, and a death of pain;
To bear ingratitude for mercies ſhown,
And ſuffer for offences not his own;
That all his actions might his FATHER's name
And glory, to the univerſe proclaim,
And to compleat redemption's wond'rous plan,
His precious blood might ſave offending man.
'TWAS thus in fervent pray'r, and lofty praiſe,
Faſting he paſs'd the ſpace of forty days.
HE hungers now, who all creation fills,
Who forms the cattle on a thouſand hills!
Satan meanwhile, that foul apoſtate fiend,
Each hell-born paſſion in his breaſt conven'd,
He meditates the raſh, the daring plan,
His envy form'd to tempt this ſpotleſs man.
At length, approaching with malicious ſneer,
" How comes the LORD of all creation here?

" Is this a palace for the King of Heav'n,
" To whom, men ſay, all pow'r on earth is giv'n?
" Bid then, from ſapleſs ſtones, nutrition riſe,
" Seek for thy hunger, in the flints, ſupplies:
" For ſuch thy pow'r (ſo ſcripture does record)
" That all creation ſhall obey thy word."
" The ſcriptures tell (ſo JESUS meekly ſaid)
" That man may live by other means than bread;
" The heav'nly precepts of the GOD above,
" Can every wiſh ſupply, can every want remove."
THE TEMPTER foil'd, another ſcene prepares,
And JESUS to the temple's ſummit bears;
" Hence, SON of GOD, (if ſuch indeed thy name)
" Caſt thyſelf headlong, and thy pow'r proclaim;
" Angels ſhall bear thee (if of thee 'tis meant)
" Angels ſhall bear thee in thy ſwift deſcent:
" Leſt pain or miſchief ſhould thy fall attend,
" Thy bones to fracture, or thy fleſh to rend."
JESUS replies, " Thus ſays the written word,
" Thou ſhalt not vainly ſeek to tempt the LORD."
Vanquiſh'd again, and yet averſe to yield
The wreath of conqueſt in temptation's field;
The DEVIL plants him where ſteep mountains riſe,
And, with their lofty ſummits, dare the ſkies.
From thence preſents creation's ample rounds,
Its ſplendid cities, and its ſmiling bounds:
" Whatever feeds ambition's tow'ring flame,
" Can quench the luſt of pow'r or thirſt of fame;
" Earth's richeſt treaſures, gems from Indus' ſhore,
" All theſe are mine, the ſubjects of my power.

" All

" All theſe be freely thine, the Tempter ſaid,
" Only to ME be adoration paid."
To thee, vile fiend—apoſtate ſpirit—go;
To thee, nor hands ſhall ſpread, nor knee ſhall bow:
To him alone each pious ſoul muſt bend,
Whoſe Being knows nor origin, nor end.
As when a ſerpent vainly ſeeks to hide
In tufted wood or brake its ſcaly pride;
If chance diſcovers to the paſſing ſwain,
The loathſome reptile on the graſſy plain.
With horror ſtruck, he ſees the deadly foe,
And lifts his arm to aim the hoſtile blow.
Th' affrighted beaſt unfolds its glitt'ring ſpires,
Swells as it moves, and with a hiſs retires:
So fled the Devil by our Lord reprov'd;
So, ſullen to the realms of darkneſs mov'd:
When ſtrait, angelic meſſengers prepare
To wing their flight through tracts of ambient air;
Dart through the azure plains, and joyful bring
Celeſtial ſuſtenance to Glory's King.
THE Saviour thus repleniſh'd from above
With full profuſions of eternal love,
Feels in his heav'nly breaſt freſh ardor glow,
To reſcue helpleſs man from endleſs woe.
BUT where ſhall this his bleſſed taſk begin?
Where all was latent guile, or open ſin:
The Law, by MOSES to their fathers giv'n,
(A ſacred tranſcript from the God of Heav'n)
By Scribes perverted to a ſelfiſh end,
Defil'd the morals it was meant to mend;

Where

Where devious each from duty dar'd to ſtray,
And ſtamp a path through pleaſure's flow'ry way;
The meek and helpleſs to oppreſs with power,
And aggravate affliction's galling hour:
To ſuch a fallen world this Preacher came,
To ſave that fallen world, his gracious aim;
The heavy laden ſinner to relieve,
Reſt to the weary ſufferer to give,
With truth's pervading warmth each breaſt to thaw,
And with the Goſpel abrogate the Law.

THERE were, whom poverty compell'd to gain
A ſmall ſupport at much expence of pain;
Who knew by ſtormy night or ſultry day
To ſpread deſtruction o'er the finny prey:
Untutor'd, poor in learning's ſubtle lore;
Plain ſenſe their lot, and peace of mind their ſtore:
Such are the men to whom the Saviour lends
Inſtruction's aid, and chuſes for his friends:
Ordains them partners in his work of love,
And pre-elects them to the joys above.

No ſullen gloom, no phariſaic pride
His looks expreſs, nor ſternly does he chide:
For genuine piety in ſmiles diſplays:
How pleaſant, and how peaceful, are her ways.
See him to CANA's bridal rites repair,
And chearful in their feſtive pleaſures ſhare;
Nay, kindly bid the limpid ſtreams combine
To pour profuſion of enliv'ning wine:
The noiſe of this firſt miracle, convey'd
Far as the ſounding voice of fame could ſpread,

Prepar'd

Prepar'd attentive Judah to receive
What ſelf-conceit forbad them to believe.
Can Joſeph's ſon, of humble Nazareth known,
Be born for empire, born for David's throne?
The force of words with heavn'ly truth replete
The name of NAZ'RETH can at once defeat,
From thence no Prophet ever took his riſe,
Thus miſts of prejudice o'ercloud their eyes:
External pomp in JESUS they demand,
The regal purple, and the ſcepter'd hand:
But different far, the gentle Saviour's aim,
As different far, the end for which he came;
To conquer ſin, redeem the captive ſoul,
From error's pow'r, and pleaſure's ſweet controul;
To wipe the miſts of prejudice away,
And baniſh darkneſs from Religions day.
'TWAS now the boundleſs love of CHRIST began,
To ſooth the ſorrows of afflicted man.
Are there who never knew the joys of light,
Condemn'd to grope in dark unfriendly night?
He bids to wake and inſtantly ſurvey
The ſtreaming glories of meridian day.
Are there, whoſe limbs in vain attempt to bear,
Or on their tott'ring baſe the body rear?
If ſuch, with modeſt faith requeſt to ſtand,
They ſpring uplifted by his ſtrength'ning hand.
The tongue, unapt to form the mind's requeſt,
By native impotence of ſpeech oppreſt,
His kind command with readineſs obeys
And utters ſounds of wonder, notes of praiſe.

Nor

Nor delug'd dropſy, nor the fever's rage,
Unfeeling palſy or diſtemper'd age,
Nor any ills which wretched nature knows,
Th' almighty FIAT of his will oppoſe;
Crowds flock, by ſin and miſery diſtreſt,
Aſk help in faith, receive it, and are bleſt.
Nay, Devils tremble at his powerful word,
And own him all creation's ſovereign LORD:
Caſt forth, in legions tear their boiſt'rous way,
And leave the ſufferer to reaſon's ſway.
To warm affection and attention raiſe,
CHRIST choſe the parable's inſtructive phraſe;
And as he ſaw miſtaken notions move,
To ſever man from GOD's forgiving love,
Thus kindly told his bleſſed Father's mind,
And by this parable his love defin'd:
THERE flouriſh'd once a man for worth renown'd,
Whoſe actions juſtice rul'd, and mercy crown'd;
Two ſons mature of years adorn'd his age,
And with affection did his cares aſſwage.
At length, the younger was diſpos'd to rove,
And quit the ſunſhine of a father's love:
Big with the thought, he aſks his ſire to ſpare
A preſent portion, and a brother's ſhare.
Tears, as he ſpoke, o'erwhelm'd the parent's eyes,
While love each tender ſoothing art ſupplies,
To win him in thoſe ſafer walls to ſtay,
And ſhun the ſnares that throng temptation's way:
But youth is deaf, a father's tears are vain;
Paſſions are headſtrong, nor obey the rein.

Now

Now ſee the youth embark on ſeas of joy;
No riots ſurfeit, and no follies cloy.
Beguil'd by novelty's ſeductive charms
He ſinks ſupine in pleaſure's ſilken arms;
Swift pinion'd hours in diſſipation move,
And dip their wings in luxury and love.
But ſoon, too ſoon, the golden dream is o'er,
And mirth and joy and tranſport are no more.
Deſerted by thoſe friends his bounty fed,
He knows the want of pity, as of bread.
Reflection ſeiz'd the thought-compelling hour,
To lend her healing aid, her bleſſed power:
Then firſt he ſaw with horror and amaze,
What dangers wait on pleaſure's ſinful ways.
And now he ſeeks in meek and abject mood,
To furniſh to the ſwine their daily food:
Nor thus obtains ſufficient to repair
The wants of nature, and the waſtes of care;
He wiſhes to partake the meal with ſwine,
And pinch'd with hunger, on the huſks to dine:
But this refus'd he caſts a longing eye,
To where each want once met a kind ſupply.
" I will ariſe, (the wretched convert ſaid,)
" And at my father's feet my ſorrows ſpread,
" Confeſs my folly, by myſelf undone,
" Nor worthy of the tender name of Son:
" Rather a ſervant's humble ſtation aſk,
" There chearfully perform the meaneſt taſk."
When, as approaching, (full of anxious care,
Leſt harſh reſentment ſhould become his ſhare)

His ſon, the parent at a diſtance ſpies,
And tears of rapture fill his aged eyes;
He runs to meet him, and with accents mild,
" Welcome, my wretched, but my ſtill lov'd child!"
" Father, I've ſinn'd, (the proſtrate ſuppliant ſaid)
" And of thy juſt diſpleaſure am afraid:
" I'm guilty in the ſight of thee and heaven,
" Through mercy only aſk to be forgiven."
" No more"——the weeping father fondly cries,
" But once more welcome to my arms ariſe:"
Then bids bring forth the robe of Tyrian dye,
And every ornament of dreſs ſupply:
Prepare the banquet and the flowing bowl,
To kindle rapture and exalt the ſoul:
The voice of melody and muſic join
To celebrate a bleſſing ſo divine:
A ſon reſtor'd to bleſs a parent's ſight,
And tranſport's day ſucceeding ſorrow's night.
That ſon, who never from his father ſtray'd,
But ever chearfully his will obey'd;
Complain'd ſuch honors never were his ſhare,
Nor favor ſhewn his moſt aſſiduous care.
Griev'd with his words, the father thus replies,
And to remove his envy mildly tries;
" Son of my love, why ſhould'ſt thou thus repine,
" Thou knoweſt all I had, was ever thine;
" But ſure 'tis cauſe for rapture to ſurvey
" And find the ſheep whom error led aſtray:
" To find again, whom long as dead we mourn'd,
" Alive, and to his father's arms return'd."

So,

So, when repenting ſinners ſue for grace,
And all their confidence in mercy place;
Th' Almighty Parent of forgiving love
Deigns the returning convert to approve:
Stretches his arms of mercy to receive,
And kindly bids the trembling ſinner live.
If man from God can ſuch compaſſion find,
Man to his fellow creatures muſt be kind.
To love our neighbor even Jews allow'd
A duty binding and a precept good:
But ſcanty limits did their love confine,
Where neighbor meant their family and line.
It chanc'd, (for ſo our Saviour did declare
To one that ask'd, Who claim'd a neighbor's care?)
A certain man, defenceleſs and alone,
Was journeying to reach a diſtant town:
When, from a wood, (with villainous intent
Watching the way which lonely trav'llers went)
The ſpoilers ruſh'd, the wretched man they wound,
Plunder, and leave him ſenſeleſs on the ground.
A Prieſt and Levite ſaw him as he lay,
They turn'd aſide, and paſs'd another way;
Not ſo a good SAMARITAN; his breaſt
With pity melts to ſuccor the diſtreſt:
" Wretched, unknown; thy gaping wounds demand
" The healing bleſſings of a ſkilful hand:
" Stretch'd on the rugged earth thou ſeem'ſt to know,
" Depriv'd of ſenſe, but half thy ſhare of woe."
He ſaid, and ſoothing oil and wine apply'd
To ſtay the purple current's bubbling tide:

Plac'd on his beaſt, and led with tender care,
Gently, as ſuch unhappy wounds could bear;
Beſpeaks compaſſion's hoſpitable aid,
And on a bed of comfort ſees him laid:
Requites the landlord for the preſent day,
And promiſes for future ones to pay.
Who was the neighbor here?——
Unanimous they cry, Who pity ſhow'd,
And whoſe ſoft boſom ſympathy o'erflow'd.
Then ſaid the LORD, Hence freely learn to pour
Impartial bleſſings in affliction's hour.
As to a certain village he drew near,
The voice of ſupplication met his ear;
Ten lepers ſtand, and with intreaty, pray
To wipe their ſpots of infamy away.
The Saviour bids them to the prieſt repair,
And in their hands the legal off'rings bear.
Obedient as their journey they purſue,
Amaz'd they feel their former health renew;
Happy to be to ſuch a ſtate reſtor'd,
ONE haſtens back to bleſs his gracious LORD.
To whom the SAVIOUR,—Gratitude is thine—
TEN were reſtor'd,—but where the guilty NINE?
Fond man, in want, can ſupplication pour,
GOD's wiſdom celebrate, and pow'r adore;
Intreat with fervor, mercies to ſecure,
Health to reſtore, or ſafety to inſure;
The benefit obtain'd, man's thoughtleſs race
Forgets its tribute at the throne of grace;

The taſk of thanks ungratefully delays,
Eager to pray, yet negligent to praiſe.
When duty calls to lift thy ſoul in pray'r,
Do it with fervent zeal, but awful care;
Nor in vain phraſes, clamorous and long,
Employ the awful function of thy tongue:
In ſtill retirement, on thy knees attend,
And thus on high thy ſupplications ſend:
Father of all! Ruler Supreme in Heav'n!
All praiſe, all honor to thy Name be giv'n!
Let earth's extenſive round thy pow'r obey,
Thy goſpel rule with univerſal ſway;
Thy holy will to ſwift obedience move,
As well the ſouls on earth, as ſaints above:
This day, with needful food, ſupply our want,
And each ſucceeding day, that bleſſing grant:
Thy pardon to our treſpaſſes extend,
As we compaſſionate, who us offend:
From dangerous temptations guard our way,
Nor evil's ſore affliction on us lay:
For thou art holy, and to Thee belong
The Cherub's praiſes, and the Seraph's ſong:
Power, glory, majeſty are thine alone,
And, through eternal ages, guard thy throne.
But if with decent, and religious care
Thou joineſt faſting as the wings to pray'r,
Faſt to thyſelf and God; nor ſtrive to ſhow
Affected marks of languor or of woe:
For ſuch do human approbation claim;
Nor faſt through ſenſe of ſin, but thirſt of fame.

Or, if thy hands prepare to ſpread relief
Through pregnant ſcenes of miſery and grief,
In ſecret give; and thus ſincerely prove,
Ye mean GOD only ſhould reward your love:
For GOD to men and angels ſhall reveal
Thoſe deeds of mercy ye on earth conceal;
The mind's intention gives the virtue's name;
Hence acts derive their ſcandal, or their fame.
Who thirſts for blood, but waits ſome happier time
More ſafely to commit the plotted crime,
Already ſtabs—and calls upon his head
The curſe which follows, where man's blood is ſhed.
Who looks on innocence with luſtful eyes,
And each ſeductive artful method tries;
Though no pollution ſtain his ſecret hours,
He ſins in purpoſe, and, in will, deflow'rs:
Thus ſhall your heav'nly Father nicely weigh,
And bring each hidden thought to open day.
Though blind yourſelves, officiouſly ye try
To pluck the mote from out your brother's eye:
Ye fooliſh hypocrites! to this attend——
Yourſelves correct, then may ye others mend.
To love the good, or gratefully repay
The pleaſing warmth of friendſhip's foſt'ring day,
This even reaſon bids; nay, barb'rous climes
Have ſtamp'd Ingratitude the firſt of crimes:
Still ſtricter bonds of duty I enjoin,
A newer precept, and a love divine.
Bleſs, who with imprecations curſe your name,
Love, who with venom'd malice blaſt your fame;

Pray

Pray for their good, who every means employ
To hurt your perſon, and your peace deſtroy.
But,—how, ye ſay, if ſuch compaſſion tend
In vain the morals of our foe to mend?
How oft, or long, muſt we complacent prove,
And, in return for hatred, give our love?
Often, as foes repentant, ſue for grace,
With mercy's arms thoſe penitents embrace.
Copy your heav'nly Father's boundleſs plan,
Profuſe of bleſſings to the race of man:
His rain refreſhes, and his ſun-beams gild
As well the wicked as the good man's field:
As YE forgive, ſo ſhall your GOD diſplay
Forgiving mercy at the laſt great day.
For know, the day will come, when all, with fear,
Before GOD's juſt tribunal muſt appear,
To reap the recompence of acts below;
Thence ſoar to bliſs, or ſink in endleſs woe.
The trumpet's awful ſound ſhall raiſe the dead,
And dire amazement o'er creation ſpread;
The Son of Man ſhall come, with pomp and pow'r,
To ſpeak the ſentence of that dreadful hour:
Myriads of Angels ſhall the Judge attend;
Loud burſts of thunder heaven's concave rend;
Thoſe who through life obey'd his pure command
Behold like ſpotleſs ſheep, at his right hand;
While guilty ſouls, of every hope bereſt,
Like ſordid goats ſtand trembling at his left:
To thoſe this gracious ſentence ſhall proceed;
" Receive a crown, before the world decreed

" For I was hungry, and your tender care
" Did ſweet refreſhments for my wants prepare;
" My parching thirſt, with pleaſant draughts remov'd;
" And brought it willingly, for much ye lov'd:
" Ye ſaw me friendleſs, and a ſtranger come,
" Ye bade me welcome, and ye took me home:
" My nakedneſs in robes of comfort clad,
" And on my bed of ſickneſs made me glad:
" In priſon, and in fetters bound, ye ſtrove
" To ſooth the ſorrow ye could not remove."
Amaz'd the righteous ſay, " When, gracious Lord,
" Did we theſe ſuccors to thy wants afford?
" When did we ever ſee thee in diſtreſs,
" Or ſick, or bound, and did thy ills redreſs?"
Know ye, the JUDGE replies, when ye relieve
My brethren, 'tis to ME ye ſuccor give.
But to the goats, " Ye curſed ſpirits, ſay,
" What acts of mercy did your lives diſplay?
" When did your hands ſupply the wiſh'd relief?
" When did your ſouls reſponſive ſigh to grief?
" Did not the plaintive poor unheeded lye?
" And, to excite compaſſion, vainly try?"
Then ſhall theſe wretches ſuddenly deſcend,
To ſuffer torments which ſhall have no end!
While happy ſpirits ſhall aſcend, and prove
Encreaſing bliſs and never-ceaſing love:
For think not 'tis enough to call me LORD,
And render no obedience to my word;
Obedience only ſhall the teſt endure,
And HEAVEN'S bright crown of happineſs ſecure.

THE

THE man, who aims a laſting houſe to raiſe,
With care each ſpot, and every ſoil ſurveys,
To give a firm foundation to the baſe,
He fixes on the ſolid rock its place;
Compleated, ſees it with a conſcious pride,
The war of jarring elements deride;
If rains deſcend, the furious tempeſt blows,
The whirlwind rages, and the deluge flows;
Still does it firm theſe rude aſſaults endure;
The rock ſupports it, and the rock is ſure.
But not thus firmly will that building ſtand,
Whoſe baſis reſts upon the fickle ſand:
When whiſtling winds, and cloud-born torrents meet,
Swell into ſtorm, and on its turret beat,
It ſhakes—it nods—till with a dreadful ſound
It pours rebounding ruin on the ground.
Who hears my words, and ſtrict obedience pays,
His faith upon the rock of ages lays:
Though ſtorms of perſecution ſhould ariſe,
Temptation's blaſts, and ſorrow's floods ſurpriſe,
They cannot ſhake him, for his baſe is ſure;
And ſhall to all eternity endure.
Not ſo, whom negligence permits to ſtray,
And quit, unthinking, virtue's ſafer way:
When perſecution frowns, or terror pours
Its fiery tempeſts, and enſanguin'd ſhowers,
He ſinks—unapt ſuch fury to withſtand;
For lo! he truſted to a baſe of ſand.
THUS taught the LORD, and as he moves along,
Encreaſing multitudes around him throng:

When lo—the ſons of grief, with ſolemn pace
Seek through the croud their weeping way to trace;
Aloft they bear, who in his bloom had won
Fair virtue's race—a hopeful, only ſon:
The mother, led by ſorrow and deſpair,
Now beats her boſom, and now rends her hair;
Then checks her grief, and meekly prays to GOD,
To heal the ſcourges of affliction's rod:
THAT FRIEND, ſtill ready to relieve our want,
Deſigns an unexpected aid to grant:
Approaching near, CHRIST bade the bearers ſtay,
And to the mournful mother made his way.
" Weep not, unhappy parent, ſaid the LORD,
" Thy ſon ſhall live, obedient to my word!"
Then to the youth, " Ariſe, thou ſenſeleſs clay,
" Again to paſs life's tranſitory day,"
He ſaid—when ſtrait the youth with vigor ſprung,
And, wrapp'd in wonder, on his parent hung.
Th' aſtoniſh'd crowd exclaim, A GOD is here——
A GOD whom DEATH obeys, and DEVILS fear.
THUS to reclaim the captive ſoul he ſtrove,
By marks of pow'r, or winning acts of love:
When thouſands liſten'd in the deſart's wild,
The hungry parent, and the fretful child,
He bid five ſcanty loaves ſubſiſtence yield;
They took, they eat, they wonder'd, and were fill'd:
The diſtant regions caught the mighty fame,
The diſtant regions bleſs the Saviour's name.
Retiring from the throng at eventide,
He ſhipping took to reach the farther ſide;

While

While weary nature ſought repoſe in ſleep,
A gath'ring ſtorm burſt furious o'er the deep;
Tempeſtuous winds conſpir'd with foaming tides,
And angry billows laſh'd the veſſel's ſides:
The tir'd diſciples to their LORD repair,
Rouſe him to help, and hear their earneſt pray'r.
Their want of confidence he gently blames,
And ſtrait the elemental fury tames
With "BE AT PEACE,"——
Amaz'd each trembles at that awful pow'r,
Which reſcues thus from danger's threat'ning hour;
Confeſs divine that univerſal ſway,
Which lawleſs winds, and madd'ning waves obey.
WHERE, at BETHESDA's pool, crowds flock to know
The healing powers that from its waters flow,
A cripple lay ſupine: misfortune's cries
Few deign to hear, and many more deſpiſe:
To whom our Lord, "Doſt thou not wiſh to gain
"A reſpite from the galling bands of pain?"
Vainly I wiſh, the wretched man replies,
None will aſſiſt, nor can I, helpleſs, riſe;
Thus, e'er my limbs have crawl'd their tardy way,
The ſhades of night o'ertake the parting day.
When JESUS,—"Henceforth be thy members ſound,
"Nor longer preſs th' inhoſpitable ground;
"Take up thy bed, and on thy ſhoulders bear
"The fruit of ſteady faith, and modeſt pray'r."
But when the Phariſaic tribe perceiv'd
A cripple, on the ſabbath-day, reliev'd;

Outrageous indignation fir'd their ſoul,
To blaſt CHRIST's actions, and his pow'r controul:
Who though through headſtrong, ſenſeleſs zeal revil'd,
Yet kindly taught what actions man defil'd.
" To reſt upon the ſabbath's ſacred day,
" That GOD himſelf commands, ye rightly ſay;
" But 'tis a reſt from ſin, and ſervile pains,
" From folly's riot, and pollution's ſtains;
" To give our ſouls to GOD, and grateful raiſe
" The welcome incenſe of uplifted praiſe.
" Yet at ſuch times, if helpleſs cattle ſtray,
" Or fall to danger, and diſtreſs, a prey;
" What PHARISEE but would aſſiſtance lend,
" Nor fear a ſacred precept to offend?
" How much the rather, when a brother ſtands
" And aſks aſſiſtance at a brother's hands?
" O SCRIBES and PHARISEES, ye love to wear
" A maſk of piety and rigid care;
" In oſtentation's trappings to deceive,
" Studious of how ye look, not how ye live.
" Like hollow ſepulchres, whoſe outward face
" The glowing tints of art, or ſculptures grace;
" But hide within, corruption's mould'ring bones,
" The ſighs of orphans, and the widow's groans.
" 'Tis not enough to cleanſe with niceſt art
" The cup, or hands, or body; cleanſe the heart:
" In guilt alone pollution's ſtain is ſeen,
" The hand's unſpotted, when the heart is clean.
" 'Tis not enough to pay the legal ſhare,
" Of what your flocks produce, or gardens bear;

" If

" If JUSTICE be a ſtranger to your door,
" And MERCY ſmile not on the proſtrate poor;
" In vain ten thouſand hecatombs ariſe,
" And curl their mounting fragrance to the ſkies;
" In vain each oily torrent pours along,
" And rapt'rous melody exalts the ſong;
" In vain loud, long, and clam'rous pray'rs aſcend,
" If no ſincerity of heart attend;
" Unmeaning actions GOD will ne'er approve,
" Nor give to hypocrites the praiſe of love.
A youth enquires, " What means ſhall I employ
" To gain poſſeſſion of eternal joy?"
The LORD commands his MAKER to adore,
And grateful praiſes to his God to pour;
That next, to fellow-man his love extend,
And (as his own) to be creation's friend.
The youth aſſerts, theſe precepts are obey'd,
Nor had he from theſe duties ever ſtray'd.
" One thing, O youth, the bleſſed LORD replies,
" (And with that one, his half-form'd virtue tries;)
" One thing remains, diſperſe thy ample ſtore,
" And call the needy to thy friendly door."
Too late he wiſh'd the bitter truth untold,
He lov'd his MAKER, but ador'd his gold.
THEN JESUS to the multitude,—" Beware
" When dazzling riches ſpread their ſubtle ſnare;
" Where affluence ſmiles, and wealth profuſely flows,
" How few attain religion's calm repoſe!
" As ſoon may cables paſs the needle's eye,
" As thoſe aſcend the realms of bliſs on high;

" Who

" Who wretched ſouls have made a God of ore,
" Who but for plenty never had been poor.
" Seek not on earth to heap unbounded wealth,
" Which thieves by force may take, or fraud by ſtealth;
" But lay up treaſures in the realms of joy,
" Which ruſt corrupts not, nor can thieves deſtroy.
" Yet why ſo eager, wretched man, to gain
" Superfluous wealth at ſuch expence of pain?
" What profit, if thy arbitrary ſway
" The ſons of all creation did obey;
" If in exchange, thy forfeit ſoul became
" A prey to vengeance, and devouring flame?
" Or why diſtruſt GOD's providential care,
" Which compaſſes the earth, and ſea, and air?
" Behold the vegetable race, or view
" The maiden lily in her ſilver hue;
" Unapt to ſpin, and uninform'd to toil,
" She finds ſubſiſtance in her deſtin'd ſoil:
" Yet SOLOMON in regal pomp array'd,
" A fainter glow of ornament diſplay'd.
" Be only fervent in the voice of pray'r,
" Nor doubt, however mean, GOD's conſtant care;
" The ſmalleſt bird that wings its rapid way
" Through yielding air, and wide expanſe of day,
" Flies but as GOD permits; who gives to raiſe
" And ſtretch its throat, to chant it's MAKER's praiſe.
" Then ſeek not, with an anxious care, to know
" What good or ill the morrow will beſtow;
" Where, for thy hunger, thou ſhalt find ſupplies,
" Or what ſhall guard thee from inclement ſkies;

" Approve

" Approve thy actions to the God above,
" And find him God of mercy, God of love.
" Ye fear the pow'r of man, whoſe little ſway,
" Extends no farther than life's fleeting day;
" Whoſe utmoſt empire o'er the body reigns,
" And who inflicts, if ſharp, yet ceaſing pains:
" O rather fear that dreadful God, who pours
" His fiery wrath in everlaſting ſhow'rs;
" Who caſts the never-dying ſoul to hell,
" That proudly dares againſt his will rebel.
" Nor think, ye kind companions of my care,
" In ſmiling eaſe, or worldly pomp to ſhare;
" Far other treatment muſt your lives attend,
" Denied that balm of human life, a friend:
" Oppreſſion, torture muſt their labors crown,
" Who preach my doctrine, and the world diſown.
" Nay, time ſhall come, when hypocrites ſhall plead,
" God's cauſe demands that Innocence ſhould bleed.
" But I your Shepherd, with unwearied care,
" My tender ſheep for happineſs prepare:
" I die to ſave them, and they know my voice,
" And happy, in the well-known ſound, rejoice;
" But other's invitations will not hear,
" They know their Shepherd, but a ſtranger fear:
" And yet what greater bleſſings could I give
" To tempt all ſtraying flocks to hear and live?
" But theſe, O bleſſed Father, are my ſhare,
" For theſe I pray'd, and thou haſt heard my pray'r;
" O guard them from temptation's ſnares below,
" And crowns of never-fading bliſs beſtow."

DISCOURSING thus, near BETHANY they come,
Where LAZARUS ſlept within the ſilent tomb.
His weeping ſiſters to the Saviour cried,
Hadſt thou been here our brother had not died.
Mov'd with the anguiſh of his ſorrow ing friends,
He ſadly to the gloomy cavern tends,
There wept!———
Yes, JESUS wept—the gentle PRINCE of LOVE
Vouchſafes man's tender paſſions to approve;
Allows in grief to lift the ſtreaming eye,
And heave the boſom with the heart felt ſigh:
Then from the grave, while crowds with wonder gaze,
He haſtes the happy LAZARUS to raiſe.
He bids, *Come forth*, and with an awful dread
The gloomy cavern yields her ghaſtly dead.
Attending Jews convinc'd, their homage pay,
Believe with wonder, and with faith obey;
Save who, replete with malice, haſte to ſpread
A ſwift deſtruction o'er the Saviour's head.
FOR now approach'd the black, tremendous hour
When Jewiſh rage conſpir'd with Roman power,
To act a deed, the genuine deed of HELL,
Which ſcarce can thought conceive, and nature ſhrinks to tell;
To kill, who to relieve each ſorrow ſtrove,
Whoſe life was mercy, and whoſe breath was love.
Ye ſons of darkneſs, where was conſcience fled?
Where ſtray'd your pity? or was juſtice dead?
Accurſed SALEM, theatre of blood,
The grave of ev'ry prophet great and good!

Accurſed

Accurſed theatre of ſenſeleſs rage;
Which goodneſs moves not, nor can love aſſwage.
But JESUS, born to ſave rebellious man
Purſues unmov'd redemption's wond'rous plan;
Prepar'd to ſlaughter, as a lamb to go,
To drink the cup, and ſuck the dregs of woe.
Yet ſome concern his gentle boſom mov'd
To leave thoſe dear diſciples whom he lov'd,
Like ſheep without the ſhepherd's care to ſtray,
And face the heat of fury's ſcorching day;
But thus the wiſdom of God's councils ſtood;
And even mercy triumph'd but in blood.

FOR now the day approach'd, when crowds prepare
The Paſchal Feaſt in SOLYMA to ſhare:
The Saviour with his choſen train attends
To bleſs (while yet they may be call'd) his friends.
Each rite obſerv'd which MOSES' law ordain'd,
A new command the Saviour then explain'd:
He broke the bread, and bleſſing, bid to take;
" This is my body broken for your ſake:
" Eat it in token of my dying love,
" And thus each comfort of my paſſion prove.
" This cup my blood for ſin's remiſſion ſhed,
" Drink it in mem'ry of your Maſter, dead;
" Thus ſhall ye do till time ſhall be no more,
" Thus ſhare my bleſſings, and my name adore."
And now the pow'rs of darkneſs are at hand,
Now reſtleſs malice arms her bloody band;

" Soon muſt I taſte the bitter cup of death,
" Soon to redeem offenders yield my breath;
" Betray'd by one who ever ſhar'd my love,
" For whom my pity, and my mercy ſtrove;
" But Satan wins him to the fatal deed,
" And thus the Saviour by his friend muſt bleed."
The traitor heard, and ſelf-convicted fled,
The darkeſt paths of deepeſt guilt to tread.
Now black-brow'd ſorrow with her penſive train,
Commenc'd her gloomy, unexampl'd reign;
Deſponding thoughts invade each tortur'd breaſt,
Once ſo compleatly happy, once ſo bleſt!
Silent, each muſes on CHRIST's myſtic ſpeech,
Too dark, too dreadful for conception's reach.
At length the Lord—" This is indeed the hour
" When darts in malice dip'd, muſt fly with pow'r;
" Fly and prevail, till crucifixion rends
" The dying Saviour from his ſcatter'd friends:
" But ſoon I mount bright manſions to prepare,
" That each diſciple may my glory ſhare.
" Should then the tempeſt of affliction roar,
" And perſecution all her horrors pour;
" Should vice and malice, league with ſpiteful joy,
" Your peace to raviſh, or your lives deſtroy,
" Yet ſtill have HOPE,—the COMFORTER ſhall come,
" And lead you Victors to your deſtin'd home:
" His SPIRIT ſhall your doubtful footſteps guide,
" And bear you ſtedfaſt through temptation's tide.
" Then let no ſharp deſpair your boſoms rend,
" GOD is your Father, and the SON your friend:

" But

" But yet ſo dreadful muſt the trial prove,
" That each diſciple ſhall forget to love;
" Each ſhall this night deſert his ſuffering LORD,
" Deny his faith, and diſobey his word."
What, O my GOD, the zealous PETER cried,
By US, by ME, my Maſter be denied?—
Sooner ſhall death, with agonizing pain,
Each fibre torture, open ev'ry vein.
" Miſtaken man! ſcarce ſhall the cock crow twice,
" E'er with like warmth thou ſhalt deny me thrice.
" E'er thou ſhalt fail me, and in fear pretend,
" Thy LORD a ſtranger, and thy GOD no friend:
" But ſtill my pray'rs are for your ſouls preferr'd,
" And, little flock, my earneſt pray'rs are heard."
As when the night, with horrible array,
In darkneſs wraps the life-reviving day;
The cautious traveller uncertain treads,
And miſchiefs, copious as his fancy, dreads;
If now ſome lucky chance preſents to ſight
The glimm'ring luſtre though of diſtant light,
Bright hope revives his ſoul; ſo they afar,
Rejoic'd in hope at comfort's promis'd ſtar.
THEN riſing, ſilent each prepares to go
Where CEDRON'S brook flows muſically ſlow;
They ſeek a garden's ſtill ſequeſter'd ſhade,
By night's dark empire more ſecluſive made.
Ent'ring, CHRIST bids the favor'd three attend
The dreadful conflict of their ſuff'ring friend;
The ſons of ZEBEDEE, with PETER, ſhare
That awful taſk to ſooth a Saviour's care:

For crowding horrors now amaze his ſoul,
As loud, and near, deſpair's black billows roll;
He bids the three retire; then calls, to ſtay,
To watch, and with their utmoſt fervor pray:
'Till agitations, more than thought can reach,
Than language paint, or tongue of angels teach,
O'erpower his mind; all trembling he adores,
And thus his anguiſh to his Father pours:
" O FATHER! let this bitter cup remove,
" And make me happy with thy former love:
" Yet, if thy heav'nly will has ſo decreed,
" And thou ordain'ſt thy victim Son to bleed,
" THY WILL BE DONE,"—he ſaid, and drops, like blood,
Profuſe, and large, o'er all his body ſtood.
Scarce could his breaſt his ſtruggling heart confine,
So great the terrors of the wrath divine:
Convulſive pangs each wretched fibre ſtrain,
While inward horror gives an edge to pain:
The heavenly Father with compaſſion mov'd,
An Angel ſent to ſtrengthen him he lov'd.
He wings his flight from realms of endleſs day,
Yet ſtopt, to ſee the Godhead proſtrate lay;
Then hovers gently, and with awful dread,
Bids the world's Saviour raiſe his drooping head;
Tells how Redemption's act the CHERUBS ſing,
And SERAPHS chant HOSANNAHS to their King:
That SATAN'S pow'r muſt to his triumphs yield,
And vanquiſh'd Death fly ſtingleſs from the field;
'Till men on earth accord with ſaints above,
To ſpeak him KING of Glory, GOD of Love.

Thus

Thus rouz'd, the proſpect of his paſſion paints,
His glorious martyrs, and triumphant ſaints;
Unnumber'd ſouls, a bright extatic crowd,
The precious purchaſe of Redemption's blood:
The bleſſed proſpect fires his raptur'd breaſt,
And, in his features, mercy ſhone expreſt.
He haſtens to his friends, where Satan ſhed
Sleep's drowſy poppies on each pendant head;
To whom (while yet intranc'd in ſloth they lay)
" And is it thus, my friends, ye watch and pray?
" But what avails? the tempter muſt ſucceed;
" The ſheep muſt wander, and the ſhepherd bleed:
" But ſtill ariſe, ſee where a hoſtile band,
" Led by deceitful JUDAS, is at hand."
He ſaid, and torches ſhot a lurid glare,
And ſeſenleſs uproar rouz'd the ſilent air:
When lo! in front th' apoſtate Judas ſtood
Prepar'd for treachery, prepar'd for blood;
Yet dares to meet the man devoid of guile,
And gild his helliſh purpoſe with a ſmile:
Dares on thoſe lips, which never ſpake amiſs,
To print the venom of a traitor's kiſs;
With fulſome, feign'd reſpect, to hail him LORD,
And thus for open miſchief give the word.
But vainly, weak deſcriptive numbers flow,
The calm compoſure of the GOD to ſhow;
In vain muſt fancy's pencil aim to trace
The mild forgiveneſs of the Saviour's face:
Conceive it all whom trifles overcome,
And ſully piety with paſſion's gloom;

Conceive

Conceive it (if ye can) ye ſons of fame,
Whom modiſh inſults kindle into flame;
Who, hurried by the tide of honor's flood,
Dare waſh off infamy with brother's blood;
O learn like him to act, like him to live;
O learn that god-like leſſon, to FORGIVE:
One only ſoft rebuke the Saviour gave,
And, in rebuking, meant that ſoul to ſave.
Then to the crowd thus mildly deigns to ſpeak—
"My name is JESUS; is it me ye ſeek?"
That ſacred name no ſooner reach'd their ear
Than proſtrate fell the band, o'er aw'd by fear.
O tyrant conſcience! thy deſpotic ſway
The ſtouteſt rebels to their God obey,
Amply confeſs before thy awful throne,
Shrink at thy touch, and with thy terrors groan!
Again, "If me ye ſeek, the Saviour ſaid,
"Bid me alone the paths of ſorrow tread;
"Be my diſciples free"——
Him, while he ſpake, his enemies ſurround,
And MAN'S REDEEMER is in fetters bound.
Too hard a ſight for Peter's zeal to bear;
He draws his ſword, ſmites off a ſervant's ear:
But CHRIST reproves his too abundant zeal,
And bids the tumult of his breaſt be ſtill.
Tells how his Father's legions are at hand,
Eager to execute ſome dread command:
But that ſuch reſcue would defeat the end
To which his labours and his PASSION tend;

Then,

Then heals the wounded ear; but ſuch their rage,
Nor miracles, nor mercies could aſſwage.
But, O my Saviour, what attempt can reach,
What power on earth, what eloquence can teach
The painful road thy injur'd mercy trod;
Or paint the tortures of the SON of God?
With PETER, diſtant, trembling I ſurvey
The fatal triumphs of that bloody day;
Yet ſee a ſight my guilty ſoul to rend;
For Oh! my ſins transfix'd that dying friend.
MEAN while the cruel Sanhedrim debate,
How to purſue their malice and their hate;
And ſeek falſe witneſſes, who ſhould proclaim
Chriſt a blaſphemer of GOD's holy name.
To this unjuſt tribunal ſee HIM led,
Whom God decrees the Judge of quick and dead:
Patient, and gentle, as a lamb he ſtands,
Nor anſwers to the Pontiff's rough demands,
Till he adjures him by the ſacred name,
His office to declare, and whence he came;
"Art thou the Chriſt?"—He anſwers, "Thou haſt ſaid,
"And in the laſt great day ſhall be diſplay'd
"THE SON OF MAN, up-born by clouds on high."
What need of farther witneſſes, they cry.
Their garments with a furious zeal they rend,
To Pilate bound the ſpotleſs victim ſend.
Their accuſation heard, ſoon Pilate finds
The latent malice of their envious minds.
It was the cuſtom at this ſacred feaſt,
To have a pris'ner (whom they would) releas'd;

On JESUS, long he ſought to fix their choice,
But for Barabbas was the gen'ral voice;
Onewho for murder and ſeditious ſtrife
Had forfeited to law his guilty life.
As when the produce of deſcending rains
Rolls from the mountains, and o'erflows the plains;
When rapid ſtreams their haſty force combine,
And floods with floods unmercifully join;
At length a deluge pours—th' affrighted ground
Yields to its force, nor ſtays to mark its bound;
It breaks away; triumphantly it pours,
Burſts o'er the land, and as it ruins, roars:
So fierce, ſo headſtrong rag'd the JEWISH crowd,
Than floods more forcing, and than torrents loud.
They aſk with clamor that the croſs ſhould bear
The man of mercy, though affliction's heir.
Uncertain and amaz'd the Roman ſtood;
He ſaw no guilt, and wiſh'd to ſhed no blood;
But overcome with riot's reſtleſs cry,
Reluctant yields the Saviour up to die.
Now, now they drag and nail him to the wood,
Who bathes my ſorrows with his healing blood:
They nail him to the croſs—O view him there,
His bleſſed limbs they ſtretch, his bleſſed limbs they tear;
They pierce thoſe hands, which yet deſire to ſpread,
And bring down bleſſings on each ſinner's head:
They fix thoſe feet, which yet would move, to ſhow
Unwearied mercy to their greateſt foe.
But nor malicious JEWS nor Pilate's pow'r,
Nor all the fury of that hell-born hour,

Had

Had kill'd the LORD of LIFE, if wretched man
Had never wander'd from his Maker's plan;
To wretched man yet mercy is reveal'd,
And by his ſtripes our wounded ſouls are heal'd.
ONE part, barbarians, yet unhurt remains,
To ſpeak his anguiſh, and expreſs his pains;
Which yet—O bid each mountain lend its gloom,
Or in earth's yawning caverns ſeek for room;
E're yet ye hear that unexampl'd pray'r,
" O FATHER, pardon; bleſſed FATHER, ſpare,
" Spare theſe inhuman ſhedders of my blood,
" Be mine, through torture, to procure them good."
At length all nature felt, and darkneſs ſpread
Her blackeſt veil to ſhade his ſacred head;
Rocks rent, earth ſhook, confuſion pour'd abroad,
And all creation ſpoke th' expiring GOD:
While thus aloud, " My GOD, where art thou fled,
" Thy SON forſook?"——He bow'd his ſacred head,
And yielded up the ghoſt.——
As when ſome flow'r, o'ercharg'd with ev'ning dew,
Shuts for a while its glories from our view,
Again to bloom, and brighter tints to ſhow
Than deck the dawn of day, or heaven's bow;
So drooping hung the bleſſed Saviour's head,
While death's dark night her woe-dipp'd mantle ſpread;
'Till reſurrection's morn reſtor'd the day,
And, through the grave's dark horrors, burſt its way;
Then roſe the LORD of LIFE.
The glad diſciples in a tranſport gaze,
And wrapp'd in wonder, ſcarce have pow'r to praiſe;

Inſtructed, ſee Heav'n's wide-extended plan,
And how important are the hopes of man!
The LORD commands them to proclaim abroad
The glorious freedom of the ſons of GOD;
And, through the univerſe, with ceaſeleſs care,
The healing comforts of his word to bear;
Tells that GOD's Spirit ſhall their boſom fire,
And ſacred truth and holy zeal inſpire.
Then, "PEACE I leave," that heav'nly peace which flows
At GOD's right hand, and only virtue knows.
Thus breathing peace, the Saviour roſe and ſoar'd;
The bleſs'd diſciples awfully ador'd,
'Till clouds impede their view,—but angels tell,
That He who conquer'd Death, and fetter'd Hell,
In bright array ſhall once again deſcend,
And to creation's beauties put an end;
Shall come in glory, who on earth diſplay'd
Virtue eclips'd by ſorrow's deepeſt ſhade;
Within his loving arms his flock ſhall hold,
And gather careful to his Father's fold;
They ſaid, and vaniſh'd.—The diſciples heard,
And weigh'd attentive each important word:
Then joyful to the holy city move,
"There live in unity and godly love;"
'Till ample pow'rs they from on high obtain,
To found the goſpel's placid peaceful reign,
And ſpread diffuſive through the world's domain.

ALPHONSO:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

Et quid ſuademus dimittas? vincula, QUINTI,
Vincula—vel quid projicias? quæ tu ipſe potitus
Faſtidis plerumque———

ANTI-LUCRET.

ALPHONSO:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

WHERE livid lightning ſhot a forky glare,
And burſting peals of thunder rent the air,
Where ſable clouds in cataracts of rain
Pour'd down the hills, and ſmoak'd along the plain,
The young ALPHONSO urg'd his trembling way,
In ſearch of ſhelter from this rage of Day;
A youth—to pleaſure prone; who fondly ſought
Whatever flatter'd ſenſe, or murder'd thought.
Early through every ſtage of vice he ran:
Maturely wicked, ſcarce compleatly man.
But God's kind providence this day aſſign'd,
To beam inſtruction on his darken'd mind;
His ſenſeleſs ſoul with heavenly truth to warm,
To heal by terror, and to ſave by ſtorm.
FOR this—He guides to where a HERMIT lay
Proſtrate within his cell, prepar'd to pray:
A length of beard was to his girdle ſpread,
Some ſilver honors deck'd his reverend head,

A ruſſet mantle did his limbs embrace,
And crowded furrows mark'd his time-plow'd face.
The youth ruſh'd in abrupt——fear had impreſt
Her keeneſt horrors on his coward breaſt.
Pardon, he would have ſaid—but tardy hung
Each trembling accent on his falt'ring tongue
Till tears burſt forth—tears which alone can find
A vocal paſſage for the lab'ring mind.
So when the ſtormy force of BOREAS flies,
And bids the cedars bow, the billows riſe;
When furious blaſts lay low the lofty trees,
And ſpread new horror o'er deſtructive ſeas;
Should ſome relenting cloud in friendſhip pour
The kind aſſwagement of a rapid ſhow'r,
Soon will the tumult of the ſtorm ſubſide,
Calm blow the breeze, and ſmoothly flow the tide.
MEANWHILE the Hermit roſe, and thus addreſs'd
In unexpected terms the ſtranger gueſt.
Seeſt thou, my Son, yon elemental ſtrife?
—A faithful copy of Man's wretched life,
When jarring paſſions in his breaſt rebel,
And proudly at the vital fountain ſwell:
When rage and madneſs, ſenſeleſs vollies pour,
And loud and long dire imprecations roar:
From fury's glance when murth'rous lightning flies,
Till reaſon faints, and blaſted virtue dies.
BUT wherefore this to THEE?——
Thy cheeks, thus bluſhing, ſpeak the ſprightly flow
Of health's briſk tide and pleaſure's wanton glow;

To thee, harſh diſcord muſt my accents ſeem,
A fable, frenzy, or an old man's dream.
Taſteleſs, as thoſe ſad reliques Egypt brought
To gain her ſtraying ſons to ſober thought,
When taſting to exceſs the chearful bowl
They call'd it food of life, and ſlow of ſoul.
He ſaid, and placing on his humble board,
Diſplay'd the treaſures of a Hermit's hoard;
The nut inmur'd, fit emblem of his ſtate,
The ruſſet apple, and the luſcious date;
Raiſins and figs, matur'd by ſolar heat,
Furniſh'd a ſimple but ſalubrious treat.
Behold the meal which Providence has ſent,
Who gives us all things, when he gives content.
Tis true, no ſilver ſhines upon my board,
Nor bowing treach'rous Vaſſals hail me, Lord,
Yet far more bleſs'd than Emperors I dwell,
Lord of myſelf, within a peaceful cell.
Here learn, my Son, with temperance to feed,
Nor ſeek ſupplies for luxury, but need:
With me partake what dainties I eſteem,
And quaff the nectar of the cryſtal ſtream.
Old Man—at length the reddening youth replied,
Well doſt thou aim to mortify my pride.
Raiſins and nuts, the murm'ring cryſtal ſtream
May mock Alphonso in a tranſient dream;
But other dainties are for me decreed;
For me the fatlings of the flock muſt bleed.
For know—where Hilda ſpreads her ample vale,
And ſilken Zephyrs breathe a balmy gale,

A lofty pile magnificently ſtands,
The boaſted labor of the ableſt hands;
Whoſe gilded turrets in the Azure ſeem
Like ſtreaks of orient day, or noontide gleam:
Where marble colonades their pride diſplay,
To yield refreſhment in the blaze of day.
Nor want the neighb'ring woods, the verdant groves,
Ten thouſand choiriſters to chant their loves:
Thoſe ſweet tranſporters of the human heart,
Whoſe muſic mocks the impotence of art.
Nor far remov'd a gentle river glides,
Fann'd by ſoft winds to curl in mimic tides:
Beneath whoſe lucid veil, in ſportive mood,
Skim the ſwift tenants of the ſilver flood.
Within the dome, profuſion boundleſs ſhines,
Luxurious boards, and more luxurious wines;
The proudeſt pomp of Perſia's boaſted looms,
And all the wanton ſolace of perfumes.
Theſe, and a thouſand other joys, prevail
To bleſs th' inhabitants of Hilda's Vale:
Come then with me, Old Man, if yet you may,
And taſte the pleaſures of life's laughing Day.
To whom the ſighing Sage ——————
Long have I liſten'd to your eager tale,
Of all the joys that dwell in Hilda's Vale.
I ſee your ſparkling eye with pride elate,
And all the marks that ſpeak you rich and great.
The peaſant hind, recumbent on the mead,
While fleecy flocks ſecurely round him feed,

Sucks

Sucks in perfumes beyond what Art can gain,
The choice effluvia of the wholſome plain;
Whoſe vivid variegated colours vie
With Tyrian tints, and Perſia's proudeſt dye.
The azure vault where Sol in ſplendor ſhines,
Mocks every roof bedeck'd from labor'd mines;
While vocal choirs in melody of ſtrain
Unite their notes to chear the ſhepherd ſwain.
No cloud of ſorrow on his brow is ſeen,
His nights refreſhing, and his days ſerene;
While pomp and ſtate embitter wealth and eaſe,
And greatly puniſh whom they ſeem to pleaſe.
Then ceaſe, fond youth, your fulſome flattering tale
Of all the joys that bloom in HILDA's vale.

POOR as I ſeem, far brighter days I've known,
When baſking in the ſunſhine of a throne;
'Midſt life's deluſive ſcenes have freely rov'd,
And pleaſure courted, for I pleaſure lov'd.
Yet no foul guilt my wretched boſom ſtain'd,
My deeds, the public nor the parent pain'd:
Unapt to practiſe what my ſoul abhorr'd,
I truſted Virtue for my whole reward;
And found her, bleſſed Miſtreſs, true and kind,
Health to my body, heaven to my mind.
Not ſo the wretched PEDRO, once my friend,
Vice ſtain'd his life, and ruin mark'd his end.

FOR think what miſchief on his proſpect lowers
Who gathers pleaſure's ſweets from poiſon's flowers:
Who dares to crop th' unſullied virgin roſe,
Enjoy, and ſtrait to infamy expoſe;

 Within

Within a Syren's ſordid arms to lay,
And give to Luſt the night, to Blaſphemy the day.
For know, within each breaſt reſides a power,
The dread accomptant of each miſpent hour,
Who from this throne with ſtrict attention views,
And ſtraying Man through every path purſues.
He whiſpers firſt in kind and gentle mood,
Virtue alone is man's ſupremeſt good.
Unheeded—ſtill repeats the friendly ſtrain
And grieves when admonition proves in vain.
Conſcience at length unſcales our darken'd eyes,
And ſtrait each dear deluſive image flies:
The film remov'd, a dreadful change appears,
Our mirth, now ſorrow, and our laughter, tears.
Each guilty paſſion wears a Demon's air,
As Truth deforms, what Folly painted fair.
Now view the garden of a cultur'd mind,
Within Religion's bleſſed pale confin'd,
Producing fertile crops of heavenly deeds,
The fruit of education's pious ſeeds:
Where Modeſty by bluſhing tints is known,
And Charity that makes each pang her own;
Where pious Zeal bids aſpirations riſe,
And mount their grateful fragrance to the ſkies.
Yet theſe fair plants, theſe bright and blooming flowers,
Water'd by dews divine, and heaven's bleſt ſhowers,
The wild-boar Paſſion can at once deſtroy,
And trample ruin through the realms of Joy.

No

No more—replied the Youth——
How great the agonizing pangs I feel
While theſe important leſſons you reveal!
Yes—I have madly liv'd without controul,
And call'd it food of life, and flow of ſoul.
O Godlike Sage, (for ſuch indeed you ſeem,
Your words nor frenzy, nor an Old Man's dream)
Your kind aſſiſtance mercifully lend,
And be to wretched ruin'd Youth, a friend.
Debauch'd by Education more than choice,
I'll liſten eagerly to Heaven's voice.
Tears down his cheeks, thus ſpeaking, freely ſtole,
And mark'd the terror of his troubl'd ſoul.
—Where was the grim remembrancer of wrong?
What check'd the awful function of his tongue?
Or was I too abandon'd for his care,
Fit ſacrifice for folly and deſpair?
Alas! replied the Sage, when tempeſts roar,
And maddening billows laſh the ſounding ſhore,
Should ſome kind voice, from off the craggy ſteep,
Point out the dangers of the threatning deep,
Vain and unheeded would the counſel fly,
Diſpers'd and ſcatter'd by a ſtormy ſky.
In this cool hour of recollection, poiſe,
And try the weight of faſhionable joys.
When ſenſeleſs mirth, and noiſy ſhout combine
To crown with roſes, and to drench with wine,
One moment ſacrific'd at Reaſon's throne,
Makes the deciſive victory our own.

Or ſay, if temperance at length ſhould yield,
And baffled reſolution quit the field;
Say, to what envied height can tranſport riſe,
When madneſs follows faſt as reaſon flies?
When the fair tranſcript of the form divine,
Mingles in all the ſordidneſs of ſwine?
'Till faultering tongues no longer can betray
Their fruitful follies in the face of day?—
Examine all—ſurvey Pollution's gains,
The pleaſure paſſes, but the ſting remains.

That warm blood bubbling from that downy breaſt,
Your friend perhaps—He dies—for what? a jeſt!
Or mov'd like you by beauty's blooming charms,
He wiſh'd your favorite deſtin'd for his arms;
Or indiſcreetly ventur'd to approve
The man or miniſter you could not love:
He was, you own it, noble, kind and good,
But cuſtom, tyrant cuſtom, muſt have blood.
When this foul deed ſits heavy on your heart,
Try boaſted fame to mitigate the ſmart;
Againſt a never ending ſorrow, weigh
The trifling plaudit of a tranſient day.

When pride and paſſion tempt you to profane,
And raſhly take God's ſacred name in vain,
Conſider well, and reverently know
From whom, both Life, and Life's beſt bleſſings flow:
'Twas he who form'd with unexampl'd art
The beauteous ſtructure of each wond'rous part:
'Tis his, to bid the purple current glide,
Or ſtop abrupt th' invigorating tide:

Each

Each ſenſe that pleaſes, and each nerve that feels,
The kind indulgence of a God reveals.
YET farther—ſee his providence prepare
Supplies for every want, with tender care.
His never-ceaſing bounty ſpreads the mead
With flocks to cloath us, and with herds to feed;
To chear the heart he taught the preſs to flow,
And yield the heavenly lenitive of woe.
In fine—the comfort and the bliſs of man
Compleat the purpoſe of Creation's plan.
HERE let me dwell, rejoin'd the wondering youth,
Here worſhip virtue, innocence and truth;
Here bid adieu to Life's tumultuous day,
To Folly's riot, and to Paſſion's ſway.
Henceforth I baniſh every guilty joy,
To ſeize on raptures which can never cloy;
While in this lonely cell Reflection's power
Shall mend each thought, and ſanctify each hour.
'TIS in Retirement's ſober calm retreat,
We beſt enjoy this ſalutary ſweet;
Yet think not, Youth, reflection only found
Where dull lamps quiver, hollow vaults reſound:
Reflection may be rais'd in every ſoil;
The fruit of letter'd eaſe, and ruſtic toil;
Not baniſh'd court or city, crowd or wood,
Companion on the road, the field, the flood:
In vain to ſhun this monitor, we roam—
The feet may wander, but the Man's at home.
But active duties better ſuit YOUR ſtate;
'Tis yours, to be at once both good and great.

For

For power and riches, health and ſtrength demand
To deal out bleſſings with a bounteous hand:
Theſe gifts to you by Providence conſign'd,
By you muſt benefit and bleſs mankind.
Go ſeek the naked in his cot of clay,
Receptive of each boiſterous blaſt of day.
Support the weak, and raiſe the languid head,
And bleſs deſpairing Poverty with bread.
Defend the injur'd; break Oppreſſion's rod;
Man's guardian Angel! Subſtitute of God!
Let every aim, and every action, prove
Your bowels tun'd to ſympathy and love;
On you and yours eternal peace entail,
And real bleſſings plant in HILDA's Vale.
HERE break we off—for ſee yon lamp of light
Proclaims, in borrow'd beams, the reign of night.
To-morrow early as the dawn of day,
To this my cell direct your welcome way:
Your heart, my ſon, by ſerious truths I'll move,
And fill your boſom with ſeraphic love.
Your ſins, though ſcarlet, ſhall, I truſt, outvie
The fleecy product of a winter's ſky,
Waſh'd in the blood that from a Saviour flow'd,
To make repentant man the child of God:
To raiſe from falſe, deceitful joys below,
To raptures pure, that never-ceaſing flow
At God's right hand———
THE Youth retired—but now no balmy reſt
Sooth'd the contending ſtruggles of his breaſt;

Around,

Around, he ſaw avenging horrors ſtand,
Nor knew of help but from the Hermit's hand;
For active conſcience forg'd each venom'd dart,
That wing'd a paſſage through his guilty heart.
PEDRO's dire end ſat heavy on his ſoul.
HIS thoughts as impious, and HIS deeds as foul,
No flattering hope his terror could aſſwage,
He'd liv'd a moment, and had ſinn'd an age.
EARLY he left his couch and ſought the cell,
Where now alone he ſaw true goodneſs dwell:
Here ſoon he learnt each failing to amend,
To baniſh vice, and live Religion's friend;
To love that God, who ever ſtrives to keep,
Or in his boſom fold returning ſheep;
To know the myſtery of love divine,
And worſhip grateful at Redemption's ſhrine.
Thus were at length the Leopard's ſpots remov'd,
The ſinner pardon'd, and the Saint approv'd:
Inceſſant acts of goodneſs gilt his days,
And gave his ſetting Sun its brighteſt rays.
WITH joy he met the ſable tyrant's dart,
And bleſt the ſtroke that rent his dying heart:
Serenely ſigh'd his lovely ſoul away,
Which Angels wafted to immortal day,
Where tears ne'er flow, and bliſs knows no allay.

HAPPI-

HAPPINESS:

AN

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

HAPPINESS:

AN

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

THROUGH Life's wide ſcenes, who thoughtfully has ſtray'd,
Its ſorrows counted, and its pleaſures weigh'd,
Meaſur'd the moments dropping ſmiles and tears,
Pregnant with blithſome hope, or chilling fears,
Joins the loud cry, and echoes to the ſtrain
Of "Man is wretched, and Exiſtence, pain."
Yes—Man is wretched when the fever burns,
Or gout and ſtone ſucceed in painful turns.
No—even when our bodies feel no ſmart—
I underſtand you—Man is ſick at heart
When diſappointment on his proſpect lowers,
And beats to duſt ambition's lofty towers;
Sick, when unnotic'd merit droops away,
Unfoſter'd by the warmth of Reputation's day;
When injur'd honor or neglected pride
Swells into fury life's empurpled tide;
When reaſon, overcome by paſſion, fails,
Or melts before relaxing pleaſure's gales;

When pierc'd by Envy's rankling darts, he pines,
Or pants for painted toys and dirty mines;
Aſpires to giddy pow'r or fickle fame,
And courts that graſp-eluding cloud, a Name.
Moſt as I judge, the reaſons thus explain
Why "Man is wretched, and Exiſtence, pain."
But what ſeductive arts, LORENZO, ſay
Thus taught our race through devious ills to ſtray?
Upright and free the great Creator gave
His work to ſhine, nor meant it Vice's ſlave.
We fix thoſe faults on Nature, and on Man,
Which God abhors and fools alone could plan.
For where's the cauſe compulſive, tell me where,
That lifts our tow'ring aims to ſoar in air?
On fancy's waxen wings to roam abroad,
And place our peace in all things, but in God?
If thus to empty honor we aſpire,
Or ſhrink before Ambition's ſcorching fire,
No inborn-force compell'd us to deſpiſe
The ſafer lot of Virtue's calmer ſkies.
Pride was not made for mortals ſprung from earth,
Who date their diſſolution from their birth.
None have that wiſdom God at firſt deſign'd,
All weep the forfeit honors of the mind.
Yet pigmy Wiſdom ſtruts with giant pride,
And deals contempt and ſcorn on every ſide.
BUT grant your wiſdom great—then greatly ſhine
In doing good, that firſt of acts divine.
Be to the ſhallow, ſenſe, be Virtue's friend;
Reprove with meekneſs; by example, mend.

Let

Let your ſuperior conduct plainly prove
Yourſelf deſerving of ſuperior love.
  Yet ſandy ſoils do Reputation bear,
Fair to the ſenſe, yet fickle as 'tis fair;
The ſhifting voice of party, and of pow'r
Breathes on its root, and nips the ſhort-liv'd flow'r.
No—Conſcience ſtill ſhall Reputation give,
And worth, by Conſcience foſter'd, greatly live.
  But other ills o'erſpread theſe ſcenes of woe,
And aim their heavy ſtroke, and deadly blow:
Inſults——They ſurely muſt the boſom warm;
Inſults, that kindle meekneſs into ſtorm.
But can reſentment fill a Chriſtian's breaſt?
As well the Dove might on the billows reſt,
When burſting floods the higheſt hills o'erran,
And ſpread deſtruction o'er the race of man:
Thoſe ebbing floods were harbingers of peace,
And thus with Chriſtians, ſhould contention ceaſe.
Perhaps thoſe words which forc'd the blood to riſe,
Were Fiction's cruel ſpawn, adjuſted lies;
Thoſe acts perhaps, which kindled into rage,
Trac'd to their ſource, that paſſion might aſſwage.
We judge not, or we judge amiſs of thoſe
Whom Rumor whiſpers, Paſſion paints as foes.
  But if foul Calumny my conduct ſtains,
And through my guiltleſs boſom darts her pains,
Too ſenſibly I feel—yet Truth ſhall bring
Her healing aid to blunt the venom'd ſting;
Truth ſhall the malice of my foe controul,
And ſmooth the ſhort-liv'd tempeſt of my ſoul.

But ſee where Anguiſh ſeeks that poor abode—
And now ſhe ſpreads Affliction's heavy load,
Stretch'd on a ſcanty bed, a father lies,
Unheeding mother's ſhrieks and infants' cries;
Diſtracted view him with a ſenſeleſs joy
In Fancy's works each buſy limb employ:
See him, by gentle tender words unmov'd,
Aſſault the boſom which he fondly lov'd;
'Till ſpent with empty rage he pants for breath,
And gaſping turns, and ſobs, and ſinks in Death.
Dreadful the ſcene!—yet Hope ſhall ſtill attend;
The poor man's comfort, and the good man's friend.
'Twas thine, Lorenzo, thine perhaps to bear
The nobleſt part that falls to mortal's ſhare:
To ſeek thoſe helpleſs ſouls, and give to flow
The tear reſpondent to another's woe;
To eaſe the torture which misfortune brings,
And haſten comfort on Compaſſion's wings.
So when a poiſon, by no arts aſſwag'd,
Through Watt'sham's melancholy cottage rag'd;
When tabid limbs defil'd the homely floor,
And each new ſun beheld one cripple more;
Then meek-ey'd Pity ſtrove who beſt ſhould lend
The wanted aid, and be Misfortune's friend.
Then haſted Wollaston,* whoſe gentle breaſt
Beats high to ſooth and ſuccour the diſtreſt;

Then

* Dr. Wollaſton, then phyſician at Bury.

A farther account of this melancholy cataſtrophe may be ſeen in the Annual Regiſter for the year 1762, and in the Phil. Tranſactions, vol. 52d. articles 83, 84, 85.

Then haſt'ned all whom fell diſaſters move,
The ſons of Chriſtian Grace, and Chriſtian Love:
—Compaſſion thus o'er darkeſt ſcenes diſplays
The chearing luſtre of her heav'n-born rays.
  But leſſer ſources of diſtreſs ariſe,
That baffle oft the ſtudious and the wiſe.
A diſtant proſpect of preferment fires,
And cheriſhes the flame of fond deſires:
The ſomething unpoſſeſs'd ſtill galls the mind,
Ungratefully to preſent comfort blind.
Yet have I known, whom riches never mov'd
To quit the ſtation which he moſt approv'd;
Who greatly knew when Nature's little call
Had giv'n to Man his neceſſary All;
Who, rather than betray a ſacred truſt,
Could live on leſs, inexorably juſt;
Whoſe honeſt ſoul employ'd each ſocial pow'r,
And where Contentment gilt each well ſpent hour.
  But Age perchance has griefs to us unknown,
That force the tart reply, and peeviſh groan.
Yet ſtill Aristus, with a weight of years,
Chearful and pleaſant as in youth appears;
Active to think, and diligent to plan,
How beſt to bleſs his fellow-creature Man;
With his own hands diſtributing his ſtore,
Giving much happineſs, yet wiſhing more.
  Such too, THE GUARDIAN of my tender years,
Who watch'd my welfare with a Parent's fears;
His ſweet complacence ev'ry wiſh outran;
An honeſt, upright, good—a kind old man.*
An upright, downright honest man.

How

* but very covetous

How great thoſe virtues, which that heart ſupplied,
Which never pain'd another, till it died!
Yet ſay, when peſtilential miſchief reigns,
And ſpreads wide ravage o'er th' affrighted plains;
When pining fleecy flocks unnumber'd fall,
And madd'ning oxen ſtruggle in the ſtall;
Say from what ſource muſt conſolation flow?
What art can hide the bitterneſs of woe?
Look UP—on PROVIDENCE ſecurely reſt
To light up comfort in thy gloomy breaſt;
Thy flocks again ſhall o'er the meadows ſpread,
And laughing corn ſhall wave her golden head;
Plenty again within thy walls ſhall reign,
And Peace ſucceed to Poverty and Pain:
Th' Arabian Sage this heav'nly maxim knew,
He truſted—and he found the maxim true.
IF then, nor age, nor penury, nor pain
Do of neceſſity life's luſtre ſtain;
If fancied wants, and unimportant cares
Betray us heedleſs into hidden ſnares;
Our folly, not our fate, has mark'd the plan,
And Miſchief is the handy-work of man.
—In fine, WHATEVER IS (view'd in the light
Of Providence's act and deed) IS RIGHT.
The ſeeds of happineſs are freely ſown,
And each may reap a harveſt of his own.
Then let the jarring ſound of murmur ceaſe;
Content is HAPPINESS, and Virtue PEACE!

THUS

THUS to LORENZO would the Muſe have ſaid,
But mournful cypreſs veils LORENZO's head.
Much valued friend! whoſe truly noble ſoul
Diſdain'd reſentment's narrow baſe controul;
Benevolence adorn'd thy ſhort liv'd days,
And ſtamp'd on fleeting hours a never-ceaſing praiſe.
Sacred to FRIENDSHIP be this tender page;
Be mine, each care and ſorrow to aſſwage,
Where painful ſighs diſtend a gentle breaſt,
And almoſt call thee from thy bliſsful reſt.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Pag. 11, pro *lauderi*, lege *laudari*. P. 22, pro *riteat*, lege *niteat*, P. 24, pro *Aura*, lege *Aure*. Page 51ſt, line 15th, read *they*, before *could*. P. 52, l. 2d, for *lay*, read *lie*. P. 151, l. 4, for *were*, read *was*. P. 317, l. 16, for *ſeſendeſs*, read *ſenſeleſs*.

In prefatione ad Quæſtionem Medicam, lin. 4, ante ſecandis, inſere *de*, et ad lin. 17, ejuſd. pro *perque*, lege *ſemperque*.